Miss America

TEEN-LIFE

July-10¢

FUN · FASHIONS · MOVIES · FICTION · MUSIC · SUMMER SUGGESTIONS

Away with Fingertip Monotony!

PATRICE MUNSEL...

Brilliant Young Star of New York's Metropolitan Opera and Radio's "Family Hour," shows you the

NEWEST STRATEGY OF ALLURE

Starlight Sorcery

For a festive evening costume, Patrice does her fingertips the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" way—*sheathing them completely* in Dura-Gloss BLACKBERRY to give them a longer, dramatic look.

MODERN FRENCH PAINTINGS
PERLS GALLERY

Day in Town

Doing her fingertips the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" way, Patrice gives them a clean-cut, tailored look in keeping with her smart Adrian suit. She applies Dura-Gloss FLARE RED to her nails, *leaving both moons and tips exposed.*

Dinner Slacks from McMullen
Hat by Sally Victor
Jewelry from Georg Jensen

Dinner at Home

Patrice changes her fingertip make-up to harmonize with colorful, tangerine dinner slacks. Doing the "Double Quick Trick," she applies Dura-Gloss LAUREL—*leaving moons exposed.*—for a vivid, striking costume.

It's charged with excitement . . .

DURA-GLOSS **Fingertip Allure**

GIVE YOUR NAILS THE SPICE OF VARIETY!

So Easy With Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" Technique

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1. Quick Trick

For lasting fingertip allure, try this method: Apply *one* coat of Dura-Coat—*two* coats of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Polish Dryer.

2. Double Quick Trick

When time is short, use this Dura-Gloss method: Apply *one* coat of Dura-Coat—*one* coat of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Polish Dryer.

Every fashionable shade of Nail Polish made is made by Dura-Gloss

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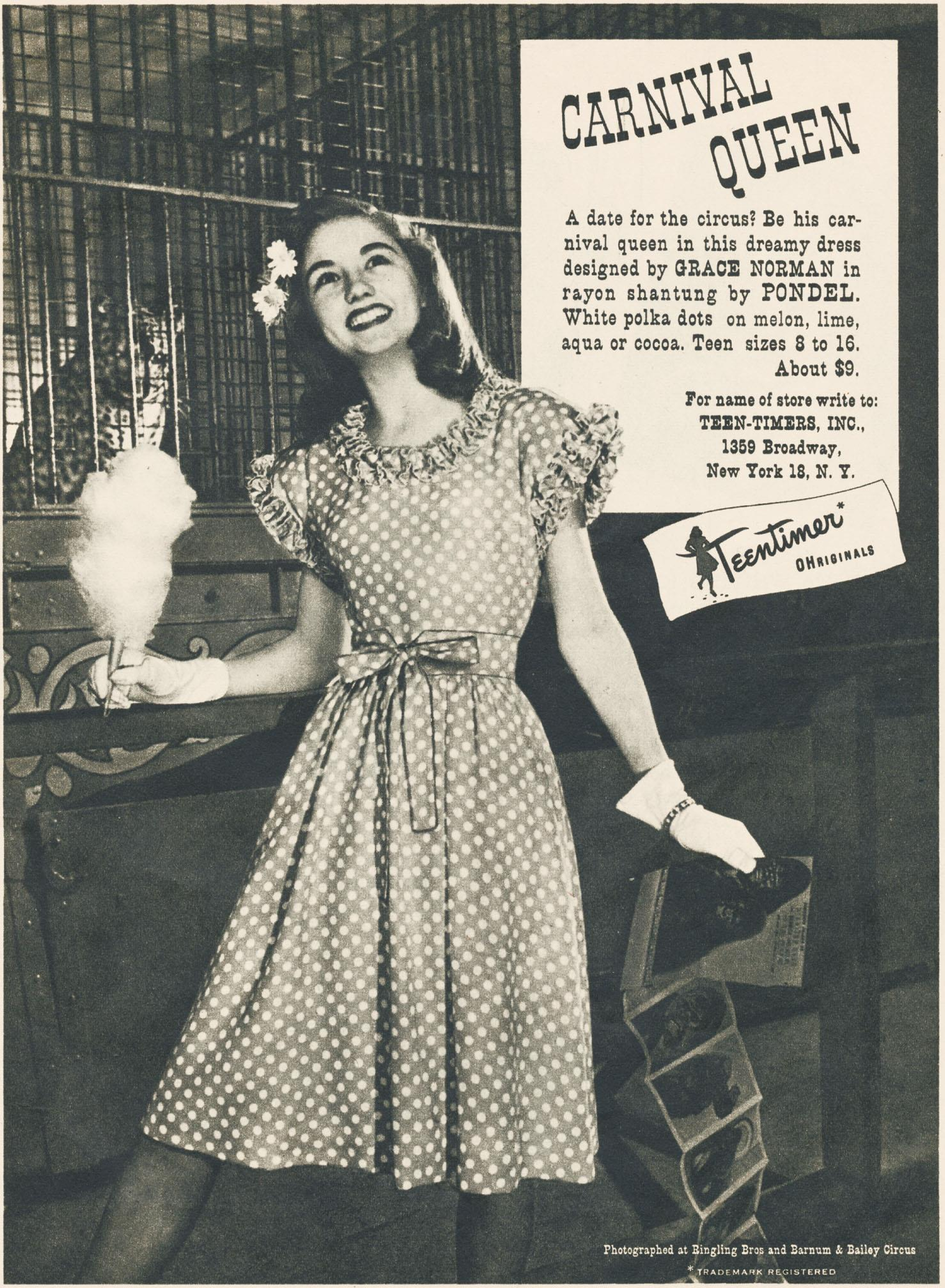


CARNIVAL QUEEN

A date for the circus? Be his carnival queen in this dreamy dress designed by **GRACE NORMAN** in rayon shantung by **PONDEL.** White polka dots on melon, lime, aqua or cocoa. Teen sizes 8 to 16. About $9.

For name of store write to:
TEEN-TIMERS, INC.,
1359 Broadway,
New York 18, N. Y.

Teentimer* ORIGINALS

Photographed at Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey Circus

* TRADEMARK REGISTERED

Diggings on the doings of filmville's Teensters...

DOUBLE REWARD. Peggy Garner got an Oscar and a kiss from Frankie for getting it. He received award for "The House I Live In."

DOUBLE EXPOSURE. Ann Blyth and Johnnie Miles give a press camera a look-over at the Trocadero. Our Art W. catches them.

DOUBLE TAKE. May and the males: Roddy McDowall, Lon McCallister, Jim Guston, Dick Clayton, Dick Long, Bill Shirley, Johnny Sands, Ross Hunter.

BARBARA WHITING has lost pounds and pounds, and all because of Peter Lawford!

Barbara was simply wild about him anyway (like so many girls), and then, happy day, Peter was calling regularly at her house. But he came with friends to see her elder sister, radio songstress Margaret Whiting!

Barbara read all "the tips to girls with certain males on their minds." But somehow Peter didn't fit into any specific category. There was no way, it seemed, to attract his special attention.

Then came the cigarette shortage! Barbara doesn't smoke yet but she began hounding everyone for ciggies to give to Peter. And Peter was *sooo* appreciative!

Then one of those horrible things happened in Barbara's life. Sister Margaret left for radio commitments in New York. Margaret's friends came around no more. Ciggies became plentiful. No more Peter.

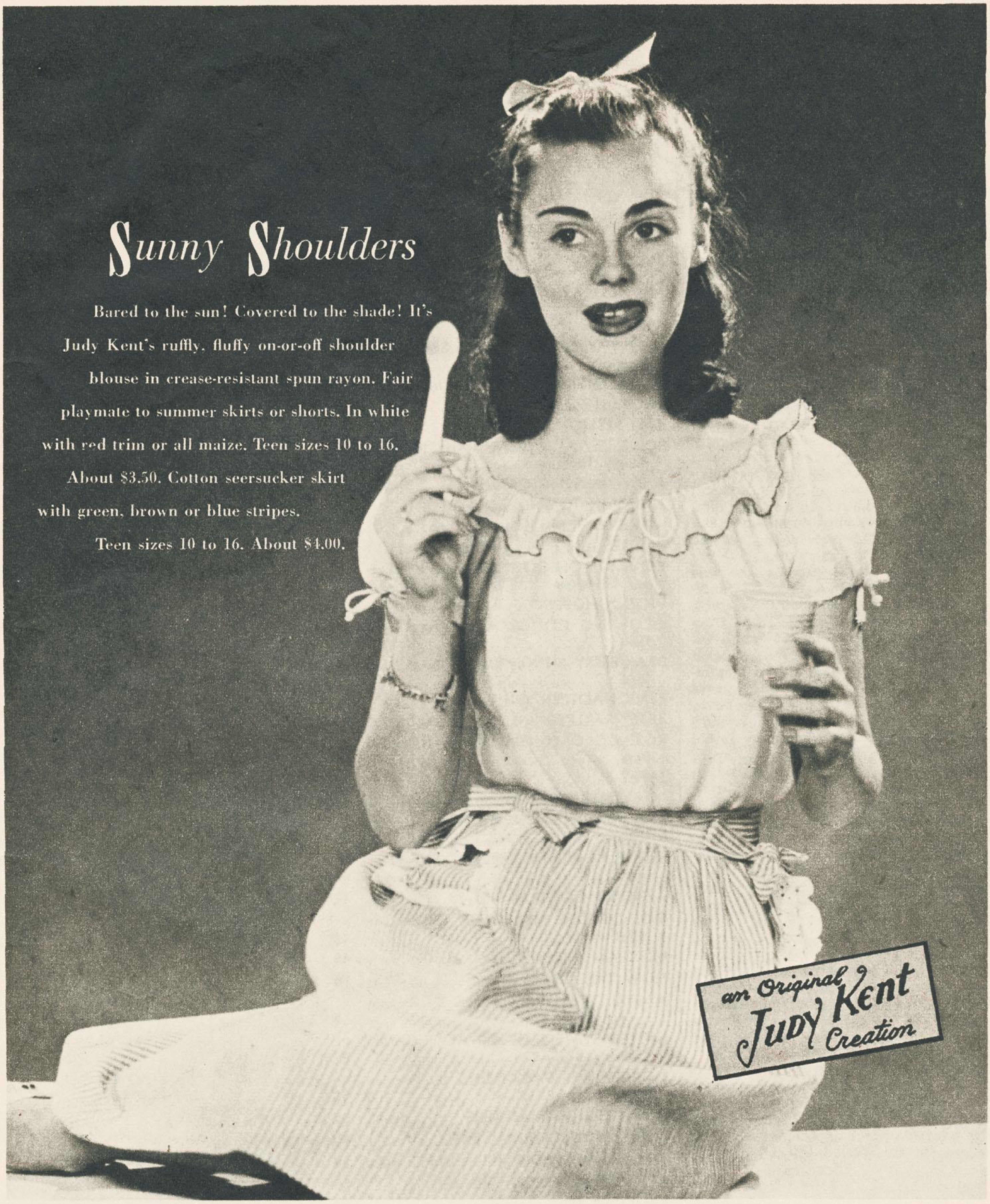
Barbara chanced to hear that Peter goes to a certain beach swimming club. So she rushed out and bought herself a new Betty Grable-ish bathing suit, but when you consider Peter had said specifically in his interviews that he likes thin girls—well! (*Continued on page* 40)

HOLLYWOOD'S
YOUNGER SET

By May Mann

Sunny Shoulders

Bared to the sun! Covered to the shade! It's Judy Kent's ruffly, fluffy on-or-off shoulder blouse in crease-resistant spun rayon. Fair playmate to summer skirts or shorts. In white with red trim or all maize. Teen sizes 10 to 16. About $3.50. Cotton seersucker skirt with green, brown or blue stripes. Teen sizes 10 to 16. About $4.00.



an Original Judy Kent Creation

Judy Kent Blouse Exclusive with These Fine Stores

Akron, Ohio............Polsky's
Baker, Ore....C. C. Anderson Co.
Baltimore, Md..........O'Neill's
Boise, Idaho..C. C. Anderson Co.
Boston, Mass.......Jordan Marsh
Boston, Mass.............Hovey's
Butler, Pa............Troutman's
Cincinnati, Ohio.......Rollman's
Columbus, Ohio
Morehouse-Martens
Connellsville, Pa......Troutman's
Dallas, Texas...Titche-Goettinger
Du Bois, Pa..........Troutman's
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Rumbaugh-MacLain
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Lebanon, Pa.......The Bon Ton
Lewiston,Idaho,C.C.Anderson Co.
Logan, Utah, C. C. Anderson Co.
Lowell, Mass....The Bon Marché
Lynchburg, Va....Guggenheimer's
Malden, Mass............Joslin's
Minneapolis, Minn...Donaldson's
New York City....Gertz, Jamaica
Ogden, Utah, C. C. Anderson Co.
Paterson, N. J.....Quackenbush's
Pontiac, Mich. ....Waite's
Pottsville, Pa..........Pomeroy's
Reading, Pa...........Pomeroy's
San Antonio.....Joske's of Texas
Savannah, Ga.......B. H. Levy's
Seattle, Wash....The Bon Marché
Springfield, Mo............Heer's
St. Paul, Minn., The Golden Rule
Syracuse, N. Y.............Dey's
Tacoma, Wash.....The Fisher Co.
Tampa, Fla...........Maas Bros.
Waterloo, Iowa............Black's
Wilkes-Barre, Pa......Pomeroy's
Yakima, Wash.....Barnes-Woodin

Miss America

Hello, Girls:

How many of you know what you want to be—and do—when you are (mm-mm!) twenty-one? Can you say, with fervor and finality, "I'm going to be a copywriter," or, "I'm going to be an actress," or, "I'm going to be an editor," etc., etc. Are you thinking of that day not so far off?

Today is not the time to become serious (it's warmish and—well, I'd much prefer talking about a drive in the country in an open convertible), but the noon-day chatter in our 73rd floor haven turned to ambitions, plans, dreams and the like. It made nice listening, especially nice in view of the fact that Annette Blackman and Joan List were doing most of the talking. A glance at the mast-head of this page will acquaint you with the fact that Annette and Joan are editorial assistants. They are typical Miss Americas.

Annette will probably throw a paper clip at me for disclosing this bit of drama, but I'm gonna tell anyway because the story has a moral. The moral, I might as well tell you now, is: "You're never too young . . ." This brown-eyed beauty (gosh, we certainly have staffed your magazine with beauty *and* brains) walked into the office, unannounced, and asked to see the editor. In less time than it takes to tell, Annette "came, saw, she conquered"; in other words, the job she sought was hers for the asking.

In the course of conversation, she was asked: "How old are you?" "Twenty-one," she said, and I detected she slightly gulped on the "twenty-one." I could detect, too, that our heroine was—shall we say fibbing about her age? But—shucks! I was young once and had the same ambitions and was "forced" to add a few years in order, I believed at the time, to make an impression on my employer-to-be. I found out, as did Annette later, fudging is not necessary. There are always employers who give bright beginners a chance. Always remember and believe that, and you'll have won your first hurdle in starting you on your road to fame and glory.

Annette, it turned out, was only seventeen at the time, in her second year at college, going to school every night of the week. It takes a lot of character and hard, hard work to sit in an office all day and trudge off to school at night. But how it pays dividends, as Joan pointed out.

Twenty-three-year-old Joan, a graduate of University of Michigan, did some fine work on the woman's page of the *Michigan Daily* before we luckily added her to the staff. It's fun listening to these "middle-aged teen-agers," as the girls refer to themselves.

Joan's and Annette's stories are inspirational. I'd like to tell you more about these bright youngsters, but I'm running out of space, as per usual. Suffice to say, there are wonderful opportunities awaiting you "in the outside world."

Affectionately,
Jean Goodman

P.S. Your opportunities to make good are unlimited in this country. Not so for Europe's children and teen-agers. Their plight, present and future, is frightful UNLESS YOU HELP THEM! They cannot develop, physically or mentally, unless YOU HELP FEED THESE VICTIMS OF WAR. Do this: EAT LESS of the foods that are transportable and more not adaptable to export; and raise a Victory Garden. See page 73 for further details.

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Miss America
TEEN-LIFE
July 10¢
FUN · FASHIONS · MOVIES · FICTION · MUSIC · SUMMER SUGGESTIONS

Cover: Lovely Elizabeth Taylor, starring in MGM's Technicolor picture "Blue Sierra"

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As one girl to another

GET IT!
As one Girl to Another

Want to learn what's what and what's not—for *that* time of the month? Send today for your FREE copy of "As One Girl to Another," the *super* new booklet about growing up!

You'll learn (in the latest lingo) how to manage your social life . . . how to feel comfortable and secure *all* the time . . . what to do about dancing, swimming, bathing, sports. You'll catch on to little details of good grooming—facts every girl *needs*—to be poised and sure of herself on "those" days.

Best of all—it's FREE. Yes, yours for the asking—if you mail the coupon below. The sooner you send, the sooner you'll *know.* "Time's a wastin'"—so beat feet! Get your copy *now!*

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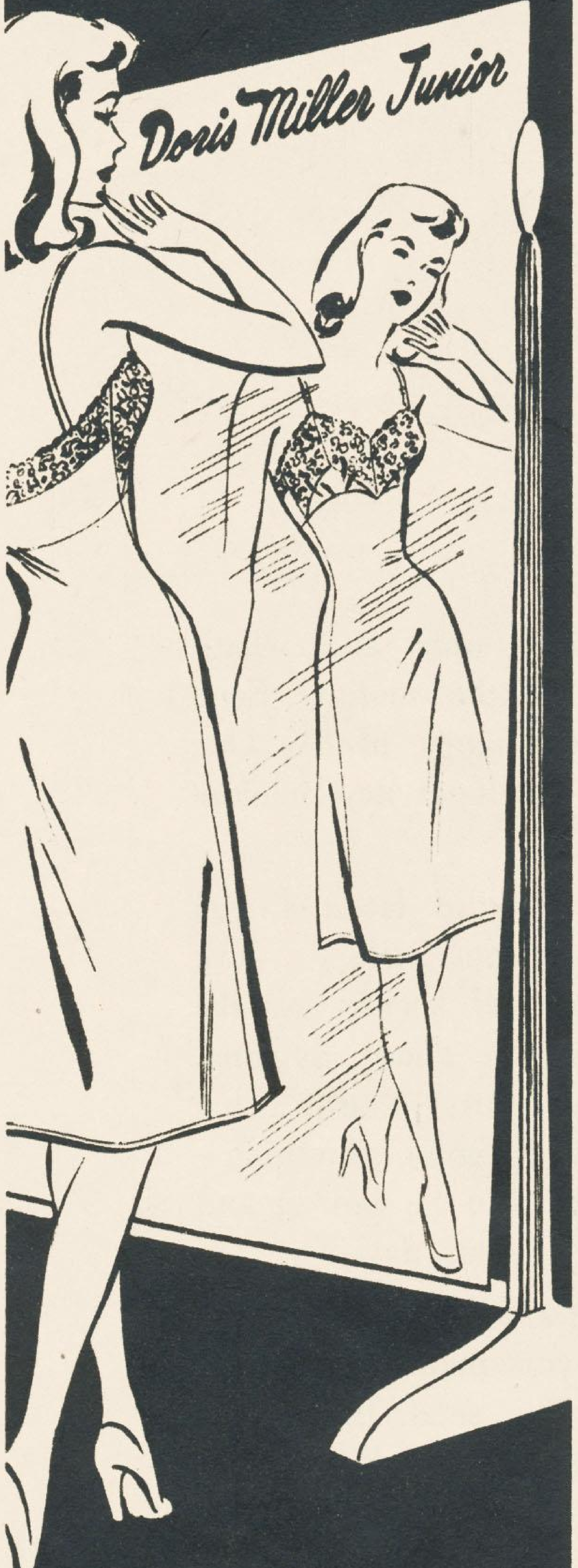
For that GOOD-LOOKING feeling...

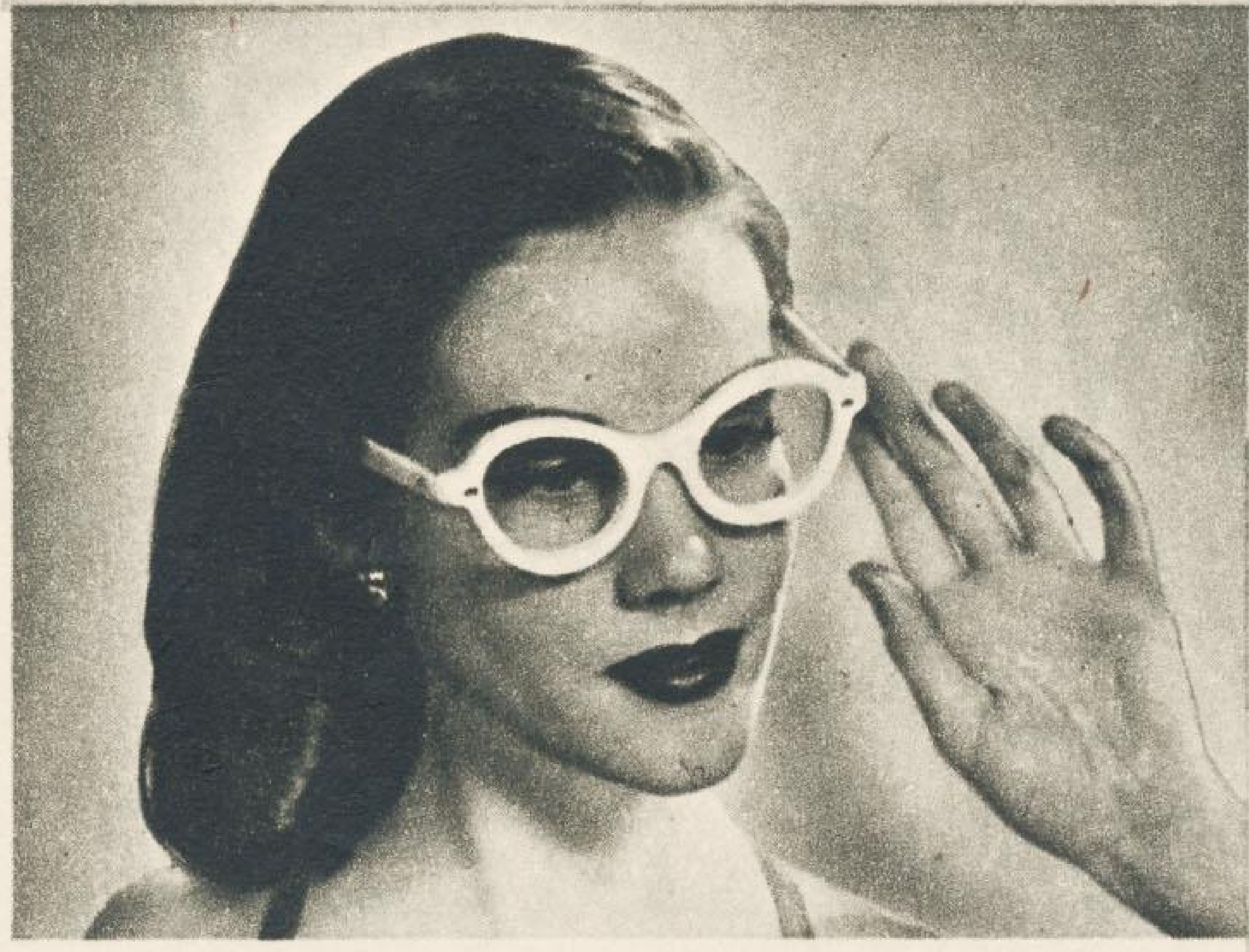


You get a soft inner flow of self-confidence when you know you're wearing this lush and lovely crepe creation . . . with *lace* both front and back fancy as a coming out party! In white or tearose. Sizes 9 to 15.

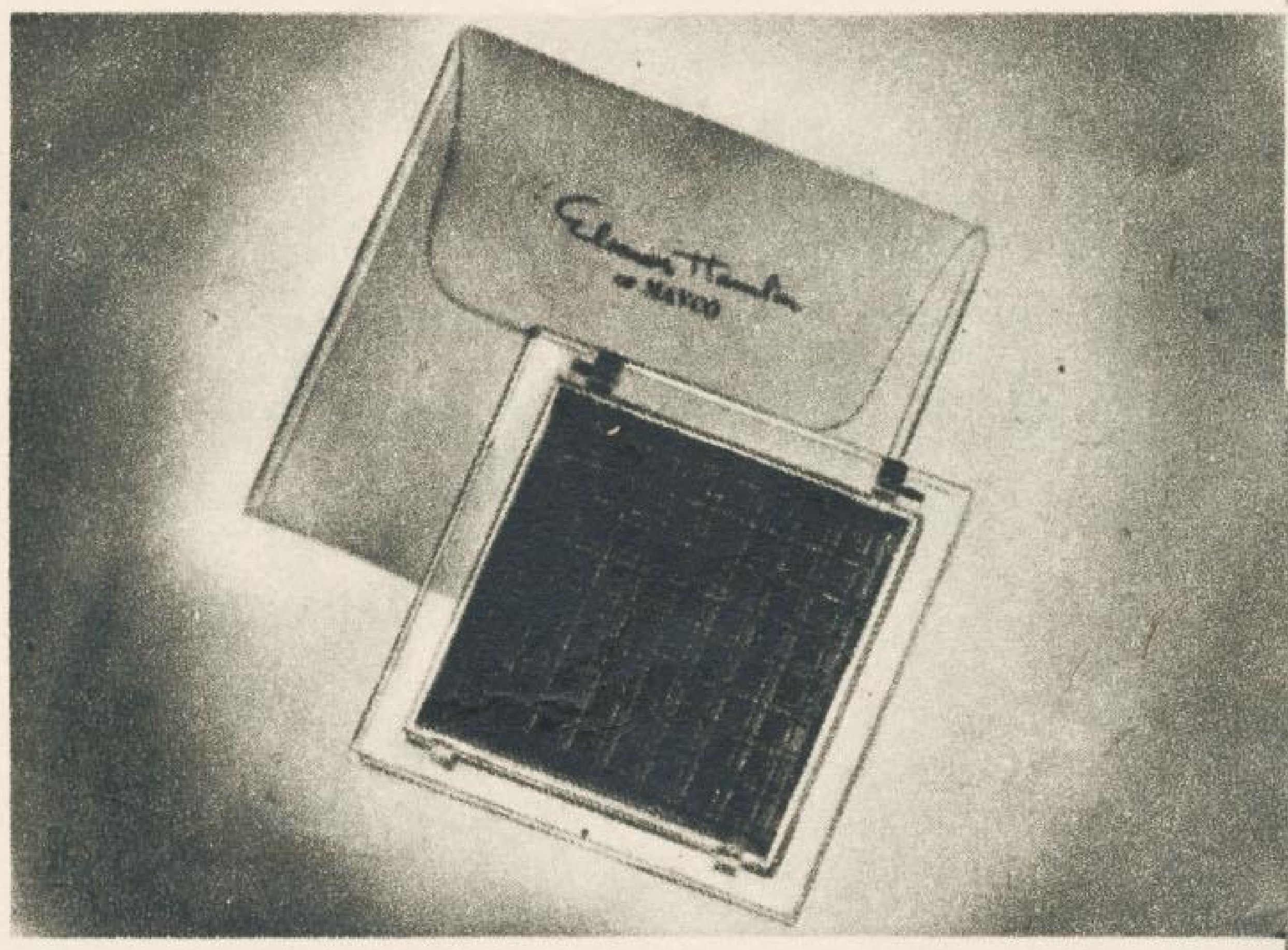
DORIS MILLER JUNIORS
$2 to $4.

DORIS MILLER, Inc., 38 E. 30 St., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

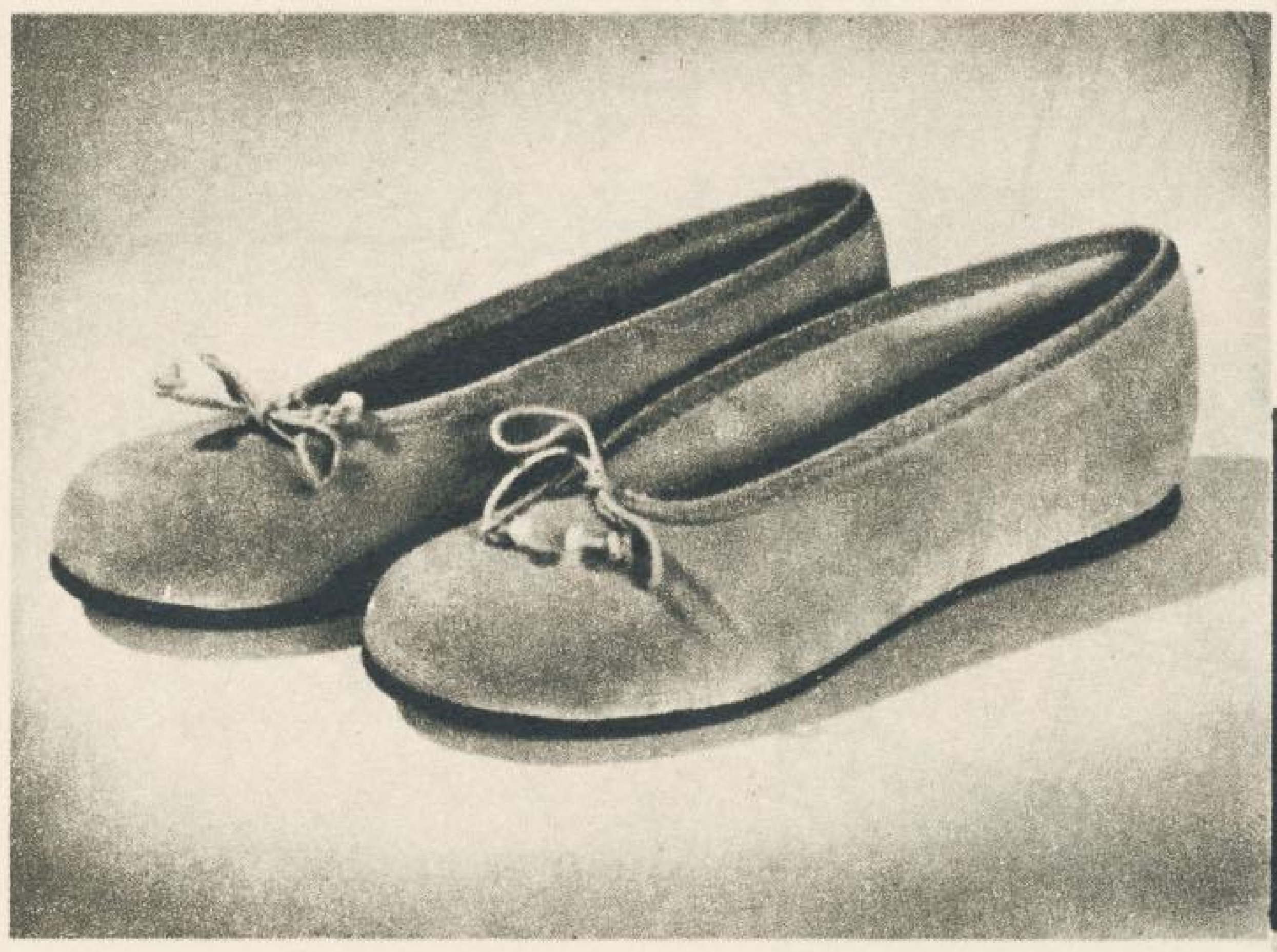
Shopping notes



WHITE SPECS
Snowy plastic in a variety of shapes . . . For frames only, from $8-$18. Various weights.
Clairmont & Nichols, N. Y.

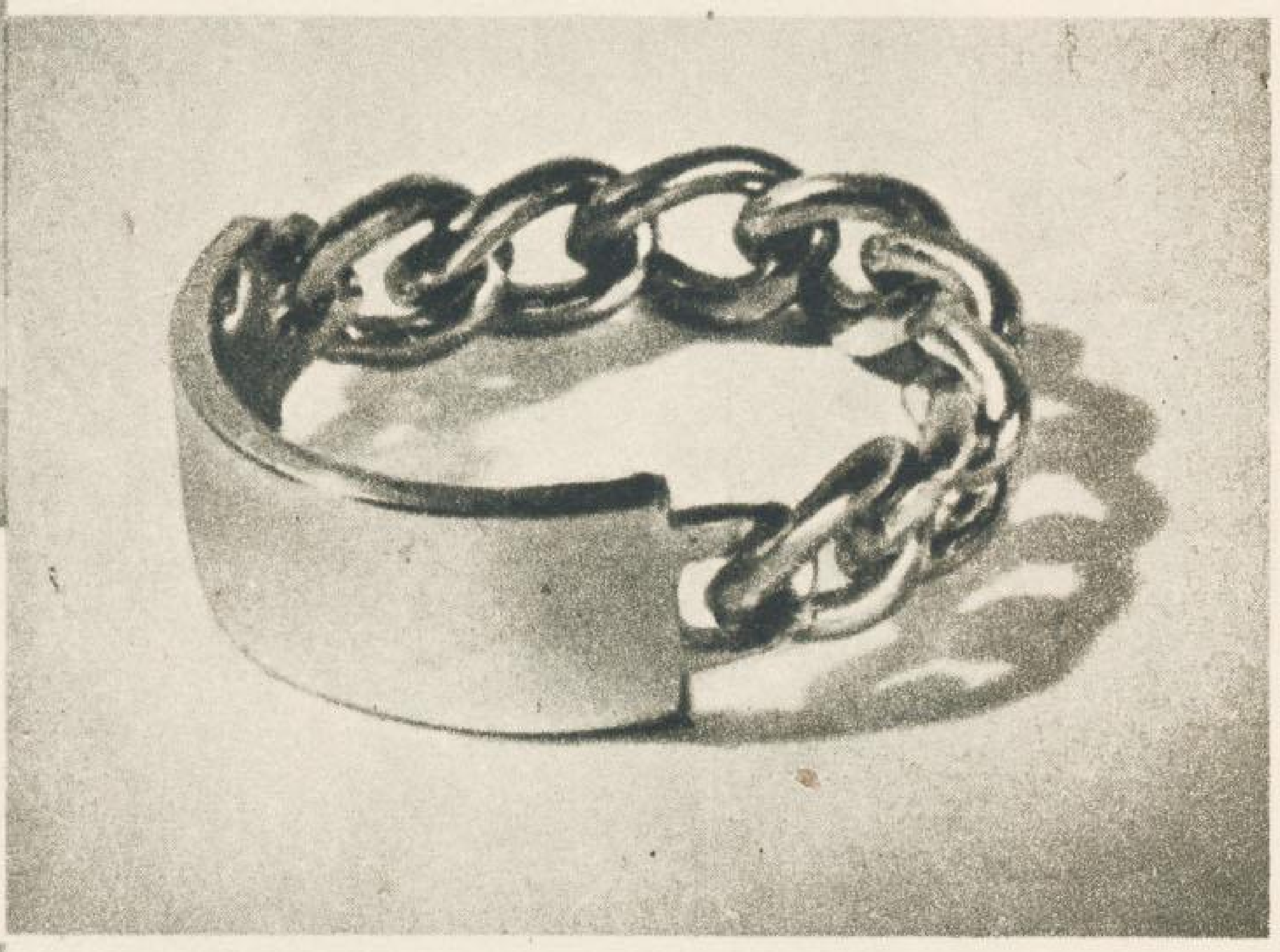


SQUARE CUT COMPACT
Jewel-like; in Plexiglas by Eleanor Hamlin of Mavco; Vinylite overcoat. About $3.
R. H. Macy & Co., N. Y.

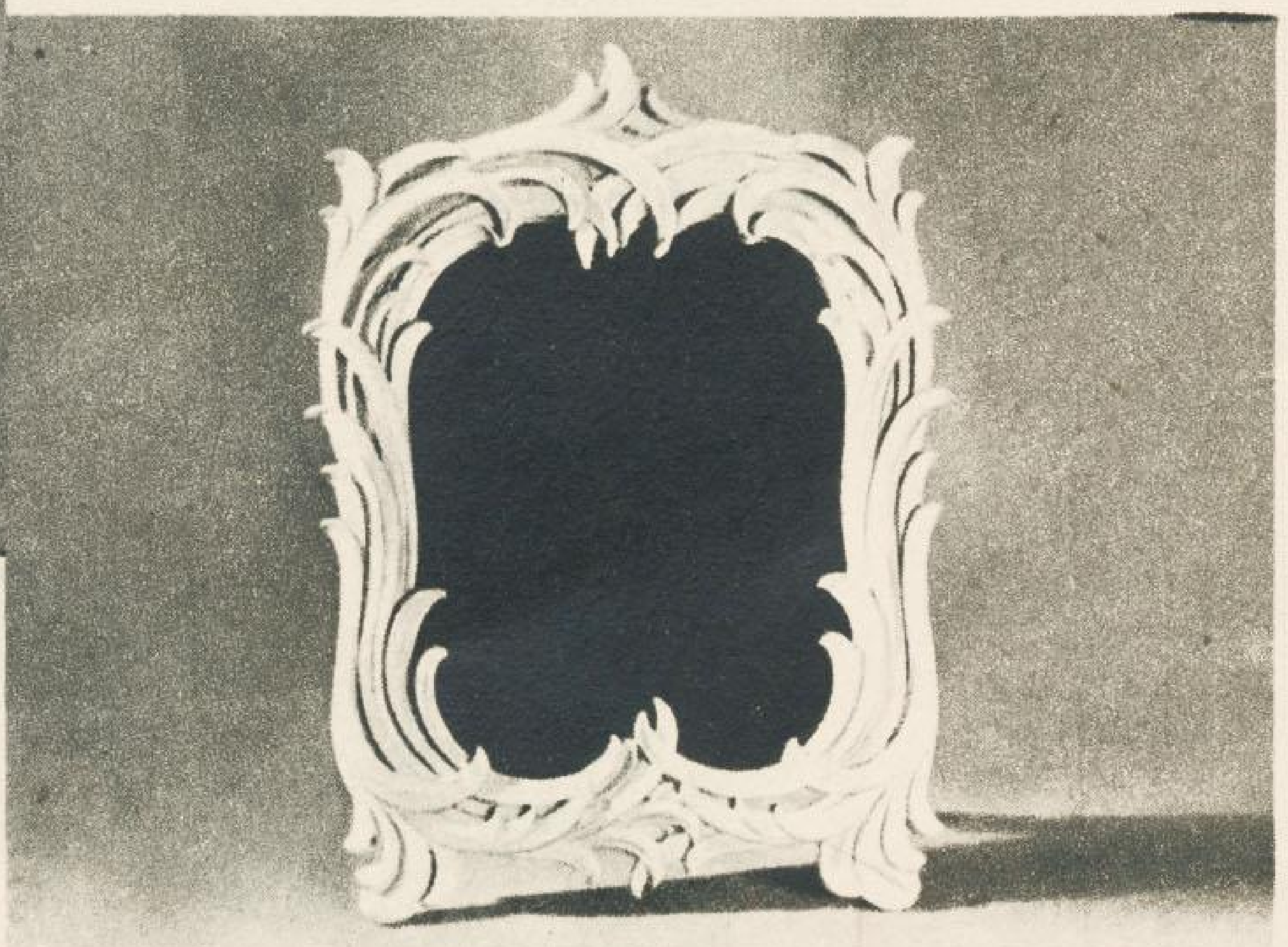


BALLET AMERICANAS
Soft but streetworthy by Sandler of Boston, made in bright or pastel suedes . . . About $5.
I. Miller & Sons, Inc., N. Y.

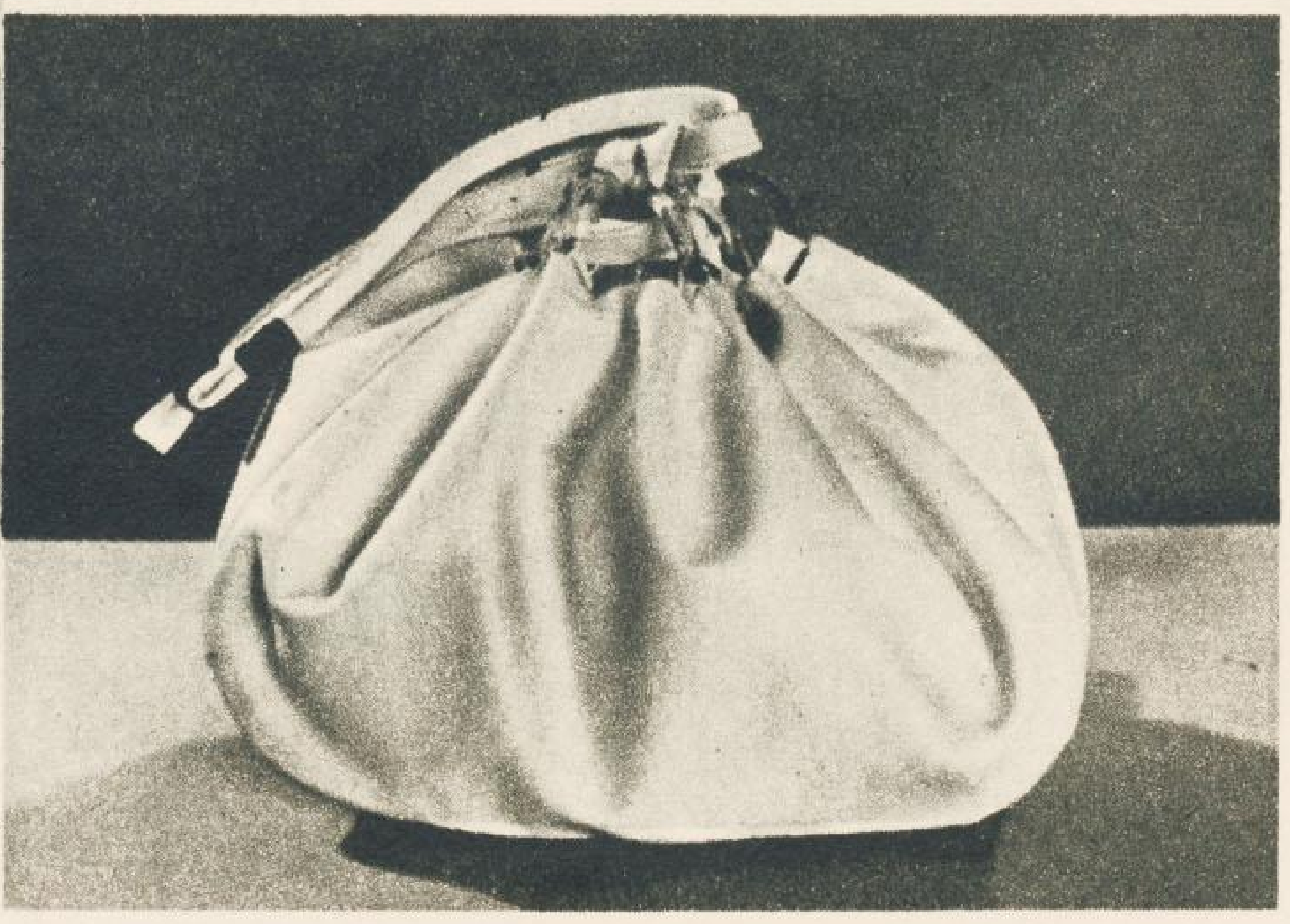
IDENTIFICATION RING
Sterling links and nameplate, with room for name or initials —maybe His. . . . About $2.
Lambert Brothers, N. Y.



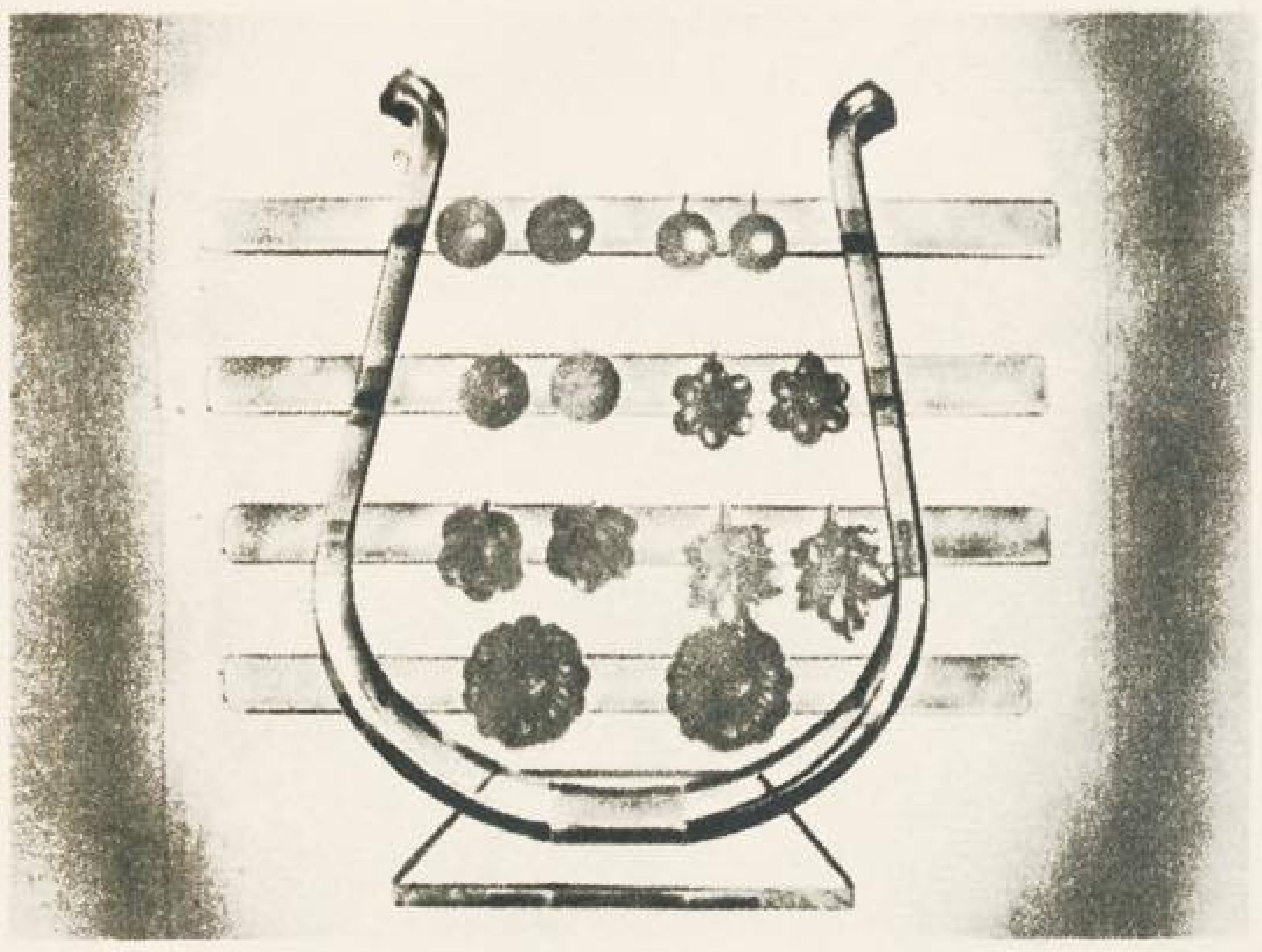
MIRROR IN WOOD
Offwhite, Rosedust or Gold . . . Standing or hanging 15" x 11½". About $2.95. . . .
Henry Rosenzweig, N. Y.



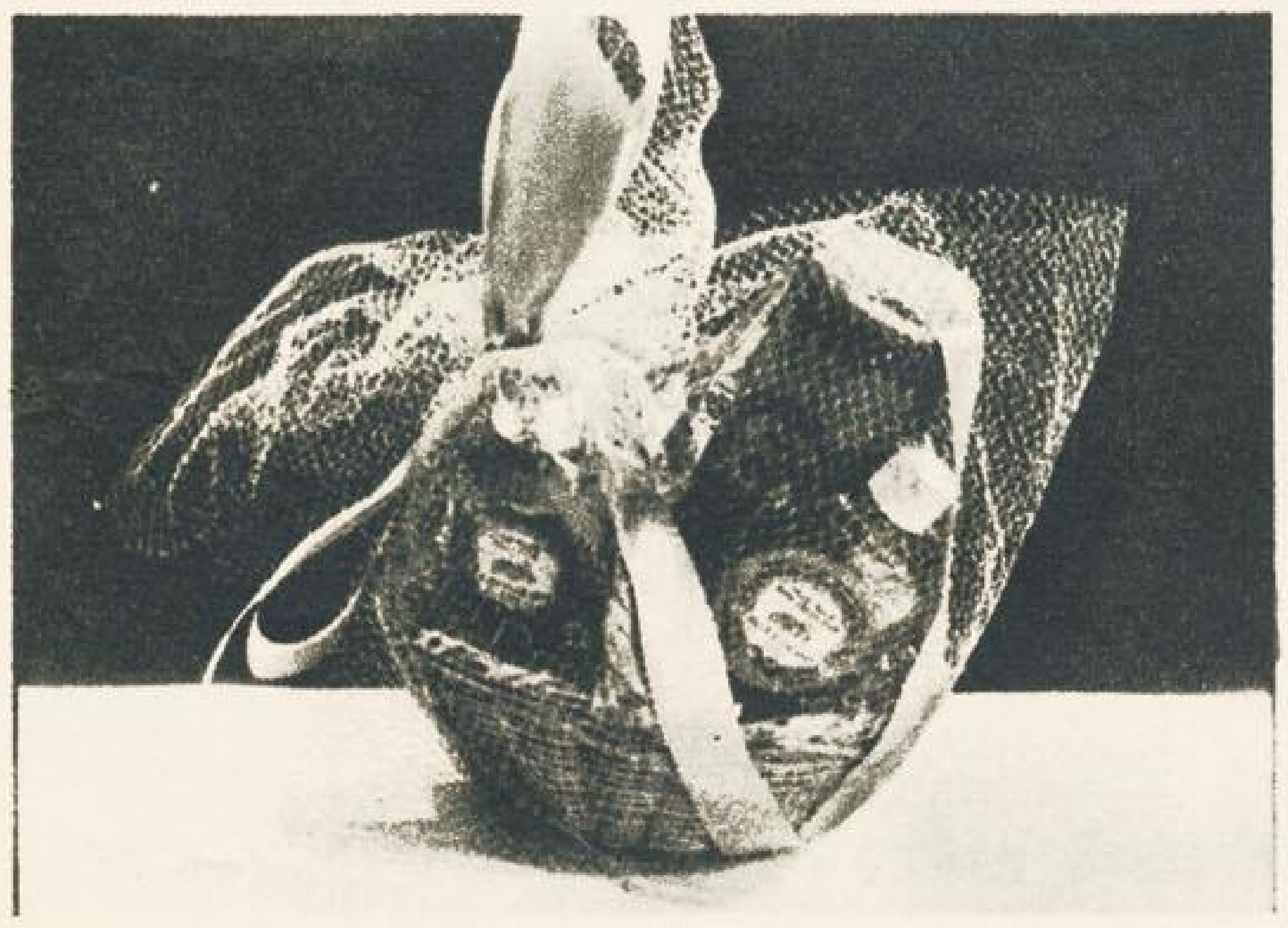
WHITE WHITE POUCH
Goldcrest's handsome plastic bag . . . Keep it gleaming with a moist cloth. About $6.
Emporium, San Francisco



For further information on merchandise in **Shopping Notes** *please write to the shops listed.*



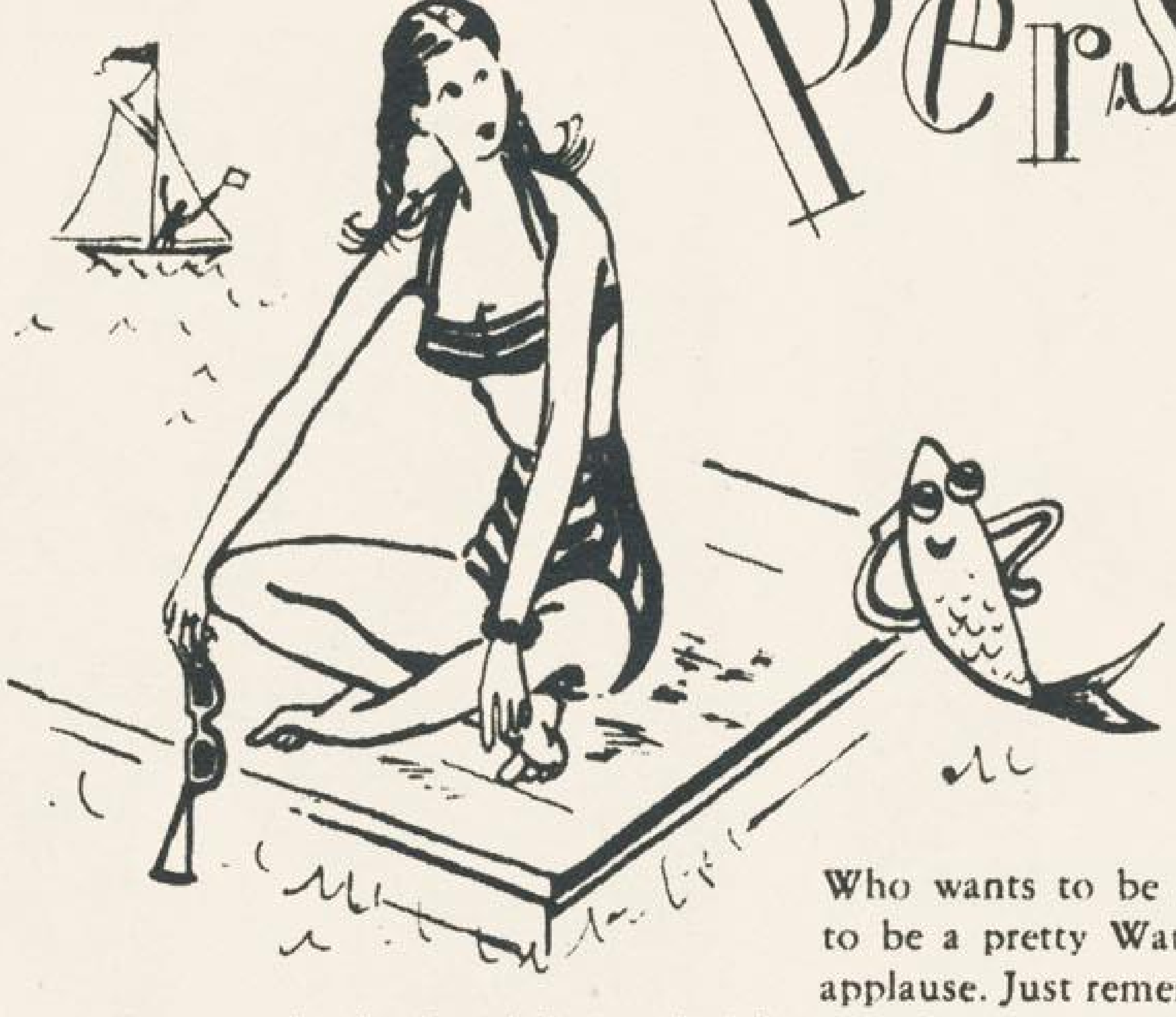
LUCITE LYRE
Makes dressing table excitement; also keeps those earbobs paired off. . . . About $3.
Lewis & Conger, N. Y.



HERB FARM BASKET
Two authentic floral toilet waters plus talcum, all summer sweet. . . . About $1.75.
Bloomingdale, N. Y.

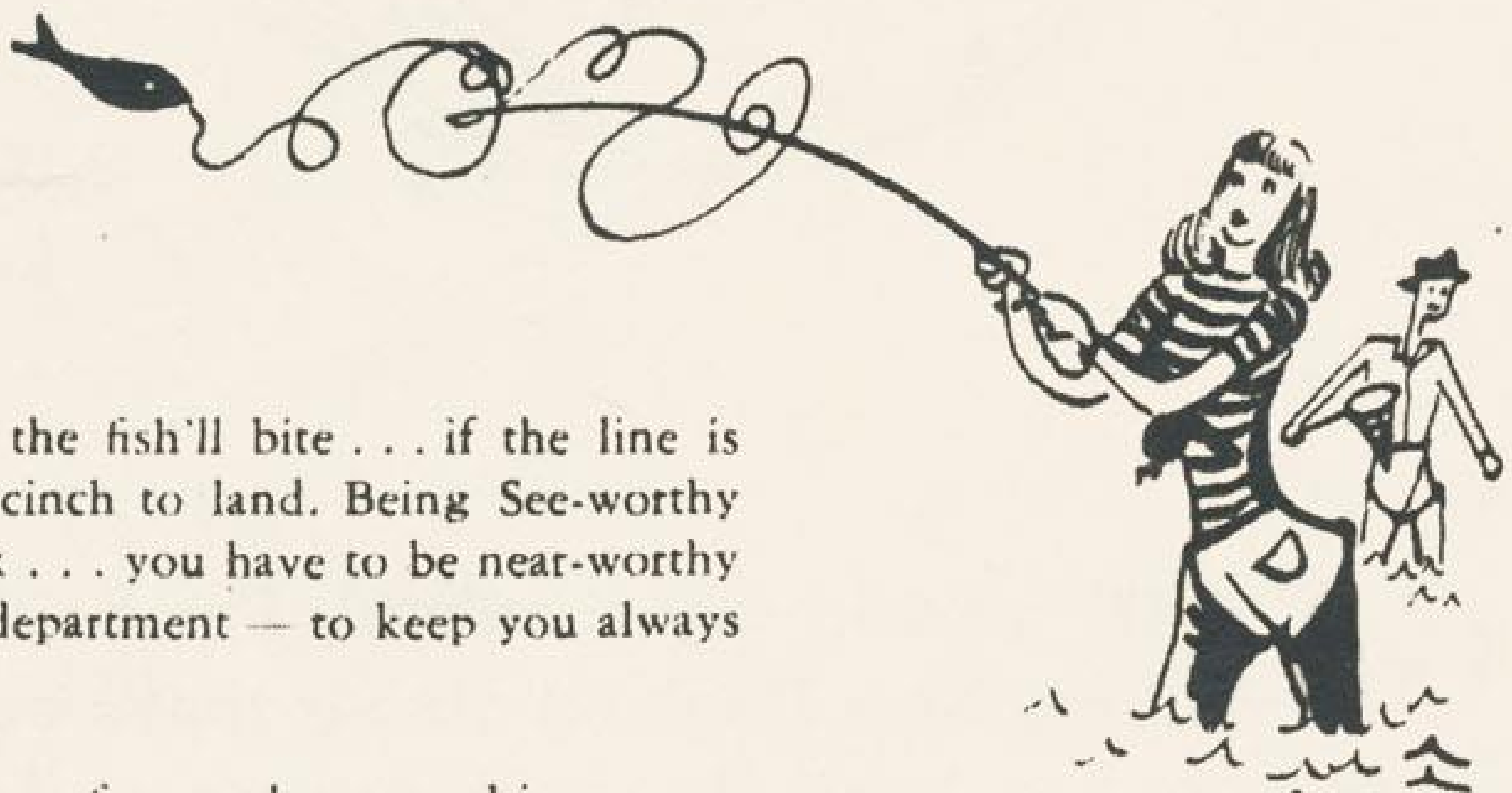
SQUEALIE
Squeals with pleasure for pennies. Pink or blue plastic with lock. . . . About $1.40.
F. Loeser, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fish don't Perspire



Who wants to be a fish? It's more fun to be a pretty Water Baby and bask in applause. Just remember . . . if you yearn to stay in the Social Swim, Arrid's your charm preserver. The new improved Postwar Arrid stops perspiration, keeps you delicious!

Hubba hubba hubba for the 1946 mermaid who knows her stuff in and out of the water. There's a honey who can spend the night samba-ing, finish cool as a cucumber. Now add a couple of hubbas for gentle, creamy Arrid that keeps odor and persperation at bay.



If the bait is right the fish'll bite . . . if the line is smooth the lad's a cinch to land. Being See-worthy is only half the trick . . . you have to be near-worthy too. That's Arrid's department — to keep you always sweet-to-be-near-to.

NO vacation from glamour this summer—not if Arrid's on your grooming list. A dab of this gentle cream under each arm sends perspiration and odor packing. The weather man may say *warmer* but you'll stay *fair*, queen of your midsummer knight's dream.

NEW, IMPROVED POSTWAR★

Arrid

39¢ Plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

Only safe, gentle, Arrid gives you this thorough 5-way protection:

1. *No other deodorant tested* stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. *More effective in stopping perspiration* than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
3. *Does not rot clothes.* Does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic.
4. *Soft, smooth, creamy* . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. *Awarded the Seal of Approval* of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

★All Postwar Arrid packages are marked with a star above the price.

It's Art Lund, Benny Goodman's terrific ex-footballer vocalist. And it looks as if "Art for Art's Sake" will soon be the motto of millions.

Dreamy voiced Doris Day is a dreamy looker too. Bet the boys in Les Brown's orchestra are asking each other, "Isn't it a lovely Day?"

Tex Beneke looks serious and why not? He's leading that wonderful band of the late Glenn Miller. Big job but a big opportunity too.

JAM SESSION

by Pat Parks

New bands, new records, personalities—Pat knows all about them and took notes for you. . . .

GATHER around my soapbox! I'm boiling over like a New England dinner that's been cooking too long on the back burner and as hot around the collar as if my celluloid dickey had caught fire.

It all started a couple of months ago when Ted Steele, a good bandleader who should know better, banned jive music from his Hollywood radio station saying that it was vulgar and a contributor to juvenile delinquency. (That's a phrase which has become altogether too popular with people who want publicity!)

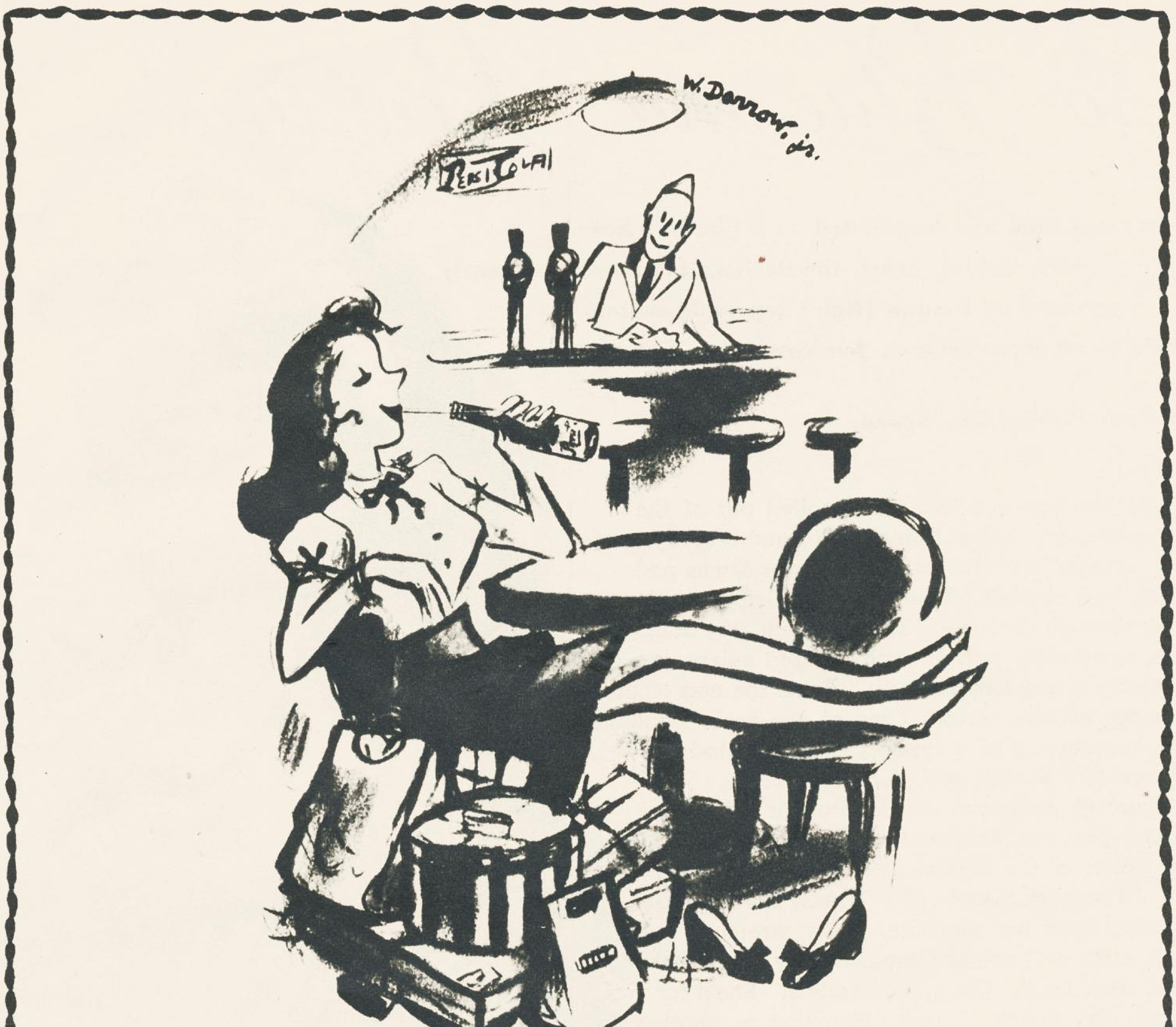
At first I didn't get too mad, but the more bandleaders I've talked to, the madder I've gotten. Now I'm as mad as an angora kitten, soaking wet!

"I don't like this 're-bop' music myself," said Benny Goodman, "but anyone who blames it for juvenile delinquency is out of his mind. Jazz, jive and 're-bop' give the kids something to do and something to enjoy. I think it keeps them out of mischief. Of course I think juvenile delinquency is highly overstated anyhow . . . so maybe I'm not a fair judge."

"It's silly . . . utterly silly," stormed beauteous Monica Lewis, the songstress.

"We don't play much jazz or jive," said Vaughn Monroe, "but when I consider how many classical composers, Stravinsky, Shostakovitch, and others, admit an indebtedness to jazz, I wonder how music which inspires such men to classical music can inspire juveniles to crime!"

(Continued on page 73)


W. Darrow, jr.
Pepsi-Cola
SMART SHOPPER
Pepsi-Cola
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

so Blue and Beautiful...

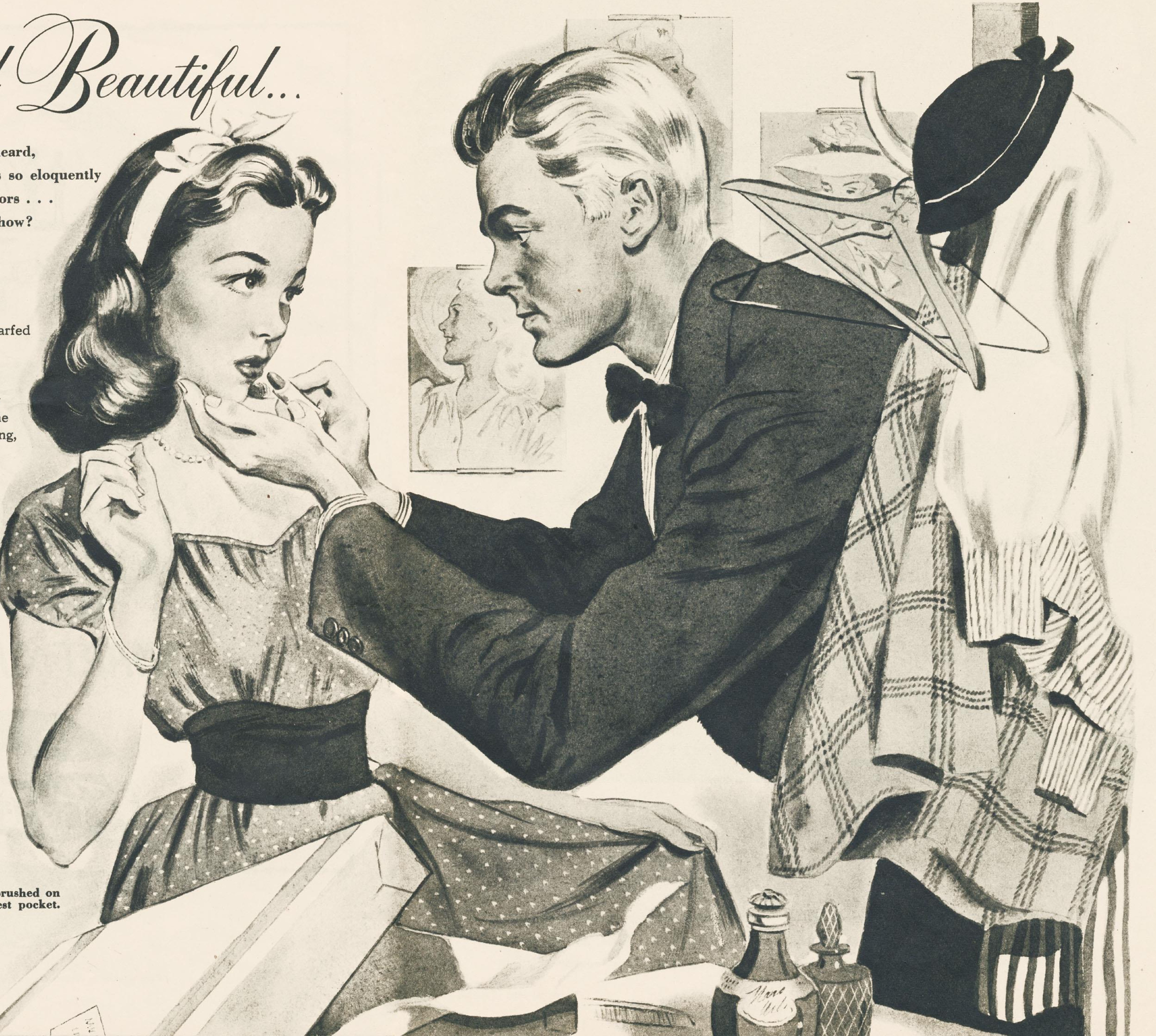
Jenny was hurt and humiliated . . . She had heard, with sinking heart, the derisive taunts so eloquently expressed by Benton High's top male seniors . . . She'd show those fellows, Jen vowed . . . But how?

by Ruth Plumly Thompson

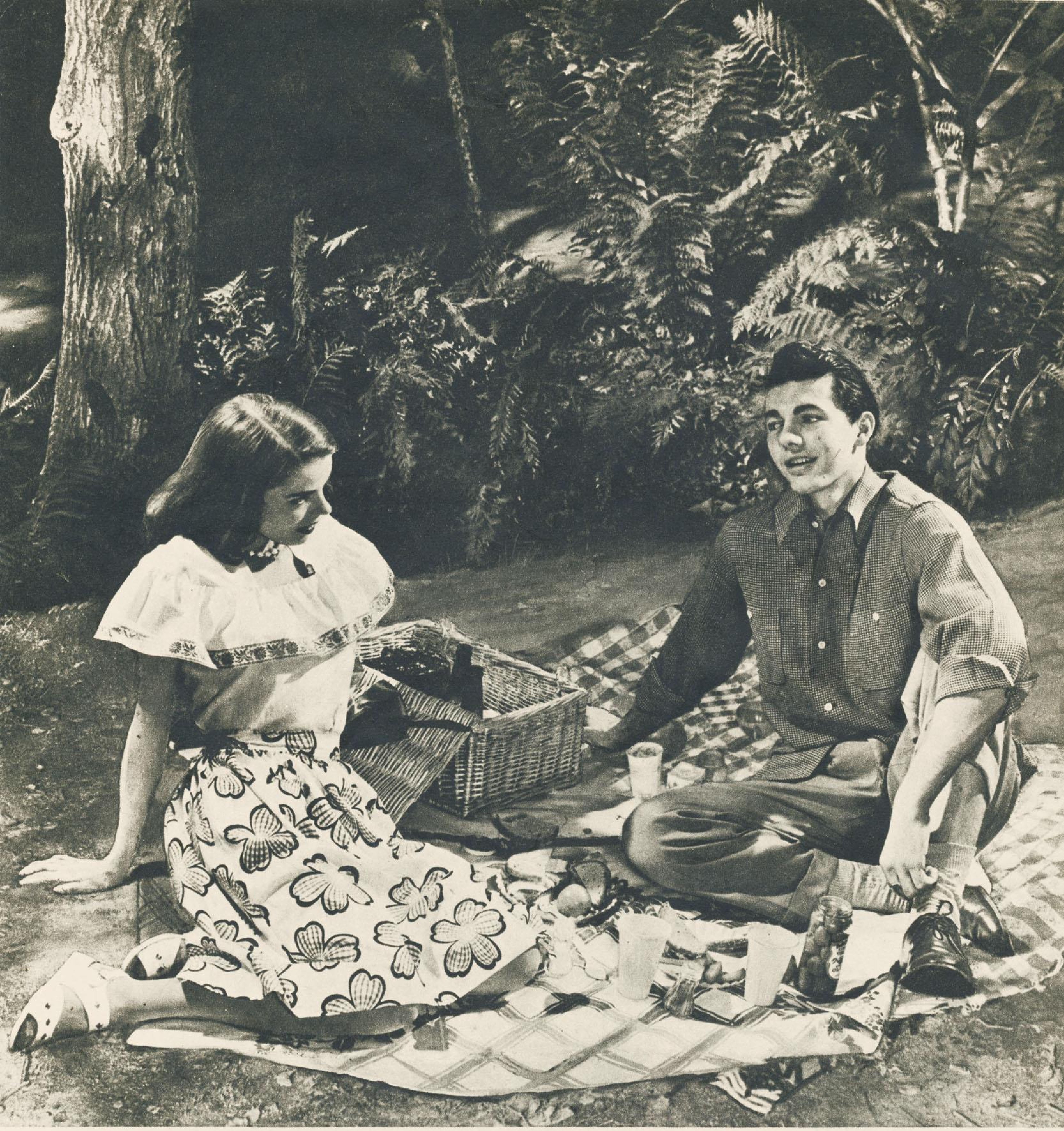
THE last bus had long since rolled out of the spacious grounds of Benton High, and brightly scarfed and jacketed students, streaming over lawns and walks, had coursed off into countless ribbons of color through the town. The rambling grey buildings, so recently pulsing with life and gaiety, grew suddenly somnolent and still. From the end of the corridor on the second floor of the main building, the staccato tap of a typewriter punctuated the silence like a tiny and persistent drum.

Scarcely conscious of the time or solitude, Jenifer Jamison, president of the senior class and editor of the *Benton Bee,* worked doggedly on. "There—that does it!" Jerking the last sheet of copy from her machine, Jenny stretched up both arms and relaxed momentarily against the hard chair back. Oh, good Ganders! She'd forgotten the Senior Dance! Slapping in another sheet, she pounded out the notice in double swing and added it to the neat stack on the right side of her desk. From the left side she gathered up the pencilled sport items handed in at the last minute by Larry Turner—the jokes she'd rewritten for Jack Whiting and the story shortened and copied for Jimmy Collins.

What a break—if some of her assistant superbrains submitted their material in good shape and on time! "A good gang, but unreliable, totally unreliable," *(Continued on page 66)*



As he spoke, Sam with a few deft strokes brushed on the shining lipstick he'd taken from his vest pocket.



A Day in the Country

Picnic perfect. You choose a white-with-red cotton blouse to top a flowered dirndl in complimentary red-on-white. Both by Delltown. 10-16. About $4. ea.

Stern Bros. N. Y.; Carson Pirie & Scott, Chicago; H. Liebus, San Francisco.

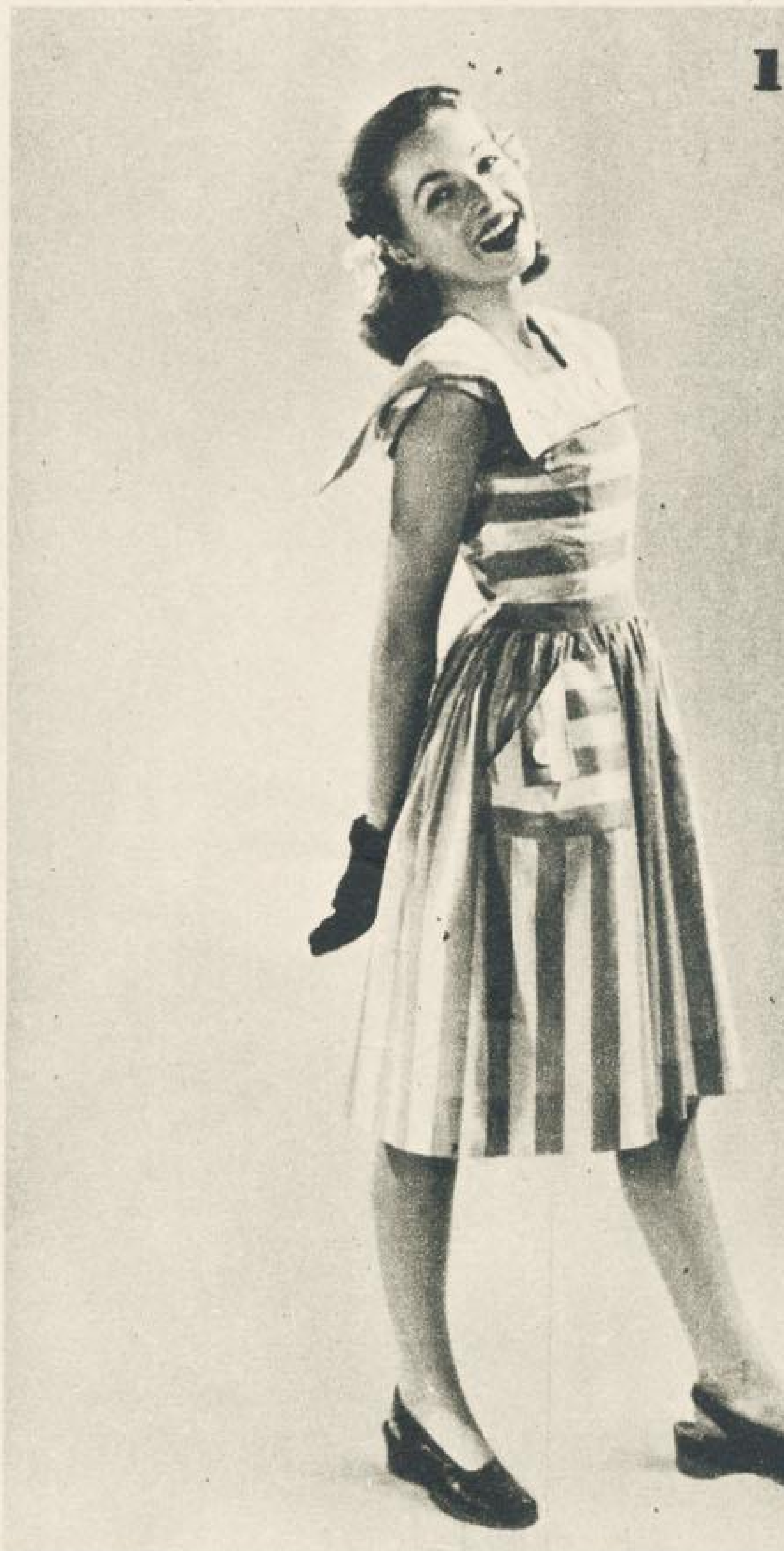
Country living is active living—picnicking, cycling, hiking —the accent's on fun! So your wardrobe accent's on charming informality. . . .

1. Sunlight over your shoulders in a striped sanforized cotton dress by Teentimer. 10-16. Gray with pink, chartreuse, maize. About $8. Gimbel Bros., N. Y.; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Bon Marche, Seattle.

2. Love and Romance are written over a cotton basket-weave two-piece suit by Abalene. In vivid colors scrawled on white. 9-15. About $11. Hens & Kelly, Buffalo; Worth, Harrisburg; Singer, Milwaukee.

3. Ruffled white batiste blouse with a checked dirndl in summer shades by Delltown. 10-16. About $4 each. Stern Bros., New York; Carson Pirie & Scott, Chicago; The Emporium, San Francisco.

4. Trim-fitting checked wool slacks by King of Slacks comes in black or navy. 9-15. About $11. Abalene soft jersey blouse about $6. Franklin Simon, New York; Mandel Bros., Chicago; Bullocks, Los Angeles.



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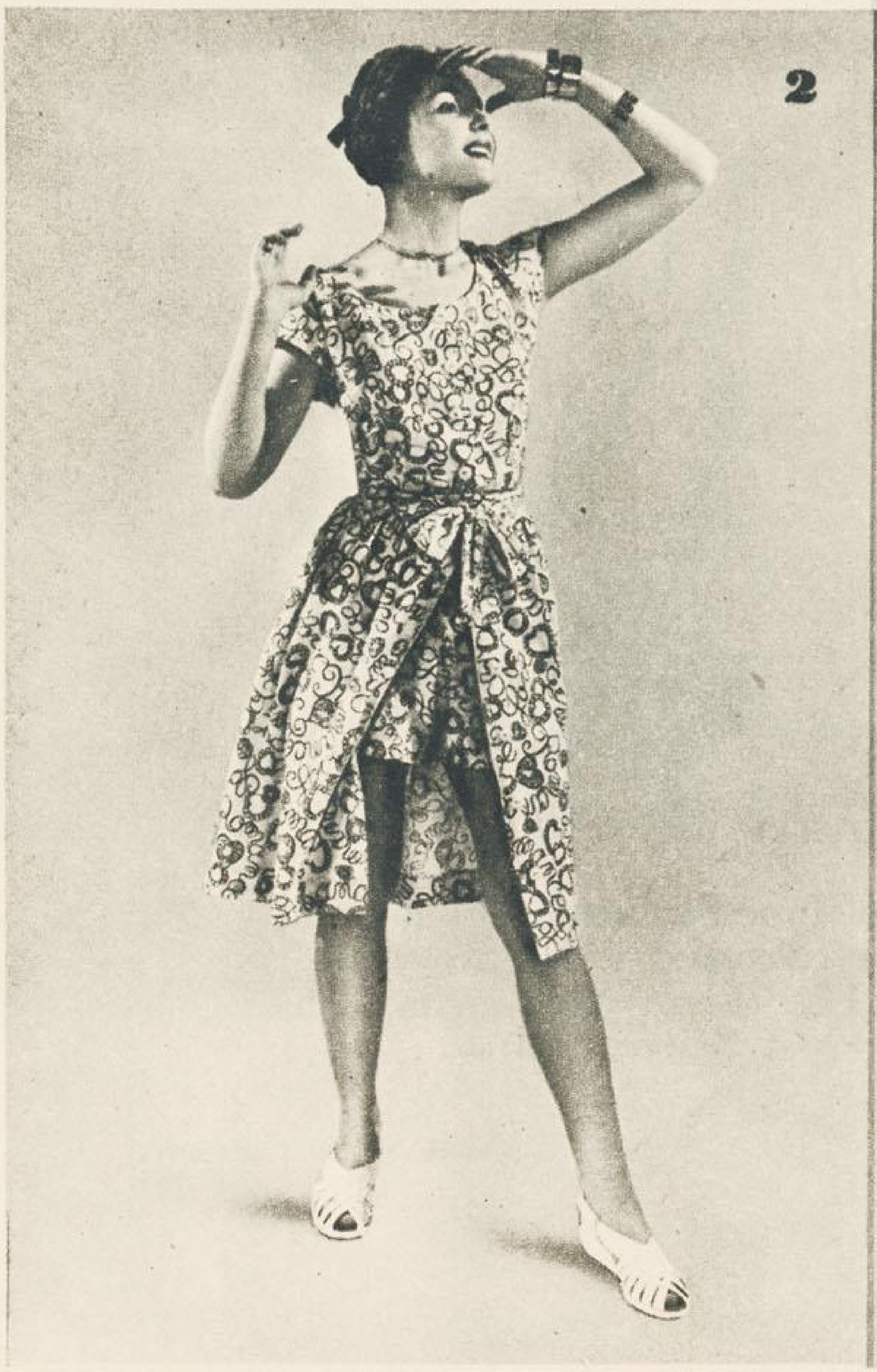

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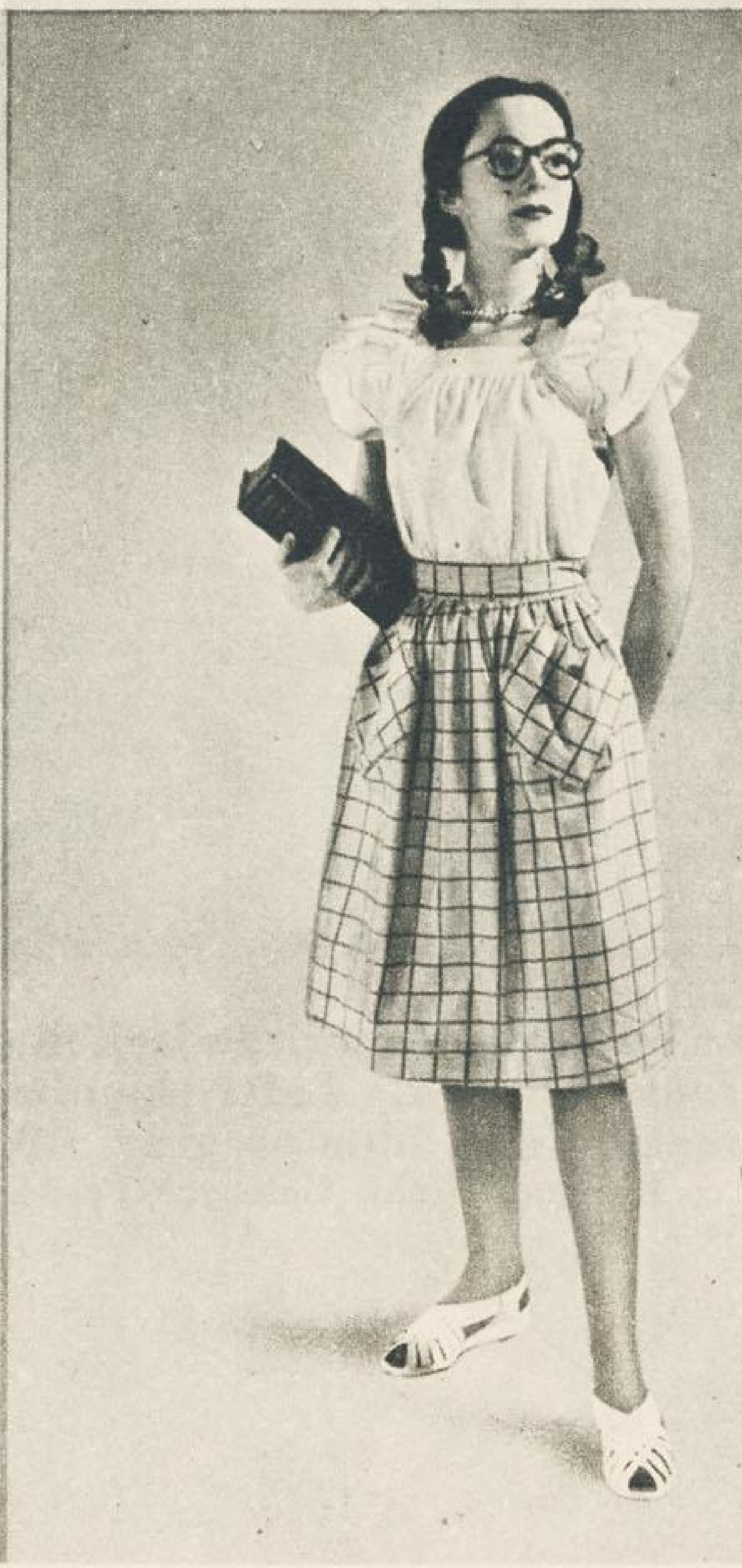

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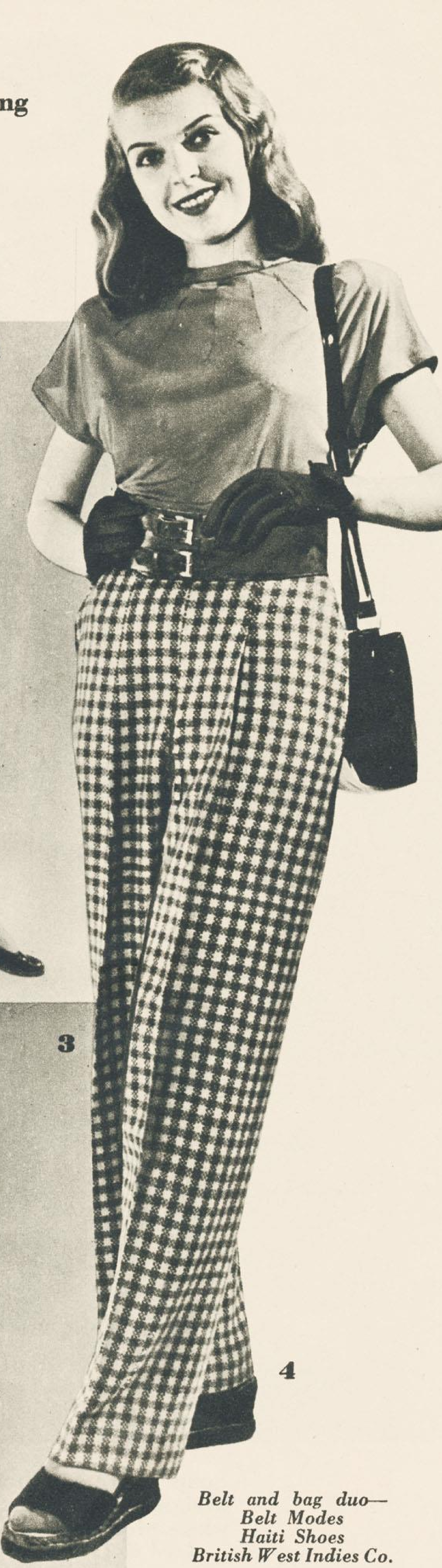
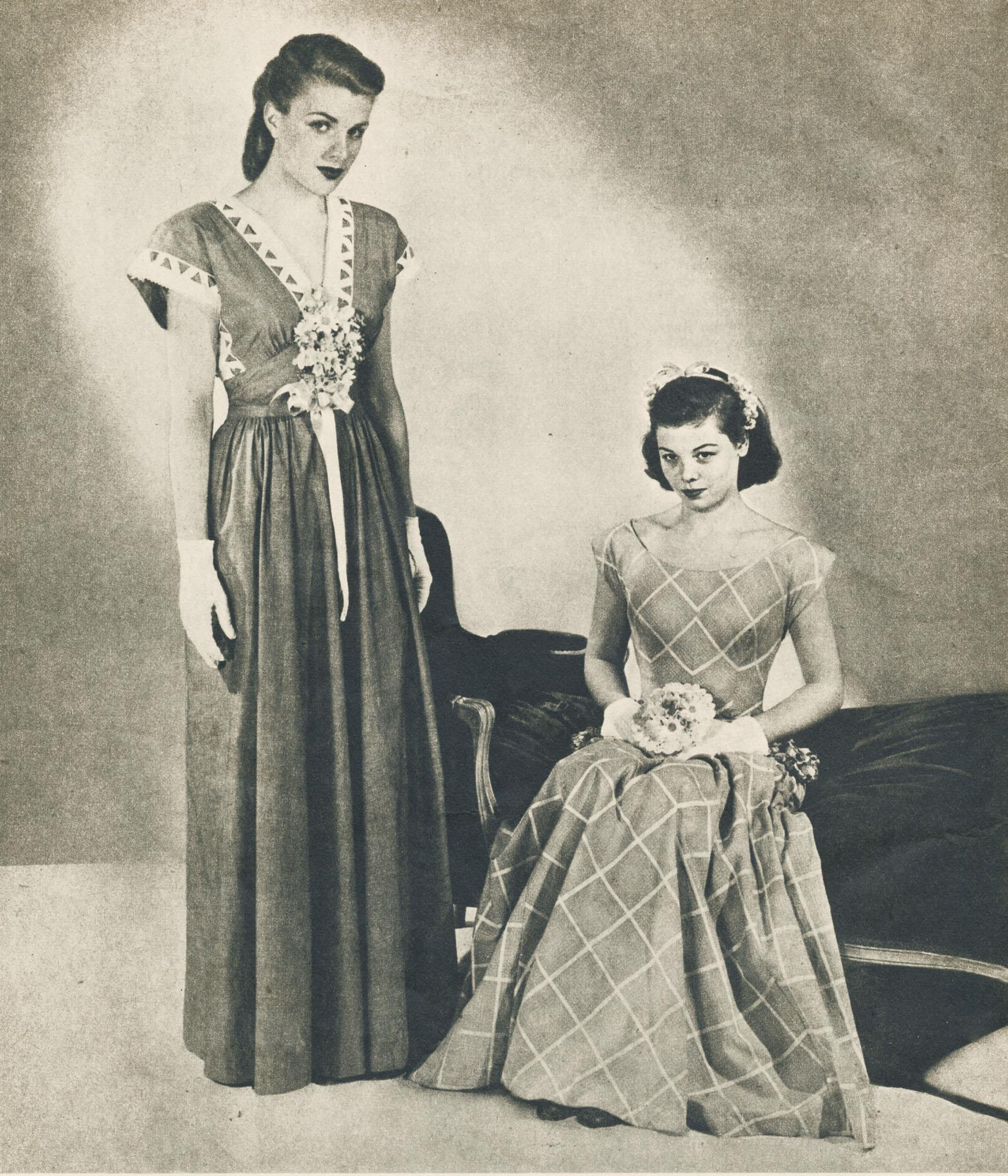


4

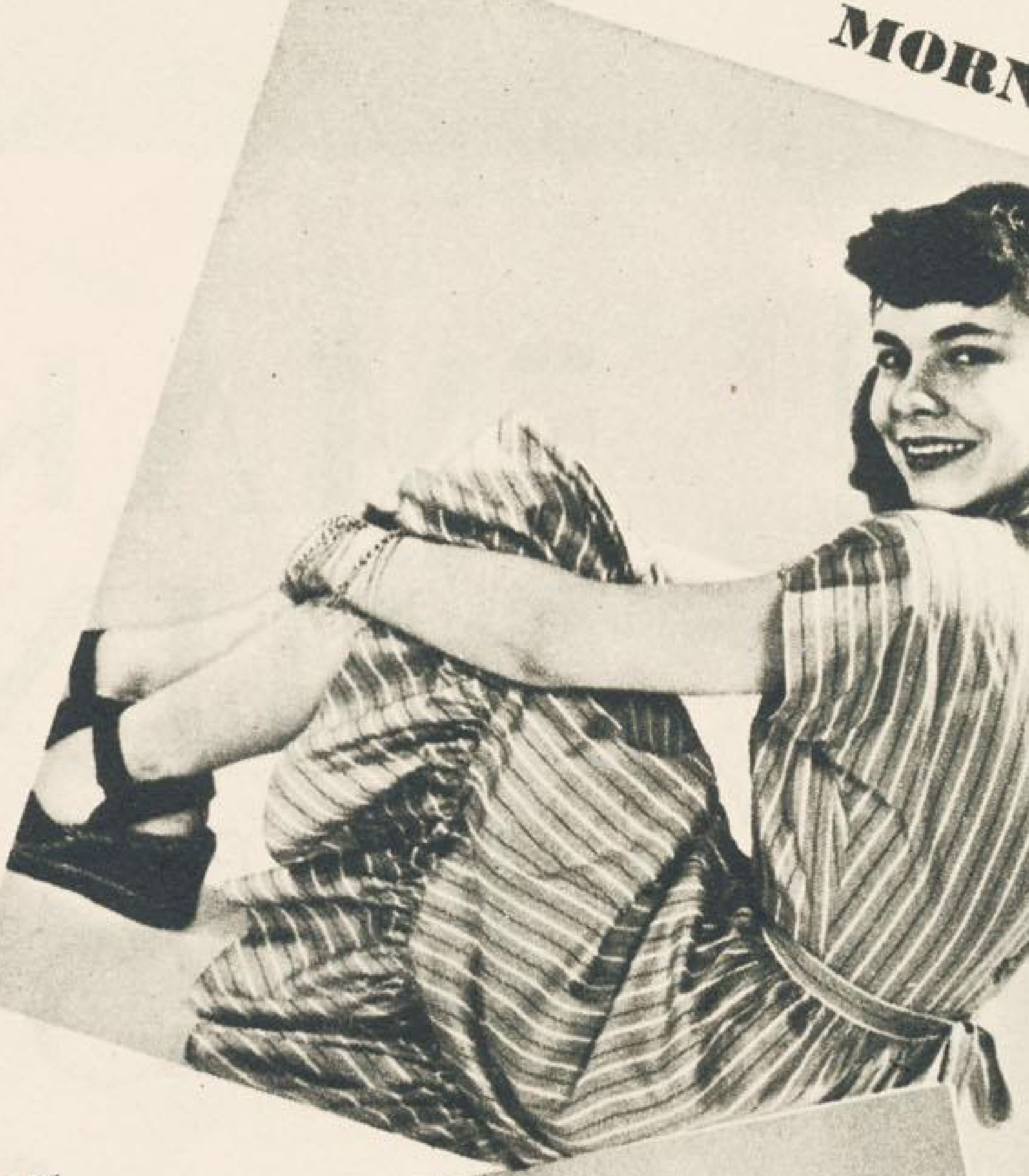
Belt and bag duo—
Belt Modes
Haiti Shoes
British West Indies Co.



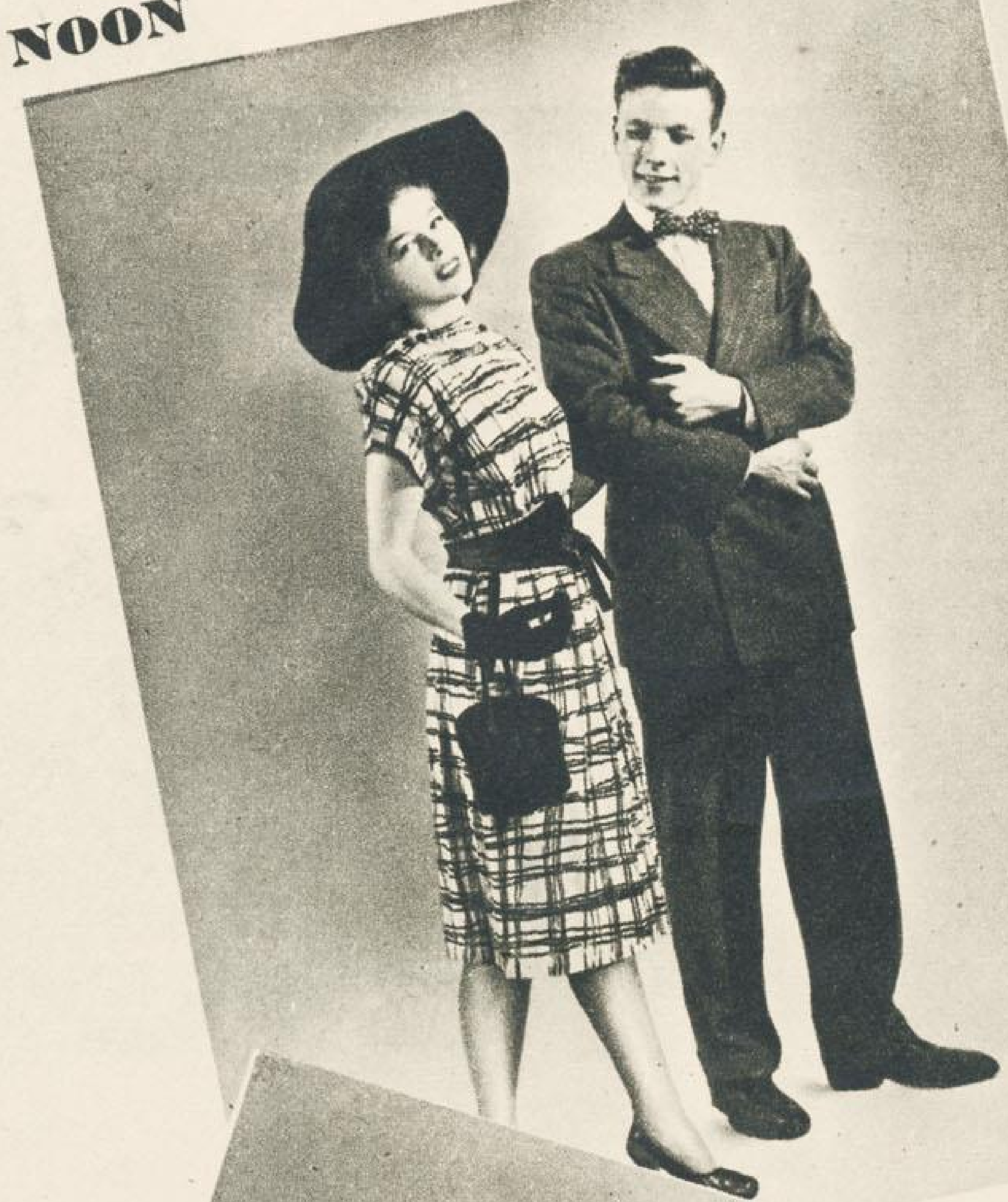
Soap 'n' Water cottons by Young American Deb in a Hope Skillman fabric design. Blue, chartreuse or pink. Left: chambray, frosted with snowy white pique in tan, maize, lilac, blue or gray. 9-17. About $29 each.
Lord & Taylor, N. Y.; Marshall Field, Chicago; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

A Day in Town

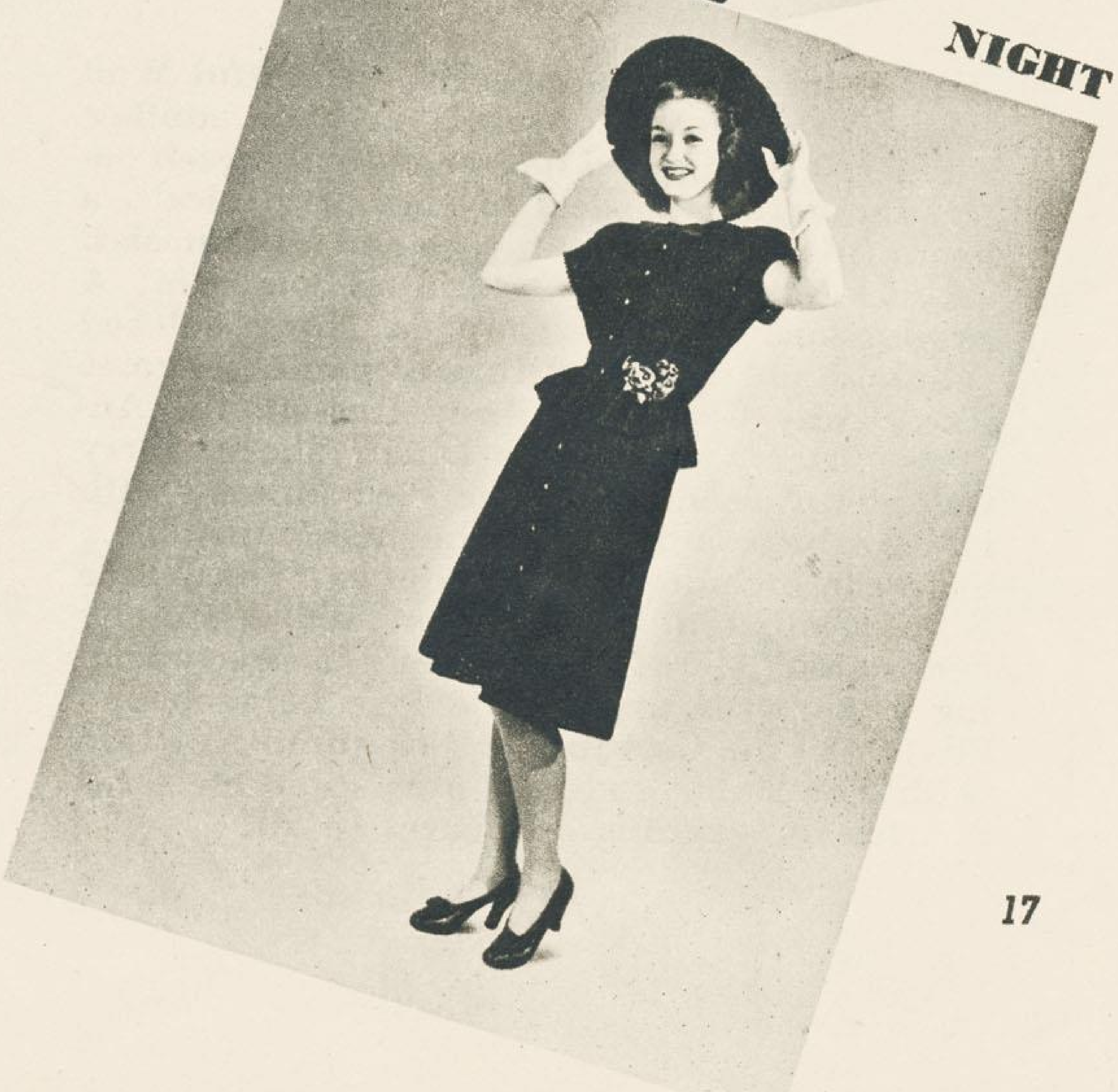
Fashions for a city summer are cool, poised, a bit romantic. . . .
Dress essentials with which to keep yourself looking lovely. . . .



MORNING



NOON



NIGHT

Morning . . .

For a busy morning you button yourself down the back into a striped cotton, crisply neat, with a whirling hemline frill. 9-15. About $17. Bonwit Teller, Phila.; Famous Barr, St. Louis; May Co., Los Angeles.

Noon . . .

Special terrace luncheon date. You're fresh in black and white jersey afternoon frock, with a shady face-framer by Betmar. Dress under $18. 9-15. Emily Shops, New York; G. Fox, Hartford; John Shillito, Cincinnati.

Night . . .

Going Places—maybe to the theatre in your eyelet peplum frock by Young Hollywood Fashions. 9-15. Under $23. Hat's a Vic-Teen. About $5. Oppenheim Collins, N. Y.; Davison Paxon, Atlanta; Bullock's, Los Angeles.

Gloves . . . Dawnelle
Play shoes . . . Joyce
Jewelry . . . Jordan

"MAKE MINE MUSIC"

1 Meet the Hero! Resplendent in shiny saddles, a splashy "C" for-his-C-rest-arms on his arm —and his worthy charger (charging 5¢ a turn), Juke! Jes' like the Good Olde Days—oops, we mean Dayes!

2 And now the Heroine—She's who? She's YOU—could be! Anyhow, where she shines into the picture is: when the phone sounds off—she takes off! Hope she slows down a bit 'fore she hits bottom (her own)

3 While at the other end, with a might-as-well-be-spring expression, the Hero keeps the lines busy with his busy line! But hark! Aha! and stuff! Wethinks this is all leading up to . . . (con't. in next panel)

4 A date, gate! Yep, the joint is jumpin' tonight—and so are the kids! Being instructed in the finer points of the art of Terpsichore, the Hero bowed gallantly, and inquired in dulcet tones, "Cut a rug, bug?"

5 Everyone wants to get into the act . . . including the dashin' fashion behind the splashin'—the man behind the malteds (could use some target practice)—but our Hero says he's just a squirt, anyway!

6 Objective sighted! Spoons away!!! But wait a minute fellas,—mayhaps we'd best consider the caloric intake and vitamin content before consumption, and—awrr, nuts! Dig in, kids! Up and at it!

7 Oho! What's this? That couple at the next booth wants to show us a thing about fancy footwork? Well, we're watchin'—we're watchin'— and man alive!—it's more o' that there jive! Strictly in the groove.

8 Position Number Eight Hundred and thirty three . . . in the survival of the fittest on the Sat'day night crowded dance floor. Basic training for all Major Jitterbugs. Get the idee? 'Scinch!

Walt Disney,—the wonderful, delightful Walt Disney has done it again! Created another wonderful, delightful masterpiece in screen entertainment! A musical to end all musicals, a beautiful, romantic fantasy to end all fantasies, an enchanting comedy to end all comedies! A *production!* Wrapped up in shiny colored celluloid and tied by strings of names—names like Benny Goodman, Andy Russell, the Andrew Sisters, names like Dinah Shore, Jerry Colonna, Nelson Eddy, The Pied Pipers—with more strings attached! The man must be a *genius* to include such episodes as "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met", "Johnny Fedora and Alice Blue Bonnet" (a heartwarming account of unshakable love between two lids), "All the Cats Join In" (a glimpse of Life With The Bobby-soxers), plus seven etceteras . . . ten outstanding sequences in all!

So you long to be the Life of the Party . . . gay, sparkling, bubbly-like . . . but what's to do with those queer little knots tightening your tummy, whenever you open your mouth? Well, rel-a-a-x, baby, rel-a-a-x—find out that people are funny, and - - -

Parties are Fun!

by *Eleanor Frank*

IT'S A WEIRD thing the way the days slide along in nice normal fashion for quite a spell, with you feeling like your natural you, and then somebody asks you to a dance taking place a week from Saturday and your life seems to sort of fall apart. Your brain starts whirring with imaginings and misgivings, and you know with sickening certainty that you are developing another case of Party Jitters. Sixty thousand times you wish with all your heart that you had never met the boy who asked you, and that dances had never been invented. There are even a couple of completely desperate moments when you hover around the phone, on the verge of calling him and saying you've been exposed to measles or something equally contagious and hence can't possibly keep the date. By the time the great night arrives, your self-confidence has sunk to minus zero and you set out for the party in such a nervous turmoil that the evening is ruined before it starts. Or else perilously close to it.

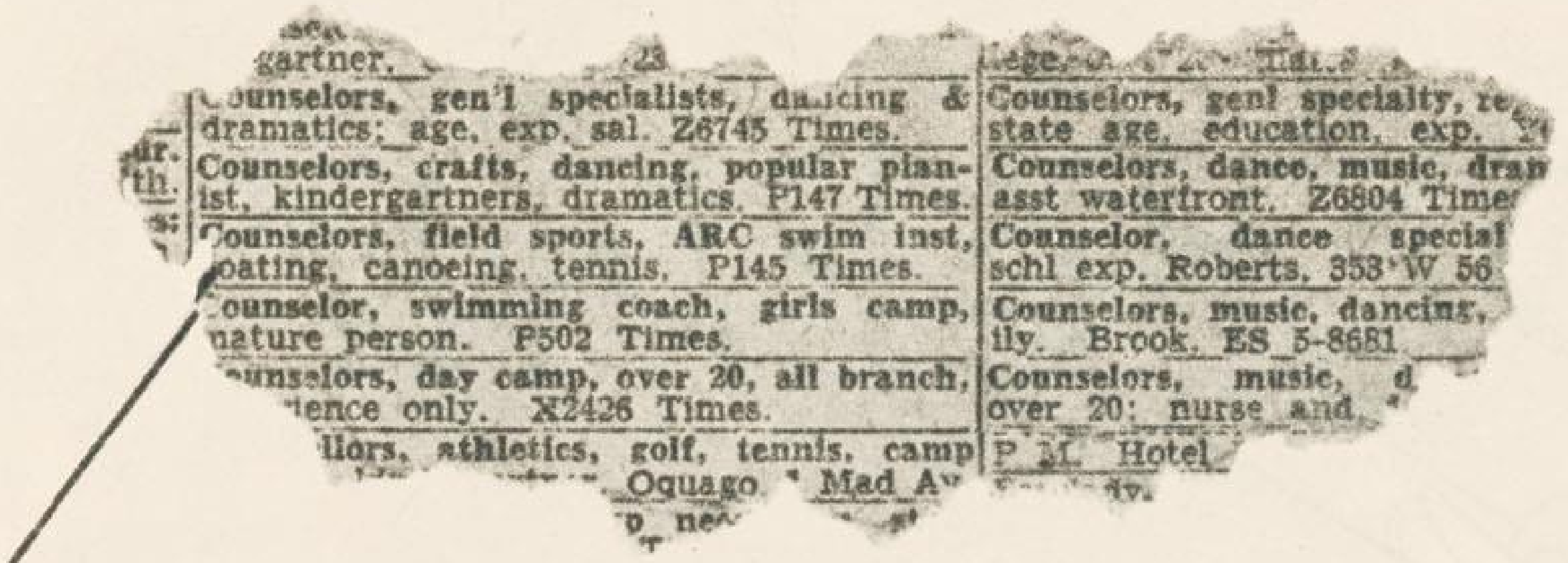
What brings on all this paralysis? And what to do about it?

Well, to begin with, the whole thing is somewhat like mathematics, a question of keeping your values organized. A dance is special and exciting, but it is nothing revolutionary. It's a bunch of people, probably many of whom you see constantly anyway, just moving around in time to music. You're still you, the you your date asked because you struck him as a very exceptional item. He's still the same boy he was a week ago, even if he is all slicked up and wearing a somewhat formal expression. So consequently it is not necessary for you to dream up a new personality all of sudden—a transformation that is likely to scare him out of his (*Continued on page* 58)

Counsel on Counselling...

by Eleanor Hiteshew

You can go to camp for free—maybe even get paid for going—if you can qualify as a counselor. Sounds good, hmm? And here's the how of it . . .



gartner.
ounselors, gen'l specialists, dancing & dramatics; age, exp, sal. Z6745 Times.
Counselors, crafts, dancing, popular pianist, kindergartners, dramatics. P147 Times.
Counselors, field sports, ARC swim inst, oating, canoeing, tennis. P145 Times.
ounselor, swimming coach, girls camp, nature person. P502 Times.
ounselors, day camp, over 20, all branch, ience only. X2426 Times.
llors, athletics, golf, tennis, camp
Oquago Mad Av

Counselors, genl specialty, re
state age, education, exp.
Counselors, dance, music, dra
asst waterfront. Z6804 Time
Counselor, dance special
schl exp. Roberts, 353 W 56
Counselors, music, dancing,
ily. Brook, ES 5-8681
Counselors, music,
over 20; nurse and
P M. Hotel

WANTED—Teen-aged camp counselor for girls' summer camp. Salary and maintenance. Ideal surroundings. All sports.

What a setup, says you to yourself. A vacation for free and cash coming in—simultaneously. That, you decide, is as good a deal as anybody could ask for. You vision yourself dunking in a cool, lapping lake every day. Twice a day. And grilling hamburgers over a camp fire. Lazing along in a canoe . . . going to sleep to the lullabye of crickets. And you can just see yourself, come summer's end, hitting your hometown with all your plump places nicely pared down, and with a suntan that makes your best beau go into a tailspin. All these visions are based on good, solid realities and camp counseling can be a delectable way of spending your summer.

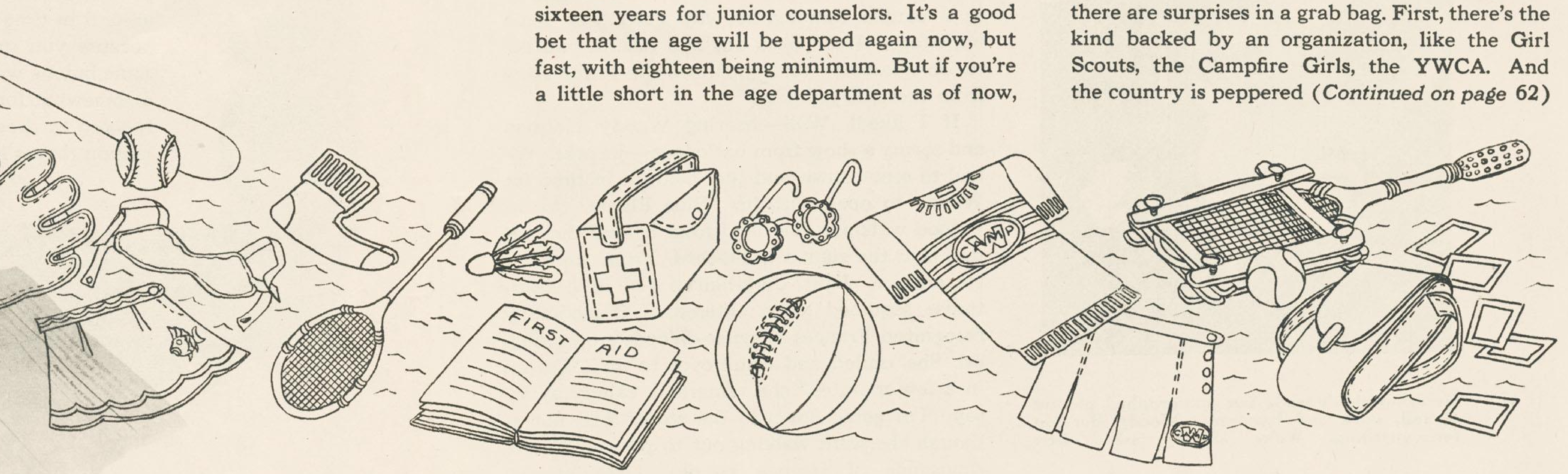
However, there's a little more to this business of being a camp counselor than you might think. So before you begin hurling things into your suitcase, here's the dope.

First of all, there's age. Camps vary considerably as to minimum age required, and during the war some of them even gave the nod to sixteen years for junior counselors. It's a good bet that the age will be upped again now, but fast, with eighteen being minimum. But if you're a little short in the age department as of now, you can begin plotting for future summers—next summer, perhaps—by developing the talents that are most likely to land you a counselor's job. We'll itemize the talents later on.

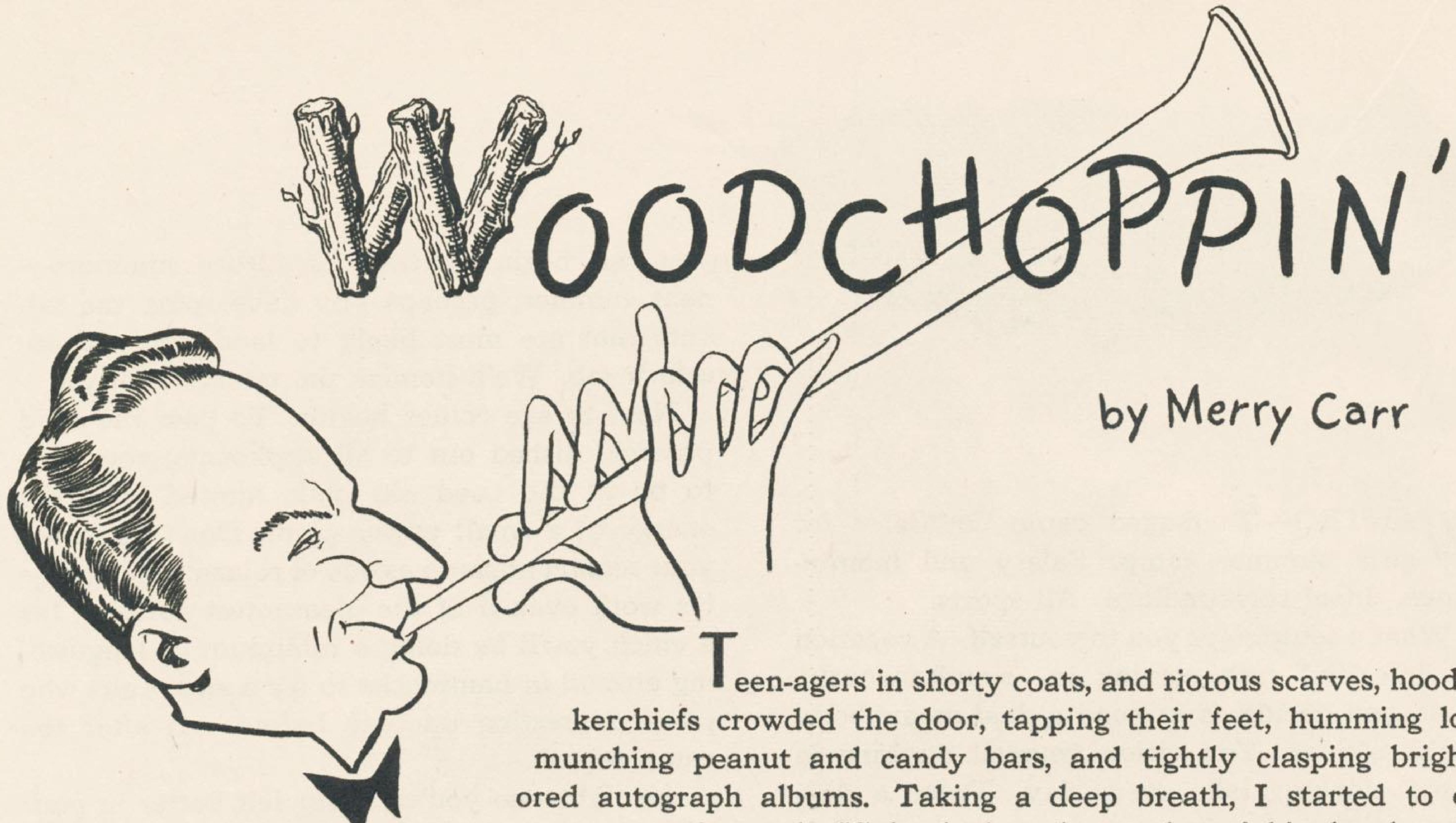
Next to age comes health. To pass the rigid physical dished out to all applicants, you have to be in the good old pink, ignited with the energy of a small power plant. Don't figure on your session at camp as one of relaxation because it's work even if of the pleasantest variety. It's a cinch you'll be doing a minimum of languishing around in hammocks so it's a smart girl who plans on resting up both before and after the camp season.

All right—so you've never felt better in your life. Another angle is your personality. Are you the type who's good at working along with a group, who jells beautifully with younger girls? If your kid sister drives you crazy, you'd better steer clear of a summer likely to be teeming with reasonable facsimilies of said kid sister. Are you pretty fair minded and impartial? More than once you'll be called upon to mediate in a spat, to give the final say-so in a contest. Does a mysterious noise in the night make you jump into next Sunday and does the sight of a snake or bug send you screaming? Then camp life isn't for you, because any fears you show are contagious and make the younger girls uneasy.

You come out all right on all these counts, so now for the camp. There are as many types as there are surprises in a grab bag. First, there's the kind backed by an organization, like the Girl Scouts, the Campfire Girls, the YWCA. And the country is peppered *(Continued on page 62)*



WOODCHOPPIN'



by Merry Carr

A scooper-duper story on the "top band of the land" . . . So let's follow teen-age Merry as she ranges with the Herman Herd

Teen-agers in shorty coats, and riotous scarves, hoods and kerchiefs crowded the door, tapping their feet, humming loudly, munching peanut and candy bars, and tightly clasping bright-colored autograph albums. Taking a deep breath, I started to elbow my way forward. "Cal-e-donia, who made yo' big head so hard, *huuu?*" I heard from one side. And wished my head was a little harder—then I could just ram my way through. "Ohhh look!" exclaimed one Robert-soxer (N. Y. kids claim they have dignity). "She's going in!" "Yeah, maybe she's an usher," another remarked. At last, with a final breathless, "'Scuse me please"—there I was—at the stage entrance of the theater—only minutes away from seeing Woody Herman!

The guard at the entrance directed me to the waiting room and offered me a seat, explaining that Woody would be out in a short while. Sure enough, in a couple of minutes the popular music-maker came in, his dark eyes sparkling, his wavy hair brushed back neatly and clinging to his famous clarinet. "Sorry to have kept you waiting," he grinned quickly, as he shook hands, "But look—I'm on in a coupla minutes so why don't you come backstage—I can dash out and talk to you between numbers—and you'll see the whole show from there, if you like?"

Merry wouldn't trade her autographed picture of tall, dark and handsome Woody Herman for anything. We've already asked her.

If I liked! Well—hearing Woody Herman and seeing a show from backstage—jeepers! We had to scoot down and just made it in time for Woody to open with his "Blue Flame" theme. I stood watching the band from behind the curtain near the giant switchboard. From the other entrance, a slight, dark-haired girl in a chartreuse sequined gown entered. I immediately recognized Frances Wayne—Woody's own singer! She smiled and came over to me. "I'm on in a few minutes," she remarked, calmly as I'd say, "I'm going down to the store," and not as though she were walking out to perform before thousands of strange people. After playing through two of her numbers, Woody came backstage. "Got a few minutes free now," he said, "so I suppose you want the story behind the story?"

What's wrong with this picture? Nothing, really. For Merry, an avid fan of the Herman brand of slick music, discovers Woody is just as rabid about MA. Whadaya know!!

"Gosh," you can almost hear Merry sigh, "Woody Herman's clarinet!" She was thrilled pink when Woody said she could examine it.

"Leave us start at the beginning," I said, with what I thought unquestionable logic. "That would be in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, twenty-nine years ago, when one Woodrow Wilson Herman made his entrance . . ."

"You were named after the president of the United States?" I guessed.

"Right, but I soon had to shorten my name to Woody—we lived in a Republican neighborhood!" he grinned.

Woody was reluctant to go on talking about himself or his career, but about teen-agers and bobby-soxers, he had puh-lenty to say—and nice, too.

The gifted bandleader, singer and radio star thinks bobby-soxers are (*Continued on page* 72)

One thing Merry wasn't going to miss out on—Here the modern music-maker obligingly autographs his picture for her, at the Paramount.

Growing Concern

There's no such thing as the "awkward age", according to three of Hollywood's most enchanting teensters . . .

Elizabeth Taylor's contrasting quiet beauty is a charming combination of femininity and wholesomeness. You'll be seeing her soon in the MGM movie "Hold High the Torch".

Jane Powell has one of her greatest singing roles in MGM's "Holiday in Mexico". Her sparkling personality is based on good health as well as good looks—the right combination.

Sweet and appealing Peggy Ann Garner, next seen in the 20th Century Fox movie, "Home Sweet Homicide", is one teen-ager who isn't afraid to let her personality show—no wonder!

by Alyce Canfield

TIME was when reference to the teen-age, particularly the early teens, was just another way of saying you had hit the awkward age. By the time you were eighteen or nineteen, of course, your worries were over—you were fairly bubbling with Charm. But from thirteen to sixteen, you had problems. You were too young to be enchanting, you thought, and too old to be delightfully kiddish. What an age! But cheer up, all that was back in the Dark Ages when mom was a girl. Today the Age of Enlightenment is here . . .

Don't let anyone tell you, chillun, that you are going through the awkward age. You are living the most exciting period of your life. Your skin is glowing and smooth your eyes bright and clear, your figure has promise of startling loveliness. Older girls look at you nostalgically; women enviously eye your Number One weapon: *youth.* Don't sell it short. It doesn't last forever, so play it for all it is worth. Here's how . . .

In the first place, let's take beautiful, fifteen-year-old Jane Powell. She's been under contract to MGM for two and a half years. That means she was twelve and a half when she first started out on her career. She wasn't any gangling youngster, all arms and legs; she was breath-takingly lovely. It helped, of course, that her complexion was out of this world—with a glowing clear skin and apple red cheeks—but, despite this, she didn't just rest on her laurels. For as long as Janie can remember, she has been trying to improve herself.

(*Continued on page* 51)

VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Betty Ann—

VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD
VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD
VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD
VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD
VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD
VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD
ROAD TO STARDOM

Vicky's still in there pitchin'... still tenaciously determined to win film-fame and fortune ...

Your snapshot with Van and Frankie is simply historic! Imagine, if your Brownie had back-fired or something equally dreadful! All would have been lost forever.

Thanks, Betts, for remitting the fifty cents for the wire. I know that it was worth it to you to know Van would be in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria.

I feel so actually selfish, Betts, considering that all of the movie stars are right here where I can see them. That is, some of them, when I am extremely lucky. And there you are--way off in New York.

But believe me Betts, no one in Hollywood has his picture with both Van and Frankie! I guess no one in the whole world has that. Maybe you should present it to a museum; at least a copy of it, to be handed down to generations to come.

What do you think, Betts? They are two of the screen's greatest figures, and you are a typical 1946 Miss America. There could be fitting donation ceremonies and everything! Golly, aren't you thrilled?

I couldn't afford to tell you in the wire how I knew Van was going to be at the Waldorf. But the truth is that Bev and I recognized Van when he stopped for a traffic light. He was alone too, driving his black convertible.

"Could we ride just a block with you Van?" we asked.

He didn't have to say anything, his grin is so friendly. So Bev and I jumped in and rode a whole block with Van!

Ohhhh, if we only had a

(Continued on next page)

picture of that!

Confidentially, he said he's thrilled that everyone is so nice to him. That he pinches himself and expects to find it all a dream. And he told us his full name. It's Charles Van Dell Johnson!

Betts, he isn't conceited a bit. And he's always scared that someone is going to get hurt in the mobs that gather around him.

He was in a big hurry because he was leaving for New York that night. He was excited because he was going to stay at the Waldorf-Astoria. He used to walk around in it just to see what it was like. And he was going to see the Stork Club and 21 and all of the places you read about in the movie magazines, where Van had never been able to afford to go before he came to Hollywood. Because then he had to make every ten cents do the work of twenty.

Imagine Van ever going hungry. It depresses me just thinking about it.

And Betts, I am so mad at that terrible writer who wrote that Van wasn't cooperative and everything in the newspapers. Van just couldn't give an interview standing in a crowd of 1000 girls, could he? And when he called to make an appointment with the writer, she had already printed that mean story.

Van has a fan club in Hollywood that's going to do something about it, too!

Now that school's out and it's vacation, Lester Hunt and I are madly concentrating on my career. Do you think I will ever be a screen star, Betts? Sometimes I wonder. For there I am ushering six nights a week at The Colossal and no one has discovered me yet. But Lester says we have to use strategy. And besides, I'm getting experience in poise and things that are important for the future.

When I think of the childish adolescent things I used to do like dressing up like Lana Turner and going to that premiere last year. Such silly things. But confidentially, all of this poise I am developing scares me a little. I hope I don't lose my enthusiasm for being inventive and having fun. (I can hear Pops saying "Amen." "No such good luck!")

The other day Lester thought it would be really super-colossal if he could get a big producer like Hal Wallis, (didn't you just love his "Love Letters" with Jennifer Jones?) to see me. So we thought up a terrific campaign based on the slogan: "See Victoria Allen Dunford—Hollywood High's Choice for its Next Screen Star," and typed it on penny postcards.

Now the original and colossal thing about this campaign was the really terrifically novel way we introduced it. Lester put our card on a cabbage one day and delivered it personally to the studio gate. The next day he tied it to a bunch of carrots. Then turnips, next radishes, then sweetpeas, and even a box of peaches — all from the Hunt family's victory garden!

The idea was that Mr. Wallis couldn't possibly ignore such a campaign. He would put the flowers on his desk and think of me. Ditto when he ate the peaches and nice fresh vegetables. And besides being curious to see me, he would want to thank me personally. And at that point Lester could do his sales job on selling me as a new Hal Wallis star.

The only trouble was, Betts—the Monday we arrived at the studio gate and asked to see Mr. Wallis in person, the studio gateman said, "Say, are you the kids who've been bringing all these vegetables here every day?" and he pushed out a cardboard box filled with our campaign all wilted and droopy.

"I am afraid they'll be spoiled before Mr. Wallis returns, for he's in New York."

Can you beat that, Betts?

As we were leaving, Bob Hope drove out.

"They used to throw that garden stuff at me," he said, laughing, "and as long as they're not throwing it at you, you've got Hope!"

Wasn't that darling, Betts? Who knows, maybe someday I'll be his leading lady. Lester and I are working on that campaign now.

Your faithful and devoted
friend,
Vicky.

PERSONALITEEN QUIZ

Do You Have Good Manners?

Manners are a mark of breeding. If you wanted to be accepted in groups that are cultured and interesting, you must be well mannered. And remember, manners are more than merely knowing which fork to use. Following are twenty questions that will help you to rate your manners. Score five points for each "Yes" and zero for each "No." If you score from 80 to 100, your manners are all that is to be desired. From 60 to 75, passable. From 45 to 55, poor. Under 45, wake up, Miss America or the crowds will pass you by.

1. Do you listen respectfully when your elders speak?

2. Do you keep your radio tuned low when neighbors might be annoyed?

3. Do you refrain from combing your hair or cleaning your nails in public?

4. Do you give your seat to older people or to women with babies in public conveyances?

5. Do you remain quiet at the theatre or concert so others may enjoy the performance in peace?

6. Do you eat as noiselessly as possible?

7. Do you refrain from barging into the rooms of your relatives or friends without knocking?

8. Do you go home at a reasonable hour when visiting?

9. Do you treat sales clerks graciously?

10. Do you acknowledge your mail promptly?

11. Do you avoid too much criticism of your friends?

12. Do you give other people a chance to talk when you are with them?

13. Do you remember birthdays and anniversaries?

14. Do you avoid garish dress?

15. Do you express your appreciation to the boys who date you?

16. Do you cooperate with your teacher in her effort to maintain discipline?

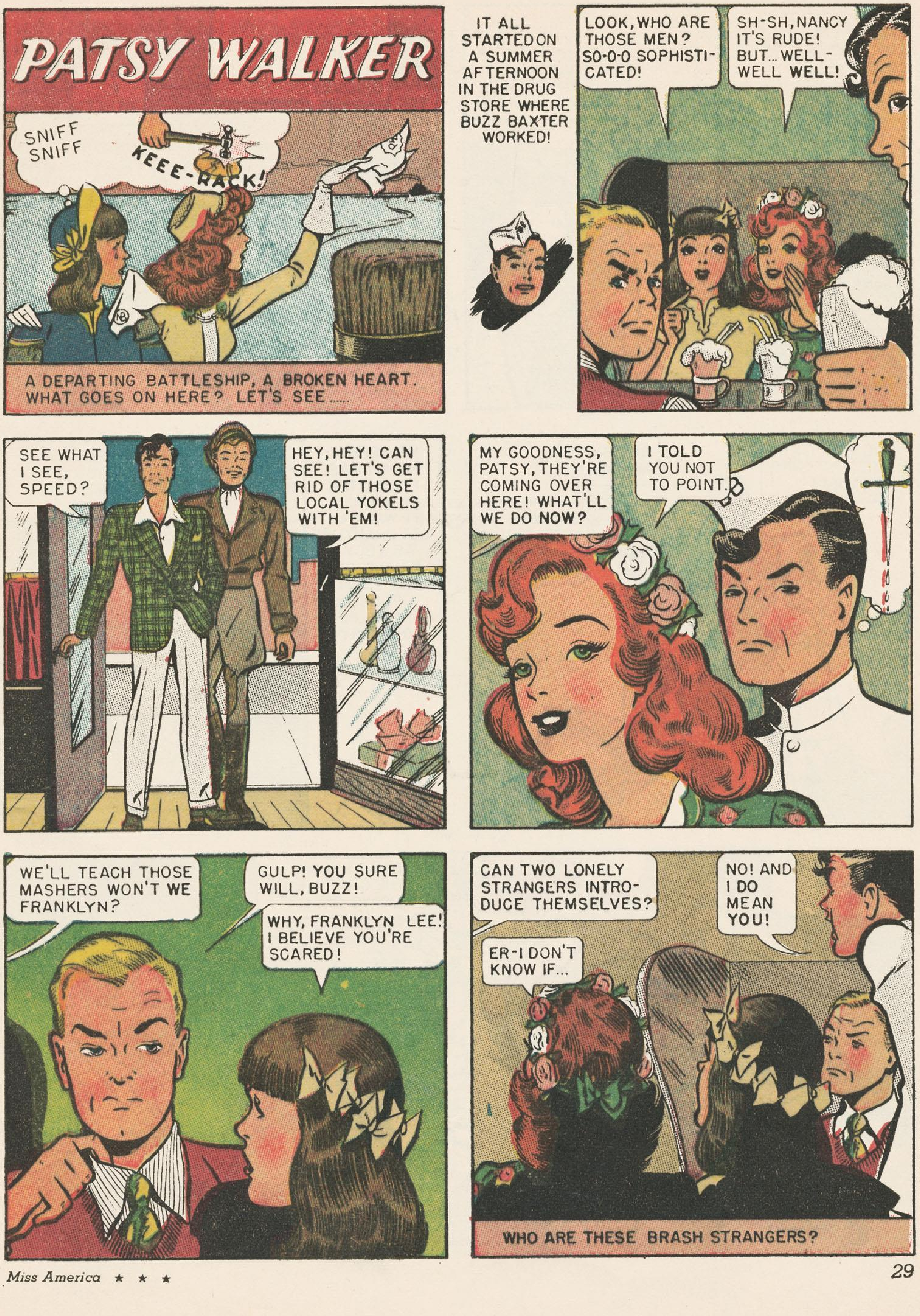
17. Do you refrain from telephoning your friends at awkward hours?

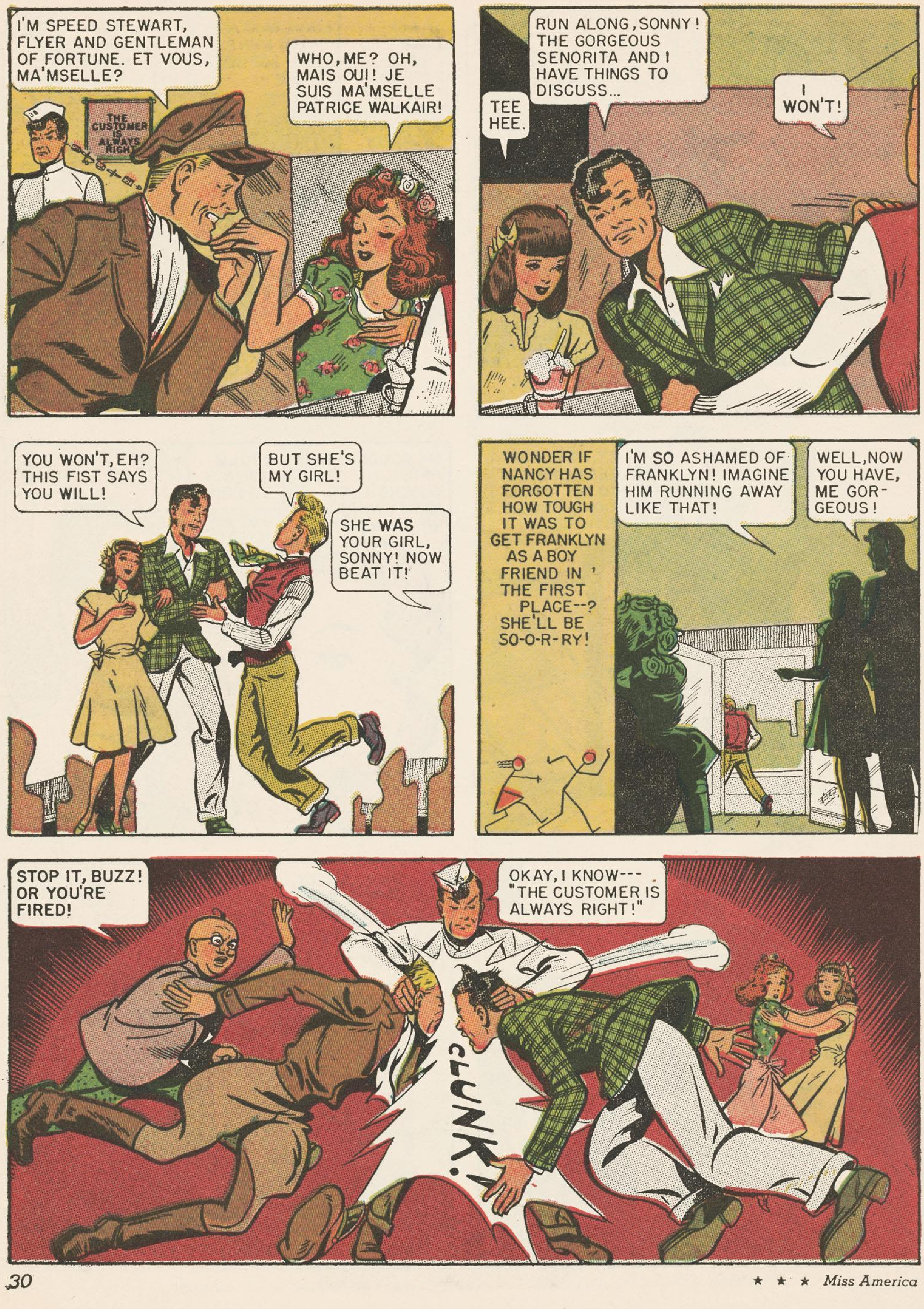
18. Do you allow your elders to precede you through doors and into elevators?

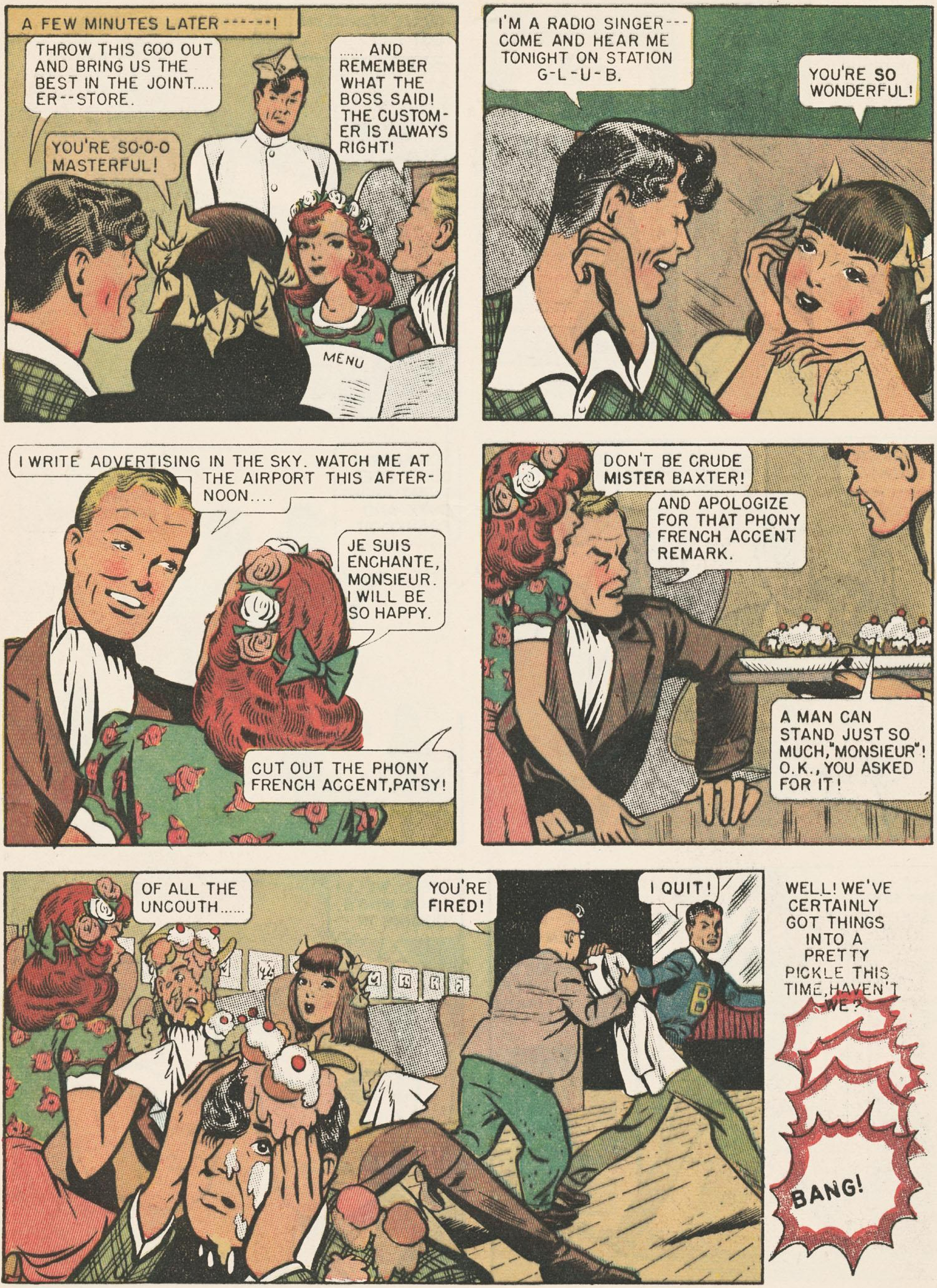
19. Do you avoid joining cliques at parties?

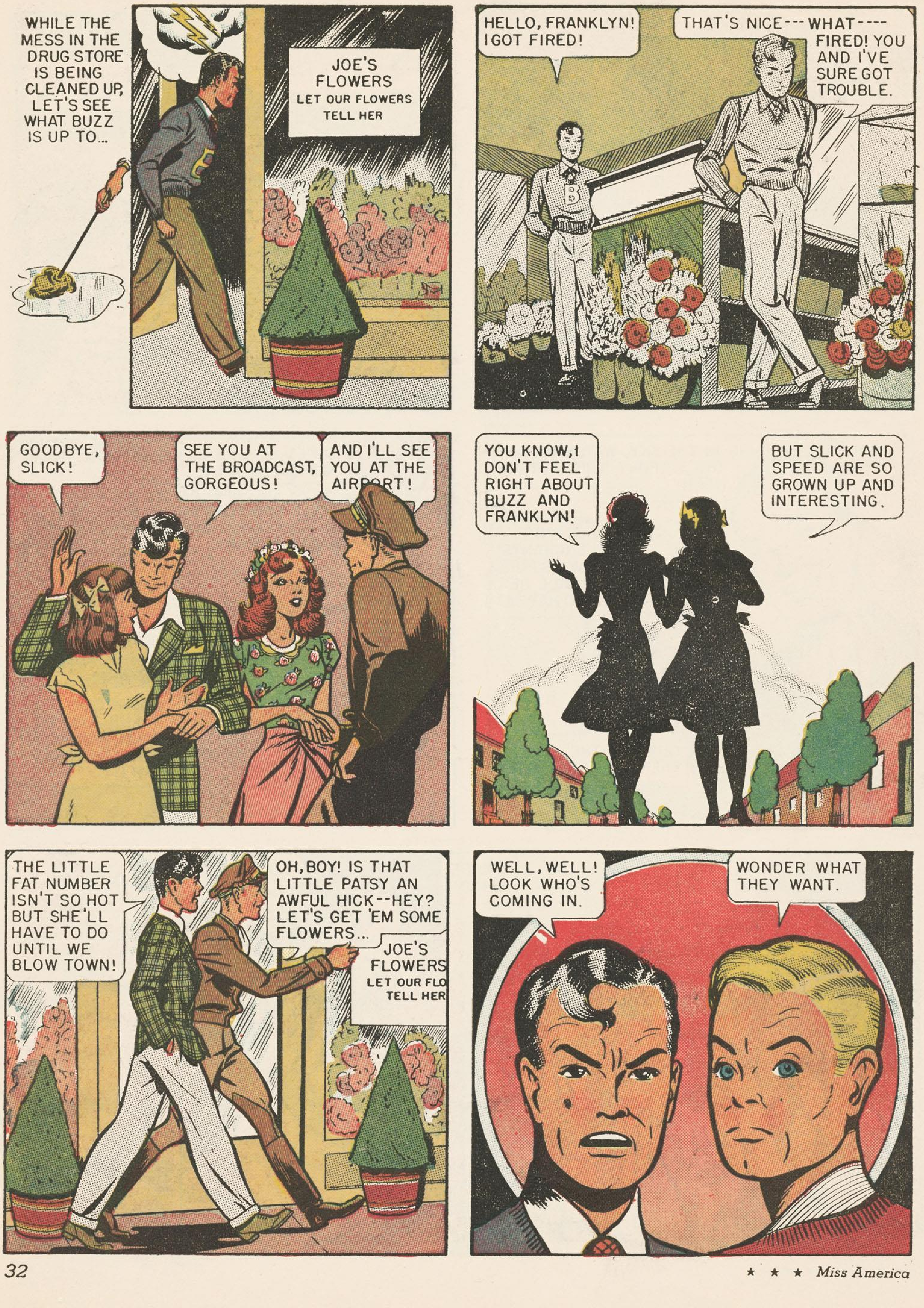
20. When you have a cold, do you do everything you can to prevent others from being infected?

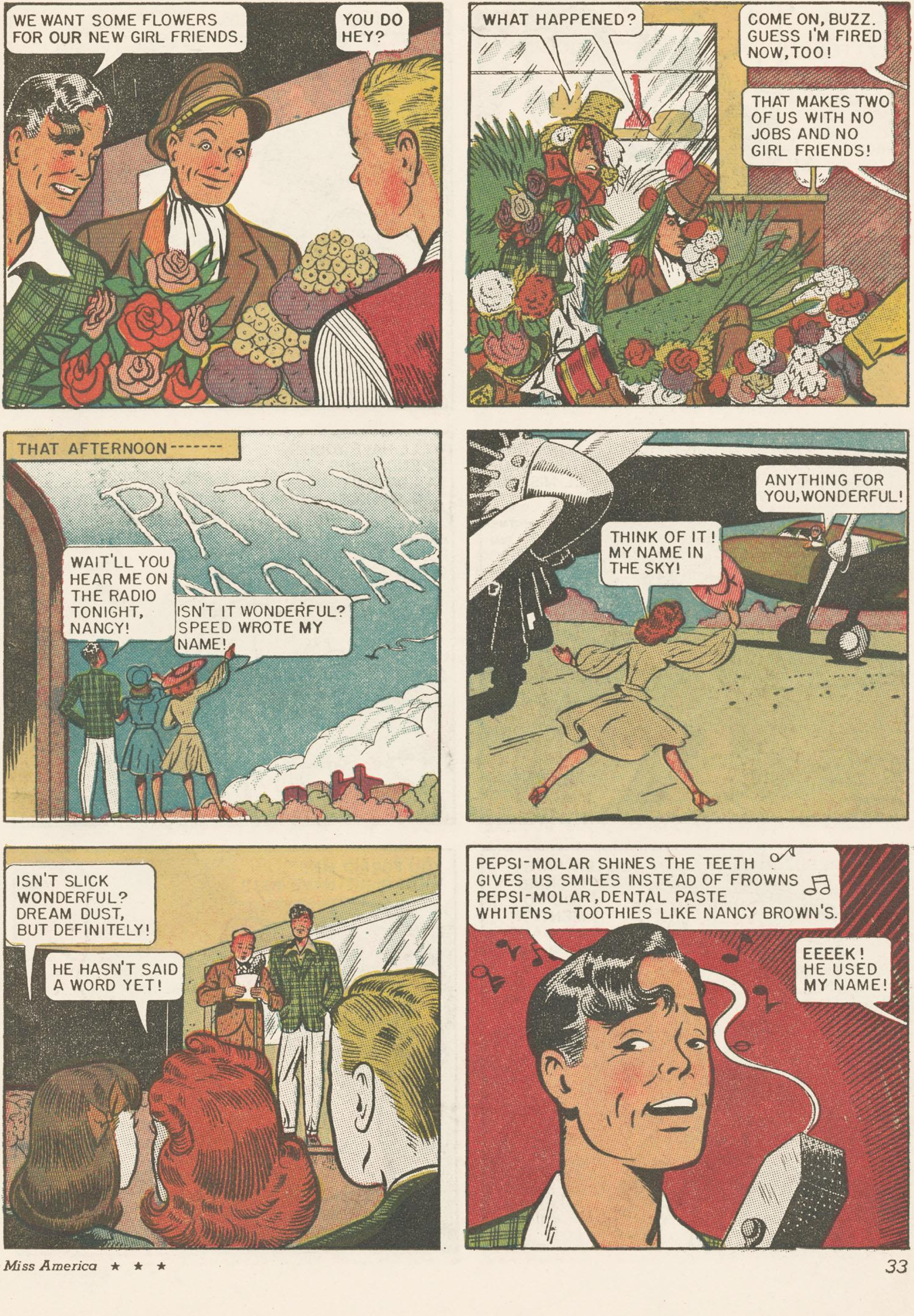
PATSY WALKER

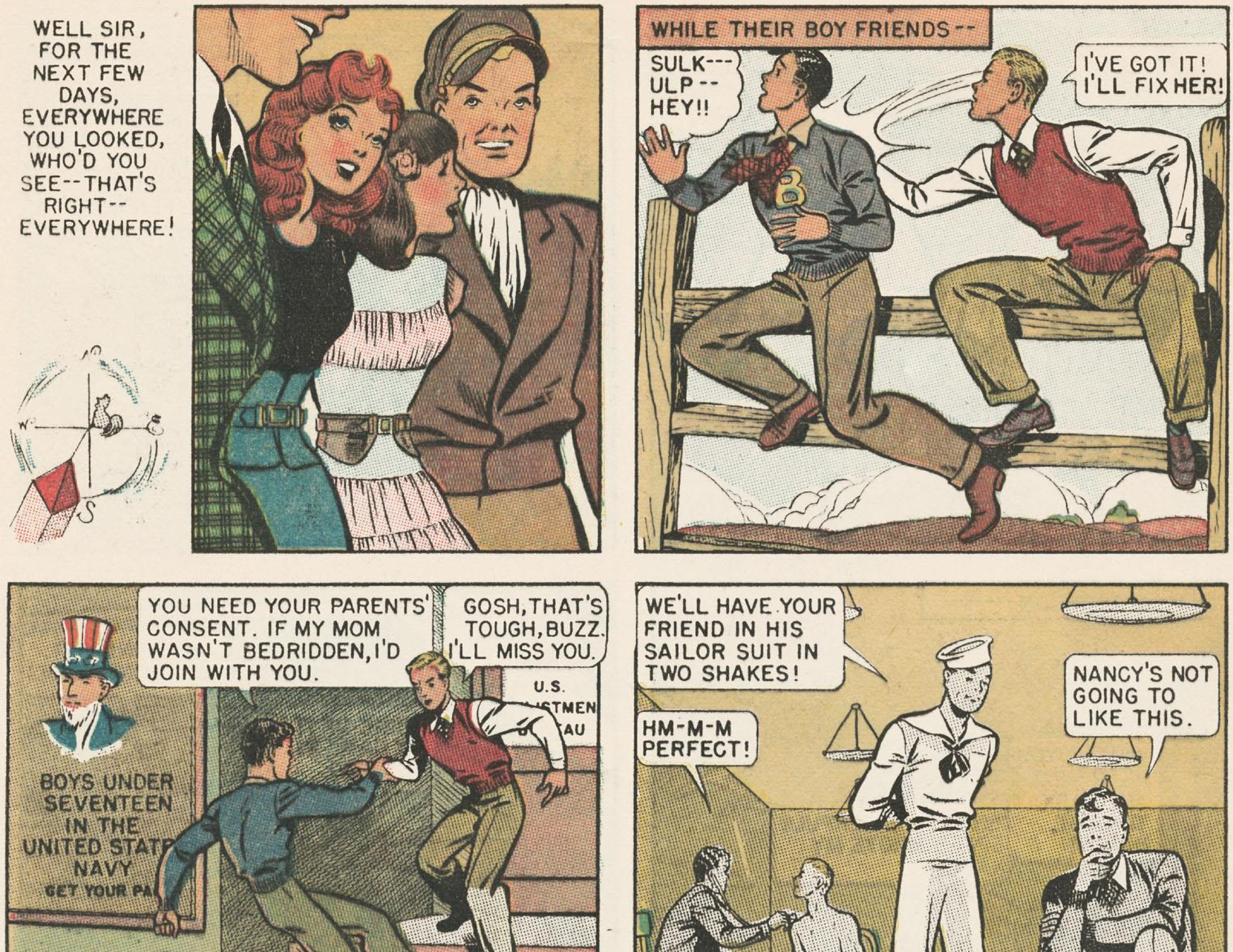

SNIFF SNIFF
KEEE-RACK!
A DEPARTING BATTLESHIP, A BROKEN HEART. WHAT GOES ON HERE? LET'S SEE .....
IT ALL STARTED ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON IN THE DRUG STORE WHERE BUZZ BAXTER WORKED!
LOOK, WHO ARE THOSE MEN? SO-O-O SOPHISTICATED!
SH-SH, NANCY IT'S RUDE! BUT... WELL-WELL WELL!
SEE WHAT I SEE, SPEED?
HEY, HEY! CAN SEE! LET'S GET RID OF THOSE LOCAL YOKELS WITH 'EM!
MY GOODNESS, PATSY, THEY'RE COMING OVER HERE! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?
I TOLD YOU NOT TO POINT.
WE'LL TEACH THOSE MASHERS WON'T WE FRANKLYN?
GULP! YOU SURE WILL, BUZZ!
WHY, FRANKLYN LEE! I BELIEVE YOU'RE SCARED!
CAN TWO LONELY STRANGERS INTRODUCE THEMSELVES?
NO! AND I DO MEAN YOU!
ER-I DON'T KNOW IF...
WHO ARE THESE BRASH STRANGERS?

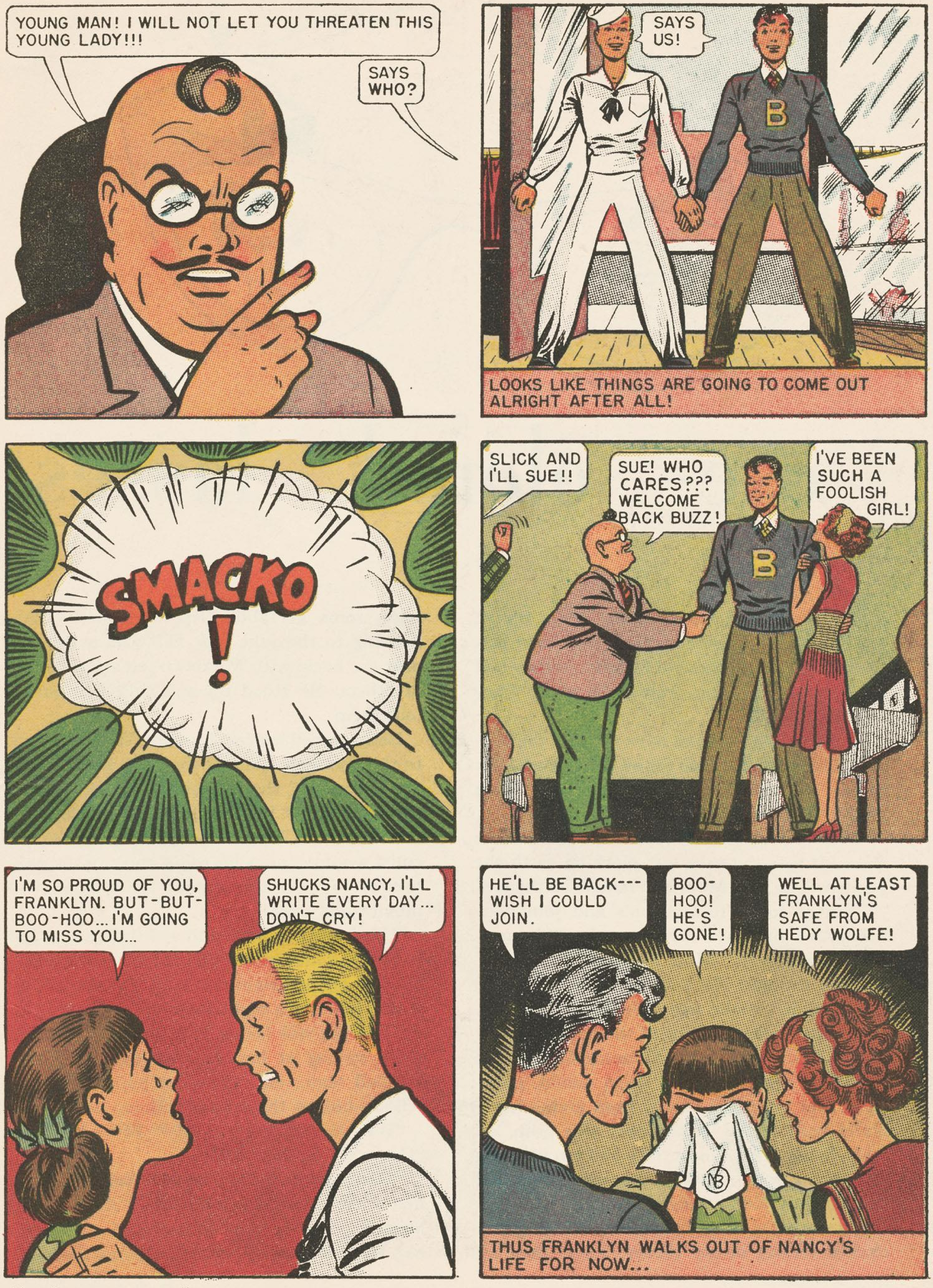

I'M SPEED STEWART, FLYER AND GENTLEMAN OF FORTUNE. ET VOUS, MA'MSELLE?
THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT
WHO, ME? OH, MAIS OUI! JE SUIS MA'MSELLE PATRICE WALKAIR!
TEE HEE.
RUN ALONG, SONNY! THE GORGEOUS SENORITA AND I HAVE THINGS TO DISCUSS...
I WON'T!
YOU WON'T, EH? THIS FIST SAYS YOU WILL!
BUT SHE'S MY GIRL!
SHE WAS YOUR GIRL, SONNY! NOW BEAT IT!
WONDER IF NANCY HAS FORGOTTEN HOW TOUGH IT WAS TO GET FRANKLYN AS A BOY FRIEND IN THE FIRST PLACE--? SHE'LL BE SO-O-R-RY!
I'M SO ASHAMED OF FRANKLYN! IMAGINE HIM RUNNING AWAY LIKE THAT!
WELL, NOW YOU HAVE, ME GORGEOUS!
STOP IT, BUZZ! OR YOU'RE FIRED!
OKAY, I KNOW--- "THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT!"
CLUNK!


A FEW MINUTES LATER------!
THROW THIS GOO OUT AND BRING US THE BEST IN THE JOINT..... ER--STORE.
YOU'RE SO-O-O MASTERFUL!
...... AND REMEMBER WHAT THE BOSS SAID! THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT!
MENU
I'M A RADIO SINGER--- COME AND HEAR ME TONIGHT ON STATION G-L-U-B.
YOU'RE SO WONDERFUL!
I WRITE ADVERTISING IN THE SKY. WATCH ME AT THE AIRPORT THIS AFTERNOON....
JE SUIS ENCHANTE, MONSIEUR. I WILL BE SO HAPPY.
CUT OUT THE PHONY FRENCH ACCENT, PATSY!
DON'T BE CRUDE MISTER BAXTER!
AND APOLOGIZE FOR THAT PHONY FRENCH ACCENT REMARK.
A MAN CAN STAND JUST SO MUCH, "MONSIEUR"! O.K., YOU ASKED FOR IT!
OF ALL THE UNCOUTH......
YOU'RE FIRED!
I QUIT!
B
WELL! WE'VE CERTAINLY GOT THINGS INTO A PRETTY PICKLE THIS TIME, HAVEN'T WE?
BANG!


WHILE THE MESS IN THE DRUG STORE IS BEING CLEANED UP, LET'S SEE WHAT BUZZ IS UP TO...
JOE'S FLOWERS
LET OUR FLOWERS TELL HER
HELLO, FRANKLYN! I GOT FIRED!
THAT'S NICE--- WHAT---- FIRED! YOU AND I'VE SURE GOT TROUBLE.
GOODBYE, SLICK!
SEE YOU AT THE BROADCAST, GORGEOUS!
AND I'LL SEE YOU AT THE AIRPORT!
YOU KNOW, I DON'T FEEL RIGHT ABOUT BUZZ AND FRANKLYN!
BUT SLICK AND SPEED ARE SO GROWN UP AND INTERESTING.
THE LITTLE FAT NUMBER ISN'T SO HOT BUT SHE'LL HAVE TO DO UNTIL WE BLOW TOWN!
OH, BOY! IS THAT LITTLE PATSY AN AWFUL HICK--HEY? LET'S GET 'EM SOME FLOWERS...
JOE'S FLOWERS
LET OUR FLO
TELL HER
WELL, WELL! LOOK WHO'S COMING IN.
WONDER WHAT THEY WANT.


WE WANT SOME FLOWERS FOR OUR NEW GIRL FRIENDS.
YOU DO HEY?
WHAT HAPPENED?
COME ON, BUZZ. GUESS I'M FIRED NOW, TOO!
THAT MAKES TWO OF US WITH NO JOBS AND NO GIRL FRIENDS!
THAT AFTERNOON-------
PATSY MOLAR
WAIT'LL YOU HEAR ME ON THE RADIO TONIGHT, NANCY!
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? SPEED WROTE MY NAME!
ANYTHING FOR YOU, WONDERFUL!
THINK OF IT! MY NAME IN THE SKY!
ISN'T SLICK WONDERFUL? DREAM DUST, BUT DEFINITELY!
HE HASN'T SAID A WORD YET!
PEPSI-MOLAR SHINES THE TEETH
GIVES US SMILES INSTEAD OF FROWNS
PEPSI-MOLAR, DENTAL PASTE
WHITENS TOOTHIES LIKE NANCY BROWN'S.
EEEEK! HE USED MY NAME!


WELL SIR, FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, EVERYWHERE YOU LOOKED, WHO'D YOU SEE--THAT'S RIGHT-- EVERYWHERE!
W
S
WHILE THEIR BOY FRIENDS--
SULK--- ULP-- HEY!!
B
I'VE GOT IT! I'LL FIX HER!
YOU NEED YOUR PARENTS' CONSENT. IF MY MOM WASN'T BEDRIDDEN, I'D JOIN WITH YOU.
GOSH, THAT'S TOUGH, BUZZ. I'LL MISS YOU.
U.S. ISTMEN AU
BOYS UNDER SEVENTEEN IN THE UNITED STAT NAVY
GET YOUR PA
WE'LL HAVE YOUR FRIEND IN HIS SAILOR SUIT IN TWO SHAKES!
HM-M-M PERFECT!
NANCY'S NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS.
SURE MISS BUZZ! WISH----
I MISS HIM TOO-- ER--HE WAS A GOOD SODA JER-- I MEAN CLERK.
LISTEN, PATSY! I FORBID YOU TO MENTION HIS NAME.
YOU FORBID ME! WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU?
LISTEN, YOU! SPEED STEWART'S GIRL FRIENDS DO AS HE SAYS, OR ELSE---


YOUNG MAN! I WILL NOT LET YOU THREATEN THIS YOUNG LADY!!!
SAYS WHO?
SAYS US!
LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE GOING TO COME OUT ALRIGHT AFTER ALL!
SMACKO !
SLICK AND I'LL SUE!!
SUE! WHO CARES??? WELCOME BACK BUZZ!
I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOLISH GIRL!
I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, FRANKLYN. BUT-BUT-BOO-HOO... I'M GOING TO MISS YOU...
SHUCKS NANCY, I'LL WRITE EVERY DAY... DON'T CRY!
HE'LL BE BACK--- WISH I COULD JOIN.
BOO-HOO! HE'S GONE!
WELL AT LEAST FRANKLYN'S SAFE FROM HEDY WOLFE!
NB
THUS FRANKLYN WALKS OUT OF NANCY'S LIFE FOR NOW...

by Tuger de Pass

Rose-Colored Glasses

What do mothers know about Life? Love? Nothing, according to Betsy's bleak reasoning . . . But mother, much to Betsy's chagrin, surprise and delight (in the order named) was really hep when it came to playing Cupid . . .

BETSY walked slowly along Main Street, her blue eyes miserable behind the brand new glasses. Okay, she thought bitterly, so they had rose colored harlequin frames. So what? They were still *glasses.*

And she was going to have to wear the horrible things all the time for an entire year. The doctor had said so, explaining why to Mom with a lot of big words.

There was the corner casbah, just two doors down. It was the very last place on earth she wanted to go. but Mom had laid down the law.

"You're to go to Gordon's and join your friends, as you have every morning this summer, young lady," Mom had said.

Mom thought she was going to prove the glasses didn't make any difference, of course. She actually thought one of the boys was sure to ask, her, Betsy, to the Country Club dance tomorrow night. None of them would, naturally. Not even Bill, who'd been giving her a grand rush lately. It certainly was grim, all right, being fifteen and pretty and popular one day, and a drip in glasses the next. Mom was old; she just didn't understand—

Entering the drugstore now, Betsy got a choked feeling in her throat. There they all were, some at tables, sipping cokes, others dancing to the juke box. Bill was at a table near the back, with Mitzie Green and a couple of others. He stood up and called to her to join them.

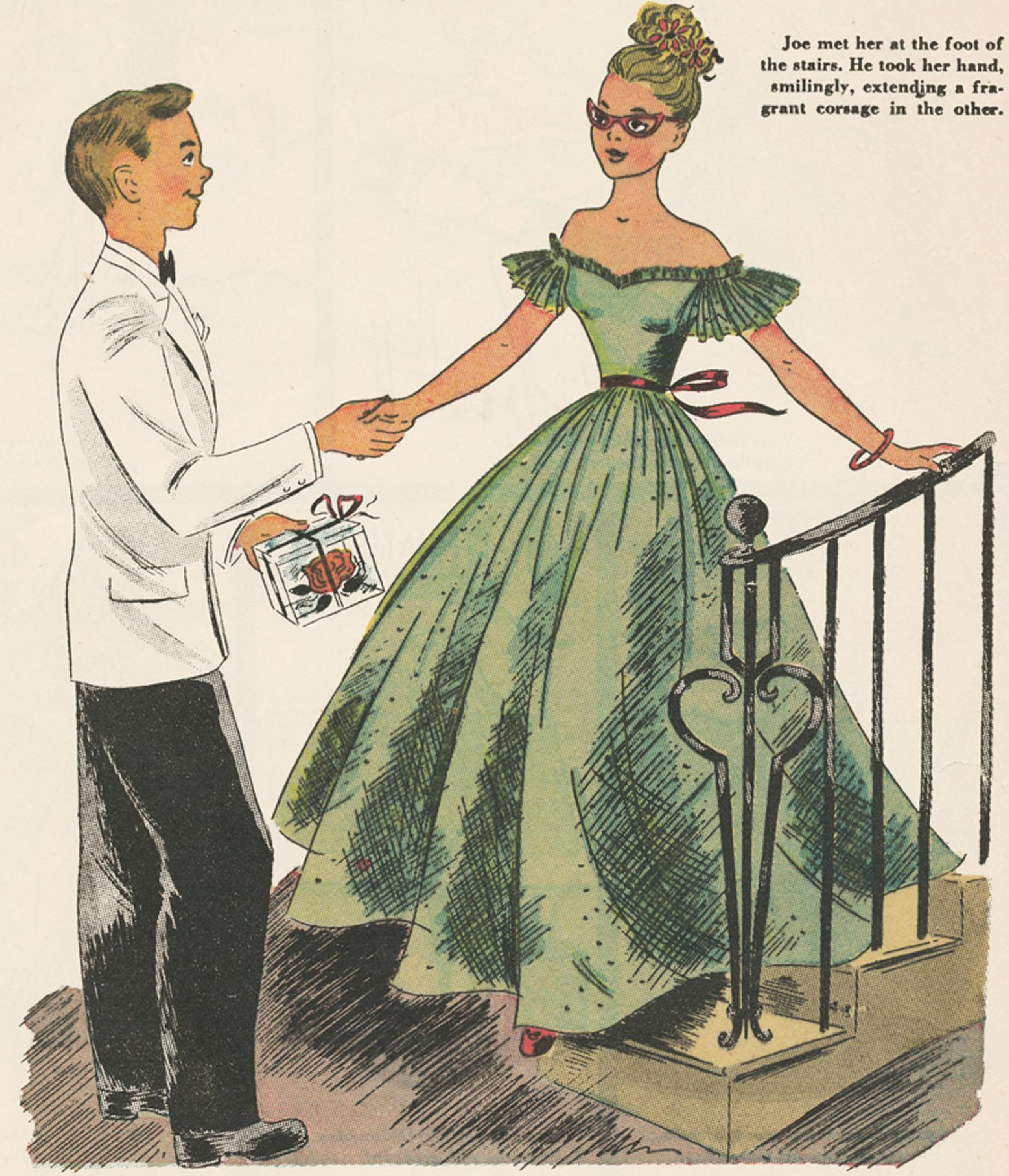
Betsy forced her feet forward. With her back to the doorway, none of the gang had noticed the glasses yet, she supposed. Oh, why hadn't she *told* them? Maybe then this wouldn't be quite so grim. But she'd kept hoping the oculist would change his mind and say she only needed to wear the glasses for reading and movies and such.

There was a sudden and awful silence as she passed the first table. The second was worse—one girl giggled right out loud. From there on it was just plain nightmare.

Then she was facing Bill, and he just stood there staring at her. He was captain of the football team, and the most popular boy in school—but, at the moment, Betsy hated him.

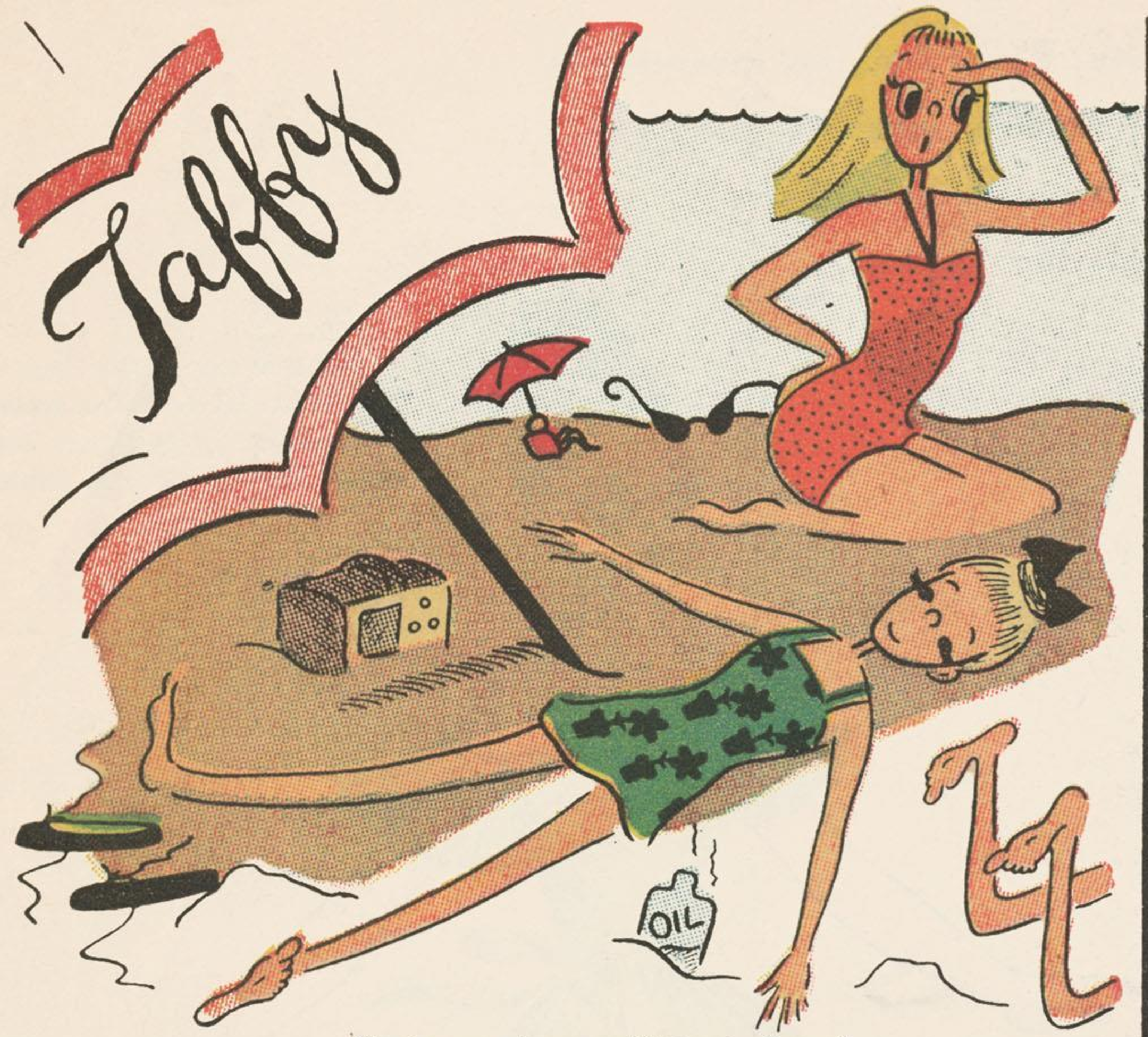
"Why the blinkers, Betsy?" Mitzi laughed. "Got a sty on your eye?"

"Don't try to be so funny!" Betsy flung at her, then turned back to Bill. "As for you, haven't you ever seen or heard of a girl who had to wear glasses?" (Continued on page 49)

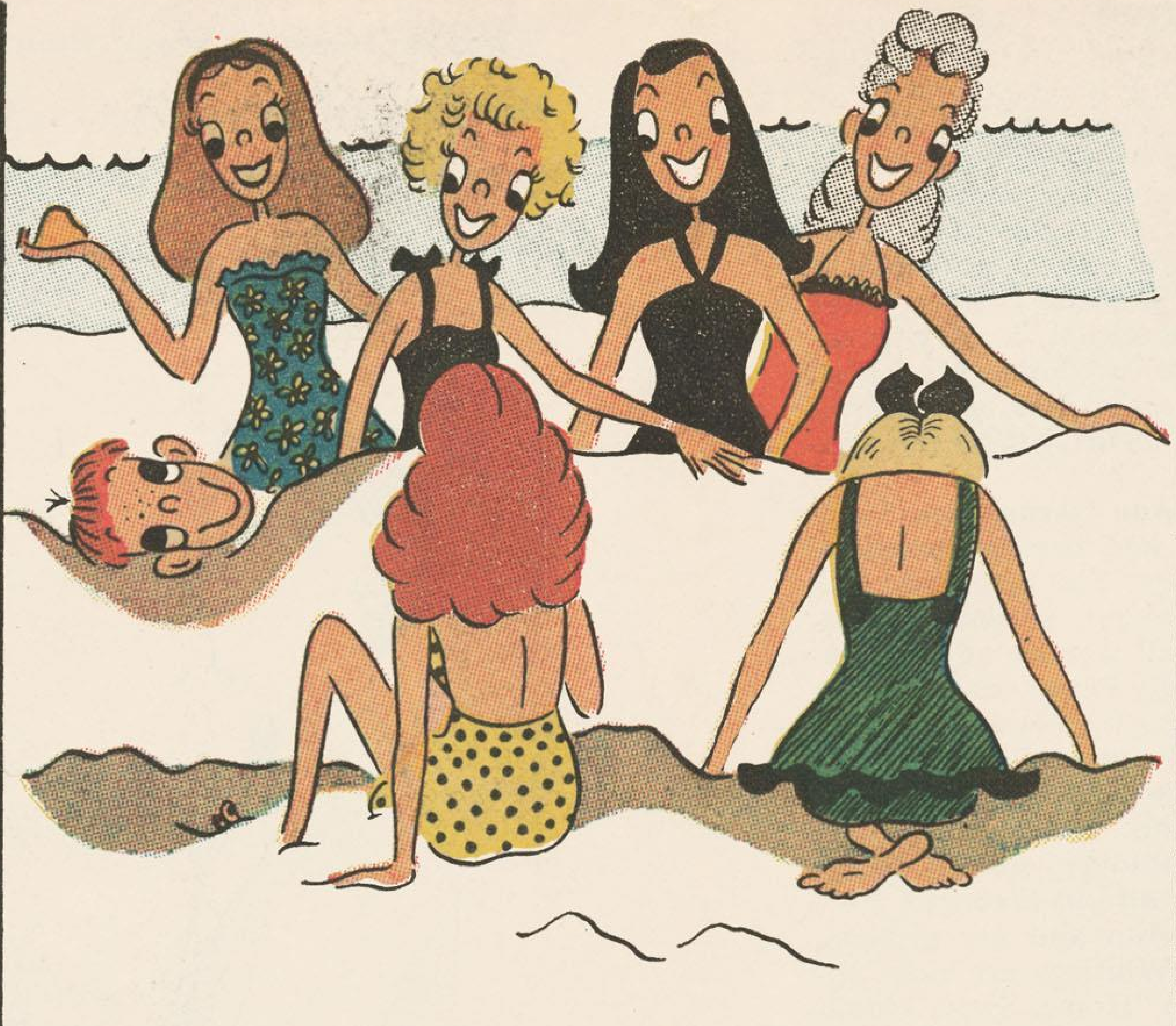


Joe met her at the foot of the stairs. He took her hand, smilingly, extending a fragrant corsage in the other.

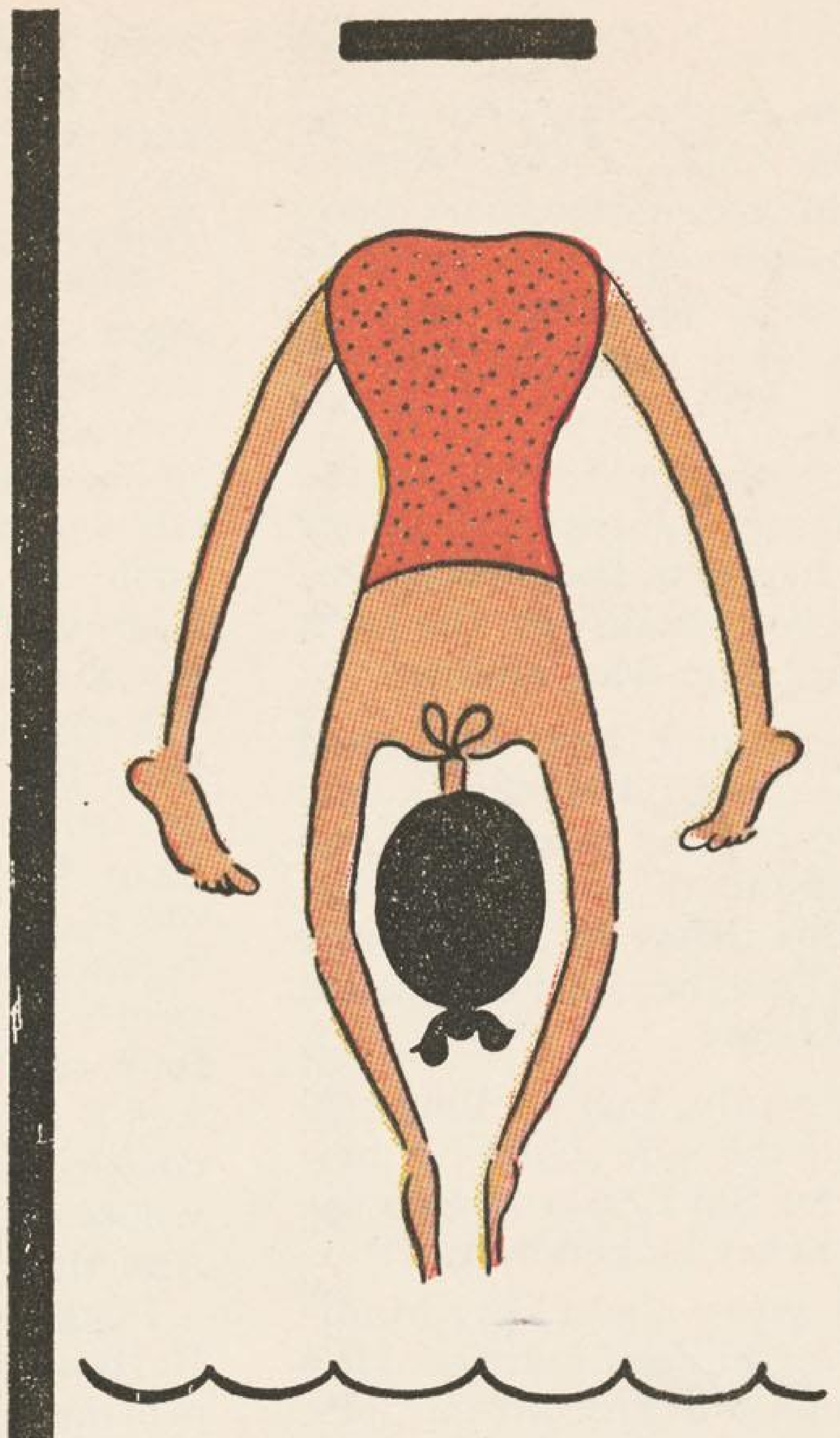
Taffy



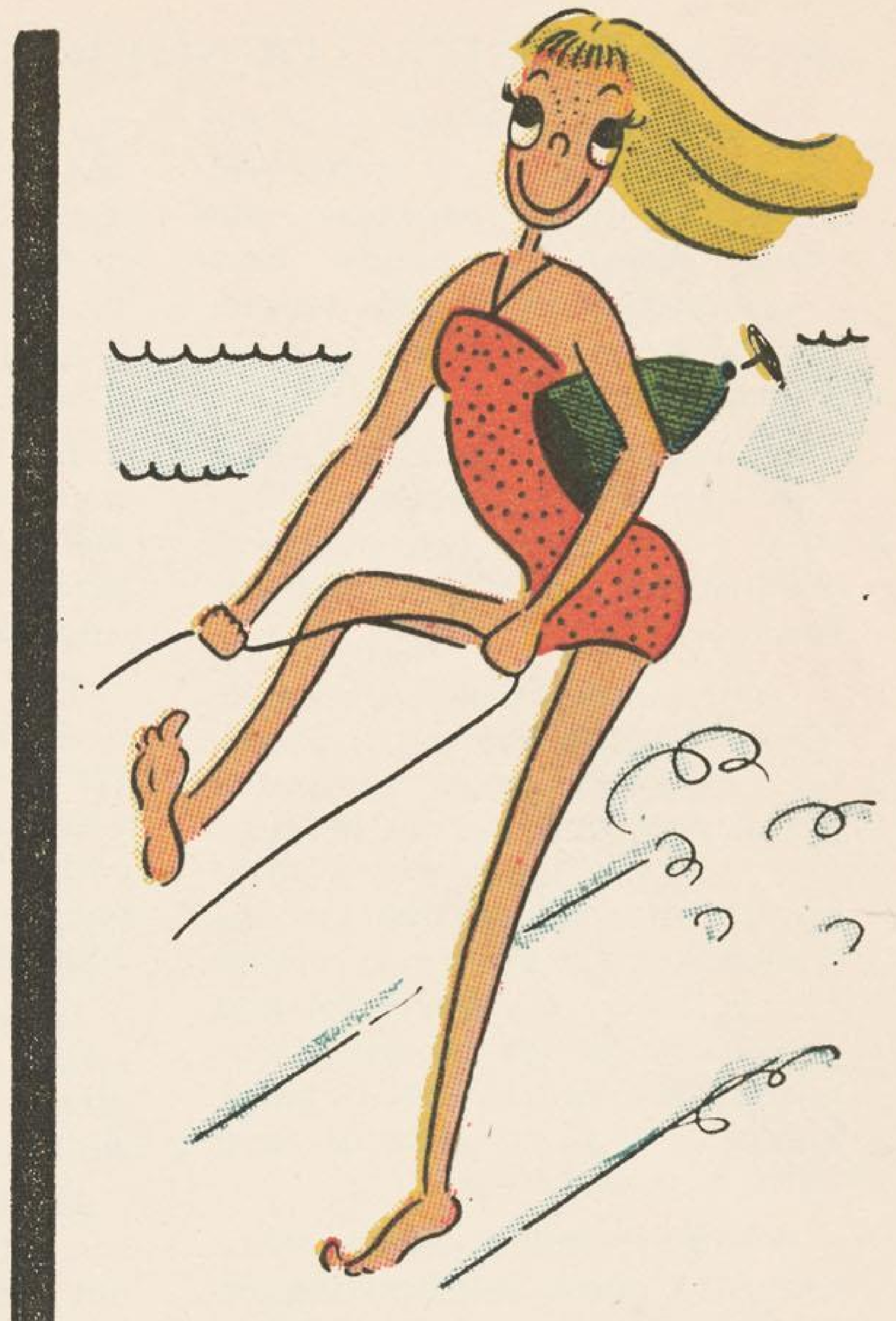
Cast your glance a bit to starboard
Gertrude whispers. Buster's harbored!



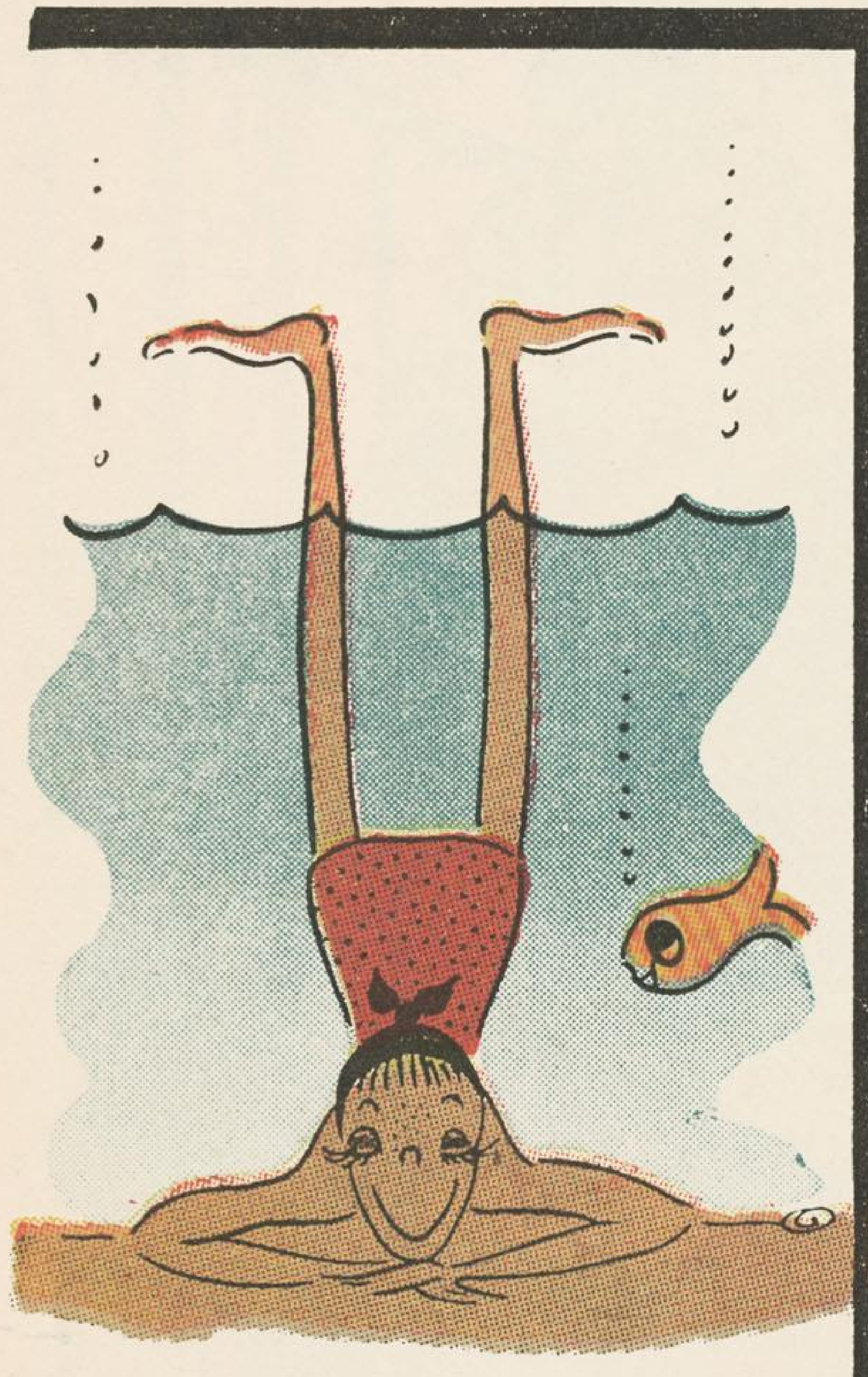
Well-surrounded tells the story,
Buster's steeped in buried glory—



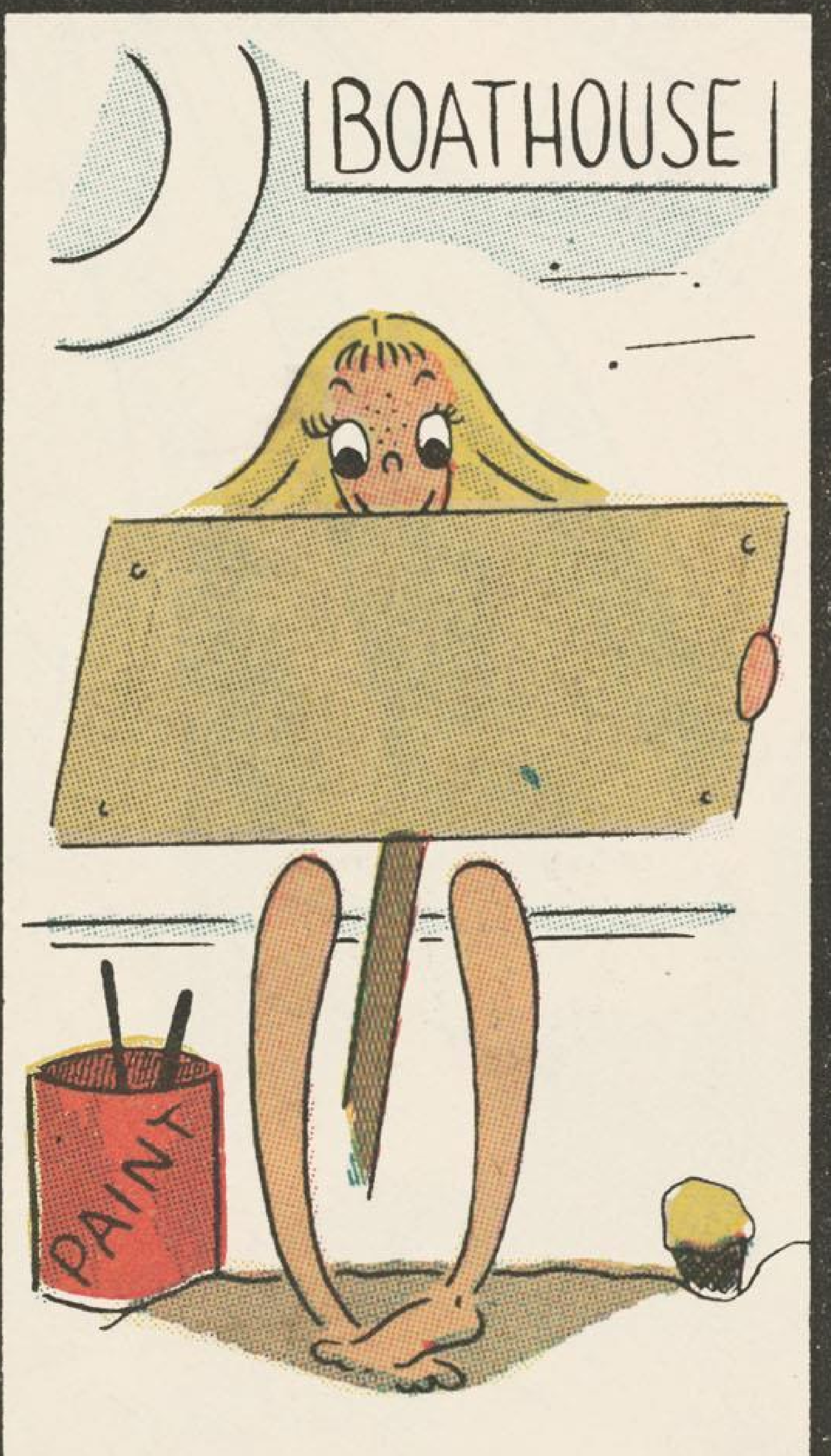
Taffy strives to gain attention
Wins "Diving: Honorable Mention"



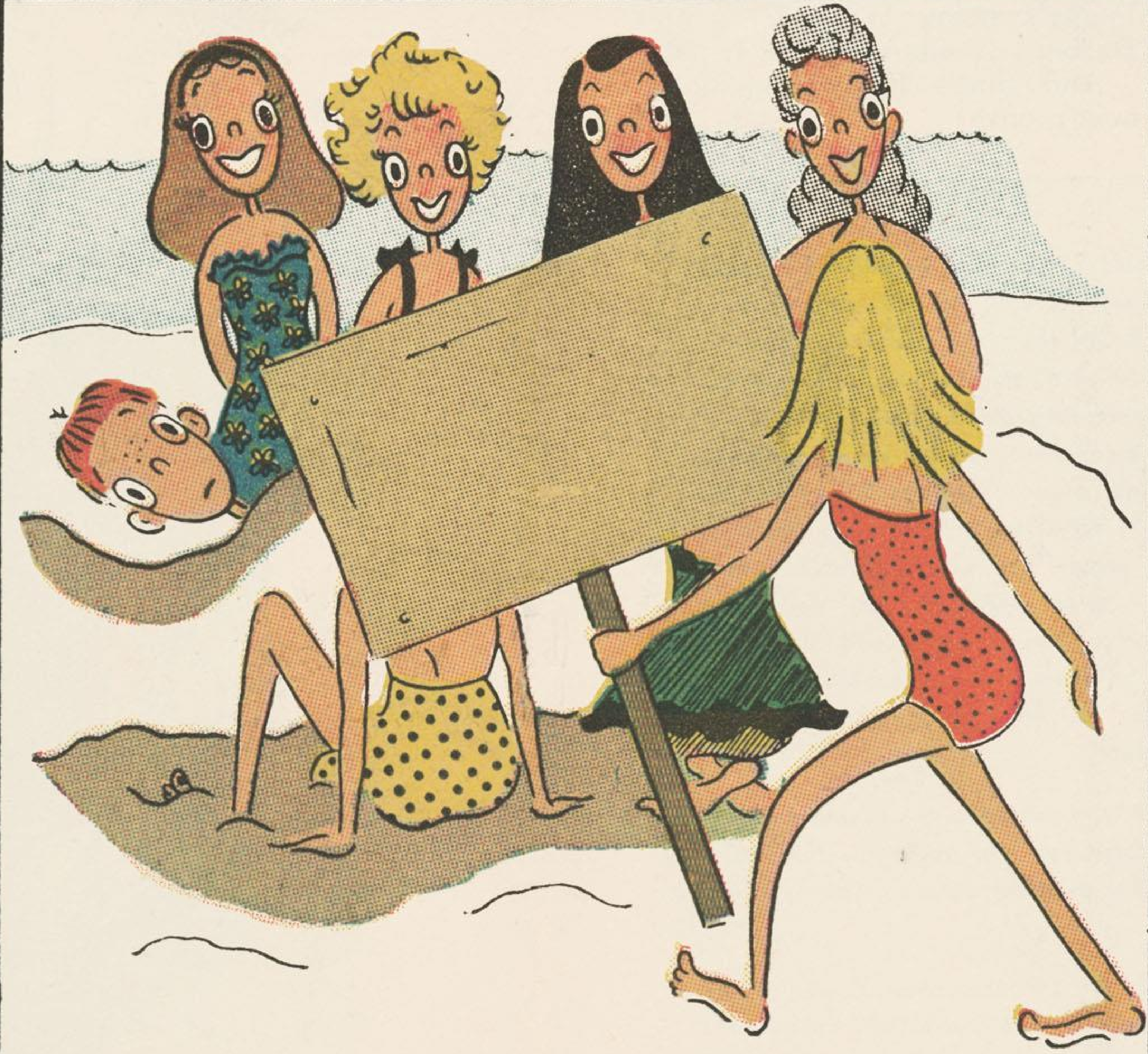
Then she turns to aquaplaning—
Though she wins, hope is waning.



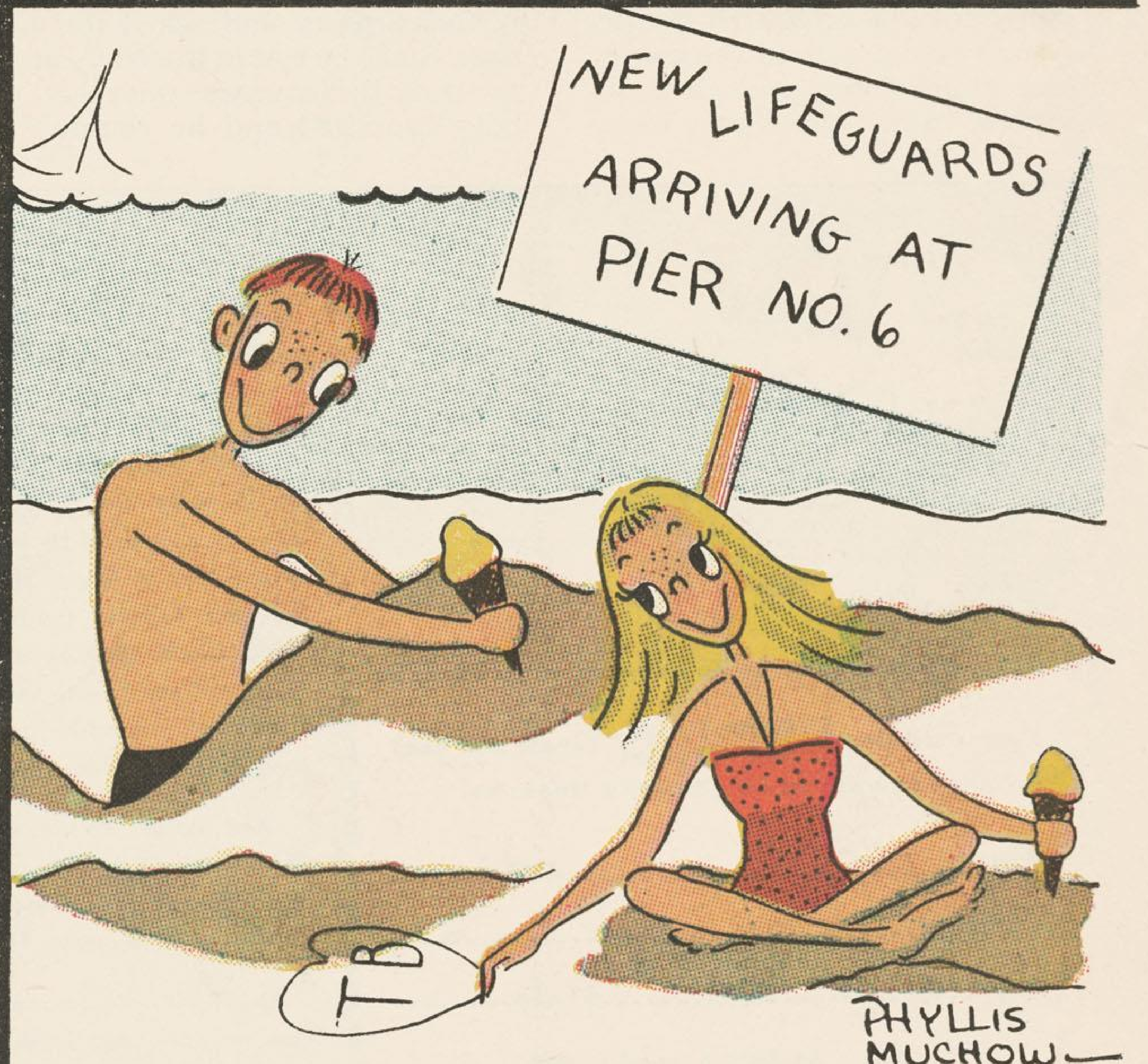
Feigning drowning proves misleading,
Buster still is most unheeding!


BOATHOUSE
PAINT

Hep solution's in the making,
Taffy works with great painstaking.



This will make the beauties ponder,
Let alone their interest wander—


NEW LIFEGUARDS ARRIVING AT PIER NO. 6
TB
PHYLLIS MUCHOW

Buster now is so adoring,
All is fair in love and warring . . .

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 4

There was nothing else for Barbara to do, but melt! Hot chocolate fudge sundaes and those wonderful candy bars every afternoon at the studio, had to mean absolutely nothing in her young life.

Now she's ten pounds lighter and hopes Peter notices when they accidentally (on purpose) meet at the beach club these hot summer days!

Van's studio worries because Van is getting too much attention too many raves, too much popularity, and too much publicity. So if things are a little more quiet, where Van is concerned, know it's in a good cause. He's a really very fine actor and the studio prefers to call attention to his talent, instead of playing him so many swoons, and sighs, and stuff!

Which reminds me of the other A.M. After guest-broadcasting for the Teen Queens in the big Los Angeles Broadway Dept. Store, I was on my way to the elevator when a very pretty girl with bobbing curls in a bright red sweater came rushing around the corner. She stopped long enough to invite me to be an honorary member in the Hollywood Van Johnson Fan Club. Later when I invited her to a party where many of the movie stars were going to be, she said, "No thank you, seeing's Van isn't going to be there." That's loyalty!

During the broadcast, of the many names I mentioned of our leading heroes of the Bobbie Sox, who do you think won the most applause? Lon McCallister!

I telephoned Lon the good news the minute I reached home. He'd heard the broadcast and was astounded. He thinks because he's been in the service so long maybe he's forgotten. Imagine that?

Incidentally, Lon's selling real estate on the side while his new picture for Sol Lessor shapes up. And he never looked better!!!

Don't worry about Guy Madison getting himself married. He's not serious with any one girl, just having fun. Although he dates Gail Russell, he also dates Cathy Downs, who is plenty popular. Guy met Cathy at Buffy Cobb's birthday party and asked for a date. Since he was in the Navy at the time, his leave was unexpectedly cancelled and he couldn't make it. But he's making up for lost time now. Cathy also goes with Johnny Sands, who's set to play the lead opposite Shirley Temple in a Selznick starrer.

Shirley and her husband John Agar are setting up housekeeping in their new home which is actually Shirley's former playhouse remodeled. Shirley is intrigued with domestic duties, such as cake baking, making frilly white curtains for the windows, etc.

Peggy Ann Garner, now fourteen, has had her first unchaperoned date. The lucky boy was Skip Rowland, seventeen-year-old football wonder at U.C.L.A. Incidentally Peggy, who won this year's Academy Award, also won four other national awards. One was a solid gold bracelet from a cookie and cracker company whose employees named Peggy Ann their all-out favorite!

Peggy Ann and her girl-pal, Barbara Whiting, are now appearing in "Home, Sweet Homicide" for 20th Century-Fox, and their arguments these days, are over trying to persuade the other to go to her favorite college, Peggy's being U.C.L.A., while Barbara is adamant for U.S.C.

And that's Hollywood—until next month!

WISHING ON A STAR?

WISHIN' to be popular? Wishin' to be poised? Happy? Well, don't just close your eyes and wish, Minerva—do something! Get the aid of MISS AMERICA, the teens' friend with the teen trend. She'll tell you how to be pretty popular (and both individually). She'll assist you with personal problems, help you to be well dressed, well groomed, well mannered. She'll tell you what's going on in Hollywood, in Jazzland, among teensters throughout the country. (So you'll be able to fill conversation gaps nicely when you're out dating.) She'll supply you with enjoyable fiction, advance fashions (varied in prices and style) and decorating data. She'll chat about charm, discuss dates, and talk teens. She'll tell you how to shop and where to shop—to make the piggy bank swell with pride (and pennies). She'll tell you about vocations and vacations, places and people.

And besides all this, she'll keep you up to the minute on MISS AMERICA Club buzzings. Give you info about the fun, social activities, chapter doings. (For complete details on how you can join the club, see page 48.

Don't just hang around wishin', f' goodness sakes! DO—fill out the coupon at left and "make friends" with MISS AMERICA Magazine!

I am enclosing $1.00 for 1 year / $1.50 for 2 years (cross out one) for a subscription to Miss America Magazine.

NAME.............................AGE........

ADDRESS..

CITY...........................STATE........

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE
Subscription Dept.
350 Fifth Ave., Dept. O, New York 1, N. Y.

FOR GIRLS ONLY...

Laraine Day

Got trouble? If it's with beaux or brothers, friends, your figure, parents or other people, Laraine Day's sympathetic counsel is very much for you. . . .

PROM
TICKETS
50¢
COUPLE

Dear Laraine: I am almost 17 and I like a boy who seems to be a "woman hater." He doesn't go around with girls, although he's old enough, almost 17. In fact, all he seems interested in is sports. He's the best basketball and baseball player on his school teams, and also belongs to several other independent teams. I don't live near him (although I visit my girl friend quite often who does live near him), and he doesn't go to the same school I do. I know him from the eighth grade when we were in the same junior-high class. I've liked him since then and I think he's interested in me. He looks at me quite often and seems to show off when I'm around, but he never asks me for a date and won't come to any of my parties. He's such a puzzle! How can I make him like me? Your new friend, Diana.

Dear Diana: I am glad you wrote to me because while your problem seems quite puzzling to you, it clarifies itself when viewed by someone who is on the sidelines—and I do mean me! The tip-off, I think, is the fact that he is so very interested in sports. It's quite natural, therefore, that he wouldn't be too interested in girls. You see, he's in training most of the time. That means early to bed, early to rise, plus constant practicing to keep fit. A lot of coaches really scare their star performers about going out with girls. That's because coaches are wise and know a girl's good opinion means a lot to a boy. Many an athletic star has been ruined because he wanted to please his girl by staying out late, going to all the social affairs while still being the campus hero. It just can't be done. However, the situation isn't hopeless. If I were you, Diana, I'd go to every one of those games. Then when you ran into him casually, you could say: "You played a wonderful game Friday!" Furthermore, he'd notice you on the sidelines, and it would please his male vanity. Next, you could find out what extra-curricular sports he is interested in and get interested in them yourself. This is a wonderful way to start a friendship. If he goes bowling, find out where he goes, organize your own group and go there too. If it's tennis, or skating, do the same thing. If he sees you having fun doing the same things he enjoys, it's going to occur to him, sooner or later, that it would be fun if you could do them together. Don't chase him; but don't snub him, either. Just be natural, and turn on your charm. Betcha it works! Anyway, here's luck! Laraine.

* * *

Dear Laraine: My legs don't have a very nice shape and are not very smooth. The other girls in my gym class have pretty legs. If you can, tell me how to improve them, please do. J. B.

Dear J. B.: You didn't tell me whether your legs were too fat or too thin, so it is a little difficult

(Cont'd. on next page)

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 41

to tell you what exercises to do to make them lovelier. However, there is one good standby which helps develop all legs, and that is the one I'll tell you about. All you do is stand on the ball of your foot and stretch upwards as if you were a paper dolly hanging from the ceiling by a string attached to the top of your head. Hold this for 30 seconds and then let your feet rest for a second; then repeat. Do this 20 times a day. Since this will develop a thin girl's legs, and slim down a fat girl's legs—how can you lose? Use a wax hair remover for that smooth look, and rub cold cream or some softening oil into the crepy skin on your knees. One last beauty trick: rub some sort of a hand lotion from your thigh to your ankle; and keep your legs nicely suntanned. If you'll do this FAITHFULLY for three months, you'll have lovelier legs and that's a promise. Laraine.

* * *

Dear Laraine: Like many girls my age, 15, I have boy troubles. I have a boy friend who never asks me to go to the school dances, although I see quite a lot of him other times. I want to go to the dances and it seems logical that I should go with him, but I can't ask *him!* He doesn't go stag; he just doesn't go, period. What should I do? Diana.

Dear Diana: If your boy friend is close to your age—and he must be because you go to the same school—it is quite possible he just doesn't have the money for school dances. Often a very popular and wonderful boy will seemingly want to skip all the school's social events simply because he has neither the money nor the clothes to go. This isn't always apparent to the casual observer, and it is hardly something the boy will confess himself. If this is the case, it will do no good to go to the dance with someone else; it will only hurt your boy friend very deeply. Instead, it might be smart to pretend you'd rather just stay home that night. Another reason boys sometimes steer clear of school dances is because they can't dance particularly well and don't like to do things at which they are not accomplished. The thing to do in this case is to organize some dancing parties of your own, and when you are dancing with him, make like he's a terrific dancer. That will give him self-confidence, and maybe next time the junior prom rolls around, he'll ask you to go. One other thing: boys that age are not always hep socially. Maybe it just hasn't occured to him you'd LIKE to go to the dances. Perhaps you could get one of your girl friends to casually mention to him that she and her boy friend are both going, so why don't you all go together? At least, that will give him something to think about. Here's hoping it's you! Laraine.

* * *

Dear Laraine: I am trying to solve my problem as best I know how but there seems to be no solution, so I am writing to you. My problem is that whatever I do or say is criticized by some member of my family, particularly my brothers. I've tried in every way to please them, but it seems hopeless. They not only criticize me for things they do themselves, but they read my mail and make fun of my friends. Also, I need money and I don't have an allowance. When my friends ask me to go with them, I can't because I haven't any money, and whenever I ask for some, I get scolded. I'm sure we can afford it, and I just don't know what to do. Please help me. Betty.

I always say something nice about your hats, NOW can't you say something nice about mine!

Dear Betty: Your brothers are probably at that smart-aleck age where they think all girls are silly. Snap them out of it by laughing at their ideas, in a good-humored way, complimenting them on things they do well (They'll begin to respect your womanly intelligence, then!), and think up a few well chosen remarks to silence them. For instance, if they should say, "You spend hours in the bathroom," —and they do this same thing themselves—, come back with: "Well, you should know!" or "Look, who's talking!" As for the allowance, I would ask your parents if there isn't something you could do around the house to earn some money. If little brother gets 50 cents for mowing the lawn, then maybe you could get 25 cents for doing the dishes. If your parents simply don't have the money, see if you can't earn money on the outside. I agree with you that movies and sodas and school affairs all cost money! Let me know what happens? Laraine.

* * *

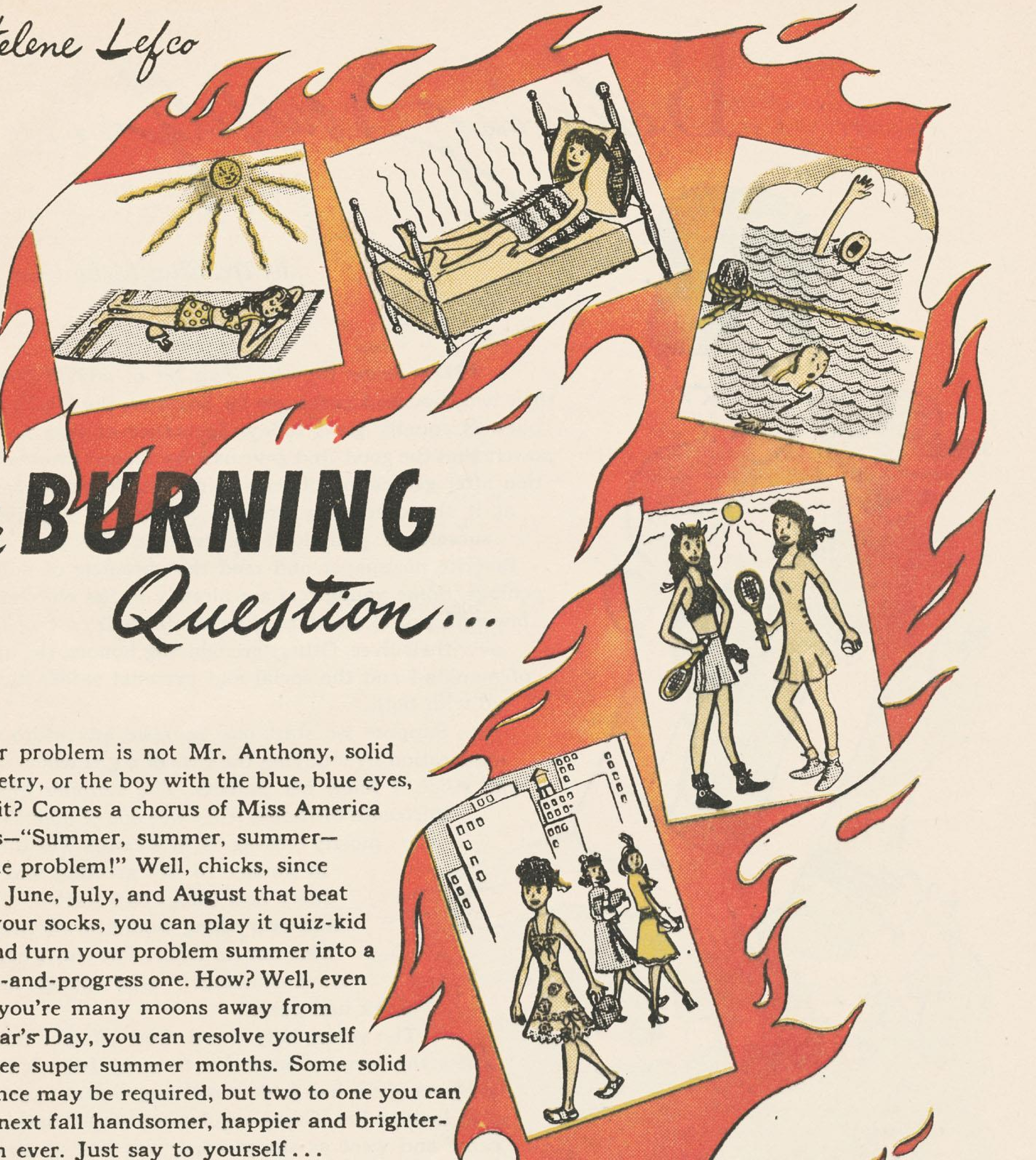
Now, to be really serious for a moment. The other day a letter came in asking me how a girl could be popular when she didn't "pet." The letter said that the girls who did were invited out all the time. Well! There certainly should be some other way to be popular, thought I. For a girl's reputation is a priceless thing. If you want to keep a good reputation, you have to keep it, period! And that reminds me of a rather wonderful quotation:

"Would you rise in the world? You must work while others amuse themselves. Are you desirous of a reputation for courage? You must risk your life. Would you be strong morally and physically? You must resist temptation. All this is paying in advance. Observe the other side of the picture: the bad things are paid for afterwards."

This was said by Savonarola, and it gives pause for thought, doesn't it? These girls who are winning boy friends the cheap way today won't get the proposals of tomorrow.

by Helene Lefco

the BURNING Question...



IF your problem is not Mr. Anthony, solid geometry, or the boy with the blue, blue eyes, what is it? Comes a chorus of Miss America sopranos—"Summer, summer, summer—*that's* the problem!" Well, chicks, since it's only June, July, and August that beat you to your socks, you can play it quiz-kid smart and turn your problem summer into a pleasure-and-progress one. How? Well, even though you're many moons away from New Year's Day, you can resolve yourself into three super summer months. Some solid persistance may be required, but two to one you can emerge next fall handsomer, happier and brighter-eye than ever. Just say to yourself . . .

I WILL NOT!

I will not pounce on the first bright summer day for a bout with the noonday sun. Nor will I throw my poor, greaseless, unprotected body to (Continued on page 49)

Sunburn? Conscience burn? Disposition burn?

That can be your summer, friend, *or* you can study these resolutions and use them for a scrumptious, sunny season. . . .

Behaving Yourself...

by Dr. Elias Lieberman

"Man, know thyself!" This bit of advice given more than two thousand years ago by Socrates, the Greek philosopher, is equally good today. Ignorance of how to use the powers that the good God gave us have proved fatal to generation after generation of teen-agers. And knowledge, looking at it the other way around, has led to happiness and success. If you don't believe me, just pick up your favorite newspaper and read the chronicle of daily happenings. Some youngsters are already in the clutches of the law with prison and even the electric chair casting shadows over their lives. Others are winning honors, the applause of mankind and the social and personal satisfactions that go with both.

Suppose we start our Socratic adventure of self-exploration by studying the case of a girl whom we shall call Alice. I knew her parents. The summer before her thirteenth birthday, Alice was one of about seventy, mostly teen-agers, at a camp. The directress, in answer to my greeting and to my query how things had started, admitted that everything would be excellent, if it were not for Alice. The entire camp was "Alice-conscious," even though only one week had passed.

The young lady was a show-off. She would not allow the focus of attention to stray from her at any time even if she had to do something violent to get people to look at her. Camp regulations meant nothing. She came and went as she pleased, was late at meals and made scenes at the table. She quarreled with other girls incessantly and even interrupted with loud laughter or with uncalled for comments

(Continued on next page)

Oh, the trouble you've seen—because you didn't know what made you do the things you did! Dr. Lieberman's understanding advice will help you to know yourself, guiding you to an unperplexed, adjusted personality . . .

the talks given by the camp counsellors. On the plus side, she was interested in athletics.

I had arrived, it seems, at a dramatic moment. The directress was planning to send Alice home. Everyone had reached the stage known as being "fed-up."

At my suggestion the girl was put directly under the supervision of the counsellor in charge of athletics. She was given a full schedule of land and water sports in which she had a chance to shine. These reduced her to a state of fatigue that left her with little surplus energy for mischief. Gradually she worked her way back into the graces of her fellow campers by sheer ability and team work. Praise and awards crowned her efforts. She was a nuisance no longer. The attention she craved was hers, — but not as a law-breaker.

Alice in some respects was a typical adolescent, another name for teen-ager. This is a wonderful period of human experience, colorful and intense. During a few critical years a boy or a girl of this age — girls grow more quickly — shows all the tendencies, powers and weaknesses of young manhood and young womanhood. In this brief span a career can be made or broken.

Early adolescence, roughly speaking, starts at twelve and is over at sixteen. Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen belong to the later stages. Boys, who develop more slowly than girls, sometimes continue to be emotionally immature well into the twenties. Hence, the most satisfying boy-girl companionships are those in which the boy is several years older. Even then the little lady often plays rings around him in common-sense and in social poise.

Women with good memories know that during this age they, like Alice, had a surge of muscular and nervous energy, also, that they grew unevenly. It is not uncommon for a girl at this time to be too tall or too stout, and then a few years later to become beautiful. Nature makes lightning adjustments in her favor.

The excessive energy of the teen-ager shows itself in many ways. Have you ever watched a group of young boys free from home and school restraints? They behave like playful puppies, testing one another's strength, pushing one another about, making outlandish noises. Girls shriek and giggle, talk to their friends in voices loud enough to be heard across the street and make funny grimaces. When so much vim is not properly directed there is trouble, sometimes very serious trouble. A foolish impulse may start a lifetime of regret.

At this age girls blow hot and blow cold. One moment they appear to be indifferent, the next moment they are intensely emotional over the same thing, idea or person. Every parent who has brought up a daughter remembers at least one time when she was a queen of tragedy declaring that she would rather die than—oh, nothing especially serious — than wear that old dress once more. Emotionally there is a developing interest in the opposite sex accompanied by acute sensitivity, a knack for getting inwardly "hurt," and a zest for social life and social functions.

Art, music, literature, religion take on new and deeper meanings. There is a great desire to do things, to paint, write, play, govern others, generally to make a mark in the world, to be a somebody. A girl sees the dawn and is fascinated by the beautiful, strange colors ushering in the morning of her young womanhood.

A GOOD GOODNIGHT

THE scene is a doorstep, any doorstep. It could be yours. The girl and boy could be you and Bill. The time is anytime after sundown. And the words are: "How about a kiss?"

Uh huh. You sort of knew that was coming and here it is. What to do? Well, you could kiss Bill but you don't want a reputation for that kind of thing and you don't want him to think you're "easy" either. Or you could snap "Certainly not! What do you think I am?" and leave him embarrassed and flustered hoping he'll never see you again.

Or you could say, "Sorry, Bill, but I do all my kissing on rainy Sundays in May." That will settle the situation cheerfully with no pride damaged, no feelings hurt, no dignity lost.

But, if you're very fond of Billy and you have a certain feeling that you'll want to kiss him someday, you might say, "Not now, Bill. Come around when the next stamp's due." Bill says "Whuzzat?" or something of the sort and you tell him about the five-times-a-year plan. Seems you issue a kiss on St. Valentine's Day, Christmas Eve, His Birthday, Your Birthday, and on one other very special occasion—whatever occasion seems to really call for a kiss. And don't worry, because if Bill is worth any worry he'll surely come around for that kiss when the time is right. If not, it was the kiss he was interested in, not you, and he can go somewhere else for that, no?

But there is danger ahead, danger that the God-given energy of this formative age may be mis-used. Where there is so much *power* there must be *control.* A girl's companions at this time are of paramount importance. If she belongs to a good organization like the Girl Scouts, for example, or some school or church group directed by a person of high character, half the battle is won. Not only is her energy used for worth-while purposes but she is supported by the backing of her little community. She does not feel that she is alone in the world. She belongs. It makes no difference whether her parents are rich or poor, she belongs.

Clubs, games, athletics especially swimming, the playing of musical instruments, all forms of talent-expression are very useful not only for the joys they give on their own account but also for the right use they make of energy. Delinquency is only conduct in which youthful power is used for unworthy, mean, low purposes. There is no point in going into many cases that cannot be helped. Life is a complex process and children of fine families have been known to make a failure of their lives. I am of the belief, however, backed by years of experience and observation of teen-agers including my own, that early good influences are important. The home, the church, the school, and youth organizations devoted to civic, literary, social or athletic aims can and do build character strong enough to withstand the usual temptations.

The teen-ager who wants a useful, busy, happy life must look *now* to her habits of work and play and to the education of her feelings as well as to the training of her mind. Good, old Socrates was right.

OUT OF THE MALE BOX

King-size complaints about those gals (and guys) who are strictly bad news on any date . . . Here, Eleanor tells YOU what not to do . . .

by Eleanor Hiteshew

It seems that neither the boys nor the gals have any monopoly on the peeve department. Mulling over our mail, we find that they nurse practically an equal amount of gripes concerning the way their dates-for-an-evening operate. Regardless of which side is doing the complaining, they see eye to eye on one item. An evening can start off dreamily and then sour without notice—all because one half of the twosome pulls a series of stunts that just don't go over. Even one of these stunts can mess up what promised to be a very mellow combination. We figured that we'd get methodical about the whole thing, and that the smartest way to diagnose some of these date troubles would be to break them down to a play-by-play presentation of what not to do when you're dating. That is if you're interested in an encore, as who isn't, please?

. . . The boys raise their voices ever so slightly when they mention the daisy who can't give you a clean cut yes or no when you ask her if she'd like to take in the flickers next Thursday night. She says she's not absolutely positive but she'll know for sure at two o'clock tomorrow, she says call her up later, she says she has a feeling she's supposed to go somewhere with somebody and she'll check the situation and let you know. In short, she gives the general impression she's keeping one possibility on the string while hoping for something more sensational (Continued on next page)

OUT OF THE MALE BOX

From page 46

to turn up somewhere inbetween. All this hedging around makes a boy feel deflated before the evening even starts.... The girls have a counter complaint. They aren't at all fond of the backward type who can't bring himself to look you in the eye and ask for a date pointblank, or plan anything more than ten minutes in advance. His policy is to formulate on your doorstep at the last possible second and mumble something about you and him waltzing over to the roller skating rink and having a whirl. By that time you have your hair up in curlers or are cleaning bureau drawers or some such evening at home occupation. What's more you can't help but have a niggling suspicion that maybe you were a second choice, another dolly having given him the brush-off. He's the variety who leaves organizing anything up to everybody else and he always turns up by himself and always gravitates to the same girl. But would he ask if he could take her? Not him. His other trick is to ask if you think you'll be going to the dance next Saturday night? He talks around, giving a sales talk on what a very sharp shindig it is going to be, but making no definite statement of whether he wants to escort you to same. This leaves the gal drooling to go, but vague as to whether she's actually been asked in a roundabout way, or is going to be asked or whether he's just curious as to whether she is going to be lurking around the dance floor somewhere.

...All boys blow a fuse over the tootsie who, when you stop by for her, greets you with this—"Since you have your jalopy, I told Mabel and Oscar we'd stop for them on the way. And since Tom and Jean are practically next door, etc.... I knew you wouldn't mind." He minds like crazy and feels very firmly she ought to have given him a buzz beforehand for a short consultation. But he can't exactly snarl in her face, so it's a case of being a good kid about the whole thing and secretly wondering if maybe he shouldn't have asked Susie instead, because she never pulls such surprises out of her grab bag. (Next time he does ask her.)

Right about this stage of the evening the girls have a grievance of equally stupendous proportions. This concerns the number who calls up and asks you to go to a slick sounding party at somebody's house, all of which obviously involves wearing your most delectable looking dress and new suede shoes. Comes the night and eight o'clock and you looking like a dream sequence in the movies. The two of you get under way and he neglects to tell you till you're too many blocks from home to do anything about it that the party has been called off and he's arranged for you to meet sixty five other people and go iceskating. So you have to struggle through the evening feeling like a candy box cover when all the other females are modeling sweaters and skirts. It isn't that you don't love skating. It's just that the very *least* he could have done was call up and give the tip off as to the change in plans.

...You arrive at the party. At which point the girls have a few cutting remarks to make about the escort who immediately combines you with some friend he pulls out of the woodwork, says he'll be right back and then darts off in all directions to see what's cooking. He is rarely seen for at least an hour and meanwhile you and this character try to manufacture conversation, and rapidly discover the supply is limited. The girls hold that any escort should hang around long enough to be sure you and the new number are going to be simpatico.

Laraine Day's

PARTY PICK-UP

. . . to make 'em sit up and take notice at any get-together . . .

Have you tried crushing strawberries and putting them in lemonade? It gives it the most "party" color, ever. A few ice cubes, a slice of orange, and you have a wonderful new drink that looks like it took a lot of trouble to make. (But it doesn't, try it!)

The boys have harsh things to say about the belle who supposedly goes overboard for the plans he outlines over the phone, but then when he arrives she bounces up with several revisions of her own. She thinks it might be more fun to go to the movies than listen to new records as agreed. She's made plans to join a bunch of people he doesn't know. She's developed a sudden urge to go dancing, a whim that is due to greatly embarrass his undernourished allowance. He soon finds out his blueprint for the evening has been hopelessly switched around, and while she has a lulu of a time, he resents the way the date has gotten completely out of his control. In fact he doesn't go for it at all and makes a large mental note not to let himself in for it again.

The boys have a beef about the cutie who can't take a slight mishap in her stride. She expects everything to always run along smooth as cold cream. If all is fine and peachee she is ever so charming. But a slight swerve from the ordinary and she sulks and works herself into quite a lather. All the boys seem to agree that even more vital than a gal having big blue eyes or being a whiz on the dance floor is—she must be a good sport.

...Then there's the going home problem, or at least the gals complain that some boys make a problem out of it. Dad says to be home at eleven on the button and he's not fooling. But some guys don't seem to realize this and they keep at you to stay to see the beginning of the movie again, or hang around at the party for just half an hour longer, and it's no fun for a girl to have to keep yammering "*Pleeze* take me home." Any boy who comes and takes a date out of her house should be cooperative about seeing she gets back in it on time, and not try to turn the evening into a marathon.

It's the Talk of the TEENS!!!

. . . this great new and exciting movement . . . Speedy like atomic-energy, the news of MISS AMERICA Club is sweeping the country! In town and country, in villa and village, in city and suburb . . . it's the TALK OF THE TEENS!

And what do they talk about? Why, the wonderful activities open to all MAC members . . . Activities like—fashion, beauty shows, gala social events, grand group fun, special interests for every single teenster! Lookit here . . . there are:

MONTHLY BULLETINS

—giving you "smarty party"-of-the-month ideas—tips on decorations, easy-to-prepare menus, and suggestions for "keeping the party going" . . . with up-to-the-minute fashion flashes—movie, record, and charm news . . . swell ideas from other club members, news of the teens of our times . . . and the teen trends, of our times . . .

FASHION FORECASTS

—quick-as-Paul-Revere, we'll bring you glad tidings of what's new, for you in dress . . . tell you where to shop, and *how* to shop, to get top styling, fashion and quality . . . tell you how you can *make* dandy do-dads yourself —with clear and simple instructions . . . and make your piggy-bank swell with pride and pennies.

AN ANNUAL COMPETITION

—the "Teen Hand Arts Project" will give you an opportunity to display your handy-work —with awards given each year in New York! The six arts chosen for you this year are: knitting, sewing, crocheting, leather tooling, needlework and jewelry making—more of which, in your bulletins . . . and still MORE! MAC headquarters will be set up in selected department stores, and there will be a School Board made up of members of area chapters for each store. You may be one of the members of the Board to represent other teeners, to choose clothes, and help plan all MA shows!

So—if you haven't joined MAC yet—don't delay any longer! Here's what you do to become a full-fledged member: Rally the gang 'round—anywhere from 10 to 25 of your girl friends will be acceptable—and submit a letter of request (containing all your names, addresses, and ages—and signed by one of your parents) to: Aileen Fogarty, Vice-Chairman, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.

BURNING QUESTION

From page 43

Old Sol for a baking that even a sensible peach pie wouldn't take. And as a result, I will not lie abed with sun-poisoning, blisters, a red nose and a martyred smile. *I will* use protective cream and take my sunning slowly, nonchalantly. After all, the best cooks use a low flame.

I am agin swimming beyond the ropes in a great show of mermaid bravado, until a rip-tide teaches me some bona-fide sea tricks. Even though life guards are back to their pre-war lusciousness, there are more modern, less dangerous ways to wangle an introduction. Like just sitting pretty on the beach.

I will not whip out on the tennis courts in all the wrong clothes —red halter, tight green shorts and black sneaks. Once out there swinging, I will not scorn shade and rest in a relentless Alice Marble mood. That funny feeling in my tummy, that lightness in my head, will be my red lights. And while I emulate Marble's forehand down the line, I will note too, her trim and spotless white tennis outfit. Shining simplicity is the unwritten law of the courts.

I will not loaf ad-infinitum. I do not plan to bury myself under a multitude of senseless magazines or live for three months in air-cooled movies. Even if the gang is away, I can carry on alone. My days can be spent constructively, helping Mom, learning new recipes, practicing the piano, reading some good literature, acting in summer theatres. It's amazing how much cooler it is when one keeps busy.

I will not be a perfect brat to the family just because my gang's away and this year's vacation money is in the couch covers and the new "mix-master." After all, I use the couch too! And plenty of voluntary sacrifices have been made for me! This year I'll show my appreciation by being considerate and helpful. And I'll reaquaint myself with Mom, Dad, and the kids—a right bunch.

I will not use the rising mercury as an excuse for continual life in blue jeans, dirty shirt, and no make-up. Being fresh and sweet-smelling takes little effort and makes me and everyone else cooler and gayer. And who knows who Pop might bring home to dinner?

I will not, if I am a big city slicker, bare my legs to the public gaze before giving them a chance to brown. I disapprove of going Mexican native on the first hot day with an off-shoulder blouse, wrap-around skirt and little else. Bare legs and shoulders call for a more appropriate background than skyscrapers.

I will not contemplate June 21st and thereafter with a long face and grim mouth. Because it can be the perfect time for fun, constructive living and close family association. Because it can make me prettier, peppier and much more on-the-beam. Because, if I stick to my "swearing off" list, I can eliminate summer tears, grief, retribution and concoct instead three months as desirable as a tall, cold milkshake.

ROSE COLORED GLASSES

From page 37

"But, natch," Bill said blankly. Then, suddenly, he gave a whoop of laughter. "You mean it's not a joke—you really do have to wear them! And I'll bet I know what you're thinking, too—'Men never make passes at gals who wear glasses,' eh? Why, you little dope—"

"So I'm a dope, am I?" Betsy interrupted furiously. "A drip, too, no doubt. In which case, I certainly won't take up any more of your time, *Mister* Dalton!" And she turned and all but ran out of the store.

Mom was in the front yard, cutting zinnias, when she got home. She looked at Betsy expectantly, and Betsy choked, "Nobody asked me—I knew they wouldn't."

Then she fled to her room, to throw herself in a sobbing heap across the bed. She'd thought surely Mom would follow, and at least sympathize with her a little, but Mom didn't. That made everything doubly gruesome, so she cried harder than ever.

When, after a while, Mom called that lunch was ready and she was to come down at once, Betsy got up and obeyed. When Mom used *that* tone, she knew she'd better—or else.

Besides, she was sort of looking forward to answering Mom's questions about what had happened to make her cry. She'd bet Mom would have to realize now how grim it was for a girl to have to wear glasses.

Only Mom didn't ask her any questions at all, and didn't say a word about her red, swollen eyes. She just talked along cheerfully, the way she always did, about gardening and books, and things like that.

Betsy decided bleakly that she'd just have to try to remember that Mom was old, and couldn't be expected to understand.

FUTILITY

I only eat three meals a day,
And nothing in-between,
Except a soda now and then,
Or cake—see what I mean?

And yet, despite the care I take,
It really is no use—
My face remains all broken out
And I can't seem to reduce!

She spent practically the entire next day in her room, on the pretext that it needed a thorough cleaning. She was a little surprised Mom didn't insist on her going to Gordon's again, but then she remembered Mom was always after her to keep her room neater, so that probably explained it.

Well, Mom certainly needn't worry about *that* any longer. From now on, she was going to be strictly a home-body, if she had *her* way.

And then, late in the afternoon, Mom came into her room and told her she *had* to go to the dance!

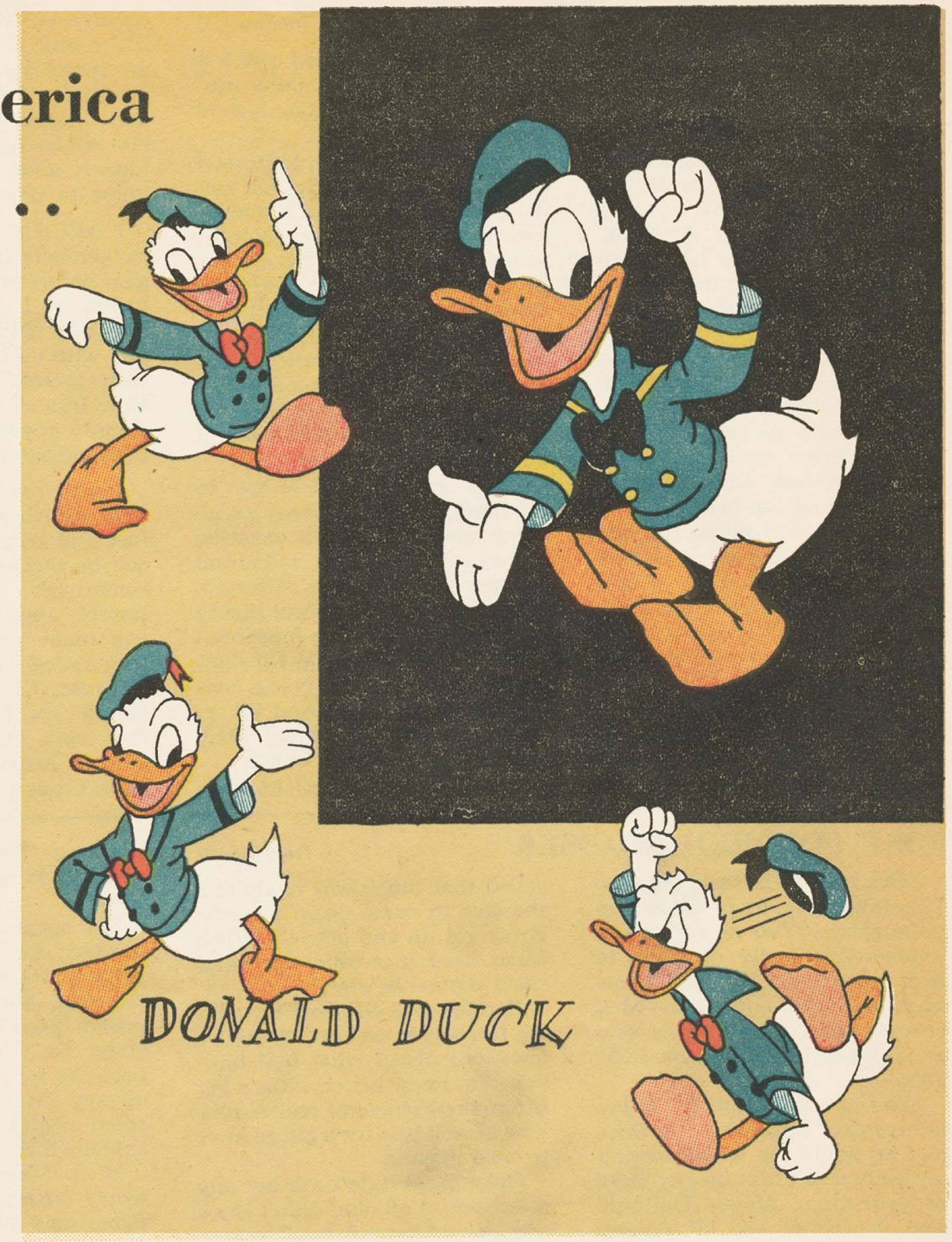
"I've invited the Farleys over from Riverton to have dinner and go with us. Young Joe will be your date, of course," Mom finished calmly.

"Oh, Mom, how *could* you?" Betsy stared at her in horror. "*Fatsy Farley!* Jeepers, he's round as a barrel and half a head shorter than I am."

(*Continued on page 59*)

Miss America Pattern . . .

STYLE #7131



How Ducky!

A cinch to sitch Disney appliques on your beach robes, dirndls, shorts—anywhere for color and conversation. Big Donald Duck is 14″ high and the three frisky little Donalds are 4½″ high. Use bright materials when you make 'em—and wear 'em—

SEND 15c FOR PATTERN 7131 TO:

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GROWING CONCERN

From Page 26

She never did admire, for instance, the giggling, silly, too-kiddish ways which are often the heritage of the teen-age girl. She was smart enough to realize such reactions were the result of a lack of poise, of not knowing how to act, of embarrassment. She found that dancing lessons gave her self-confidence. Therefore, she thinks it's smart for all young girls to not only take dancing lessons for poise and grace, but to take courses in public speaking in order to become accustomed to appearing before the class or the public.

Her complexion was peaches and cream, (it still is!), but she didn't take it for granted. To this day, she has a regular beauty treatment; every night she washes it with lanolin soap. She dries her face thoroughly and then, for an occasional texture treatment, *pats* sweet oil on her face to soften the skin. She leaves it on *twenty minutes* **ONLY**, since to leave it on longer might burn the skin. She doesn't *rub* it in, for the same reason. After this, she dashes cold water on her face and *pats* it dry. When she wants to look radiant for some special event, she starts this treatment several weeks in advance of the important occasion. The first week, she does it every night; the following week, twice a week; the next week, one night only. As a result, her complexion is fine-grained, soft and supple.

She has a beauty trick in regard to her hair, too. In the first place, she sees to it that it is very clean; she washes it every five days. Then she doesn't just put it up in pin curls after it's shampooed and forget it for the other four days. Toward the last, she rolls it up on rags. She doesn't wet her hair for this little routine—says it's apt to make the hair too kinky—she just wraps the hair around little strips of cotton and then ties the strip into a knot to hold the curl. The result is a soft, natural looking curl that is pretty.

Jane thinks the teen-age clothes problem is easily settled by wearing the conventional sweater, with a matching or white blouse, and a trick skirt. But she believes in wearing the most becoming color. To decide which color is just for you, she advises going to a yardage counter and holding up different colors of materials close to your face. "The colors that make you look washed out are the colors to avoid," she says. "The ones that seem to make your complexion clearer and your eyes more sparkly are right." She even advises carrying this testing further and finding, by the same method, the exact *shade* of this becoming color that does the most for you.

But you can dress your age, take care of your complexion, gain grace through dancing lessons, and still be gauche. Jane's remedy for that is *to give parties and take care of every detail yourself*. She just had the gang in for a big spaghetti supper, for instance, and she not only made the spaghetti, plus a green salad, she also made a cake. Her parents visited some friends that night—at Jane's request—and Jane greeted her guests, saw that their wraps were removed, kept the conversation going, served the dinner on time, and planned after-dinner games. She had no one to depend on except herself for this most important affair, from start to finish. The party was a huge success, and Janie had her first taste of being a natural and gracious hostess.

Elizabeth Taylor is another teen-ager almost too beautiful to be true. She's just fourteen, and, you can take it from her friends and admirers, she's not going through any awkward age. Since she's quite analytical, she realizes that older girls wear makeup to create the *illusion* of youthful coloring. But she's young and just doesn't need artificial beauty. So she wears no makeup at all, and the shine on her face is a soap and water shine. Elizabeth, fortunately, has vivid coloring. Many teen-agers are not so lucky. Even so, Elizabeth believes your skin should *show;* it's your best point at your age. If you need coloring, just a touch of lipstick—lightly applied—does the trick.

Elizabeth feels there is no reason for a teen-aged girl to seem to have an in-between figure (in-between childhood and maturity), because every department store has clothes just for teenagers. There is a style for every teen-ager: a jumper, a pinafore, a dirndl, a sweater and skirt. She believes in finding the combination that hides possible figure faults and emphasizes your best points.

Little Peggy Ann Garner is still another young girl possessed of remarkable charm. This is because she isn't afraid to let her personality show. She does all the other things that make a teen-ager attractive—such as caring for her skin, brushing her hair, brushing her teeth twice a day—but she also has a natural manner. She doesn't act one way with friends her own age and quite another way with her teachers or parents. The only reason teen-agers sometimes look silly or ridiculous is because they are putting on an act, either a smart aleck one for their parents, or a too-boisterous one for their friends. Peggy Ann doesn't lead this sort of a double life. She is her own natural self *all the time*, and the result is enchanting.

Everyone knows, of course, how Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland weathered "baby fat" and the so-called awkward years by the right hair-dos and the right clothes. Little Shirley Johns, pretty as a picture and smart, too, says that if you will look through movie magazines and watch what teen-agers are wearing in the candid photos shown there, you can dress to suit your type. You can pick becoming hair styles, too. The trick here is to be just as honestly analytical as you can. "There's no use looking at yourself through rose colored glasses," she says. "How can you correct something if you don't know what's wrong in the first place?"

And that's the nucleus of the whole thing. The teen-ager today who is awkward, uncertain, and self-conscious is simply the little miss who doesn't know how to go about correcting what's wrong.

Marcy wanted so much to help Tony . . . Good-looking, confident Tony, whose pretty speeches did things to a girl . . . But, there was something that Marcy didn't know, and—

A Girl With Principles

by Rosalie Wilson

"FOR THE LUVVA PETE," Jerry howled. "You can't do anything as crazy as that. It'd be perjury. They put people in jail for stuff like that."

Marcy snapped the lid of her compact shut with a decisive gesture. A brief glimpse in the mirror had assured her that there was no shine to her short straight nose, that her hair curled honey-blonde and feathery around her shoulders, and it offered convincing proof that her lipstick was not ravaged by the soda straw she was chewing.

She waved her eyelashes at Jerry. "Then you could come and comfort me with hot soup," she offered demurely.

Jerry stared at her with agonized, adoring eyes. "With a sprinkling of ground glass in it."

He shook his head slowly, a dark forelock falling over his forehead. "The trouble with you," he advised thickly, "Is that you never think ahead. Suppose, just suppose now, that I did help you lie. . . ."

Marcy reached over and squeezed his hand. "Jerry, you darling!"

"Never mind the goo," he growled. "I was only supposing. If I let it be known that we weren't together last Saturday night, what's your mother going to think? What's more important is, what's she going to say? I know full well what she'll say. She'll say that Jerry Wilton can't be trusted. She'll say Jerry Wilton's a heel. She'll say," he groaned, "Marcy's dates with J. W. will cease as of immediately."

Marcy flattened her straw thoughtfully and rolled it into a wheel. "Would that be so hard to bear, Jerry, really?"

"Yeah, it would," he admitted gloomily. "I'm kinda used to you. Pretty girls make me nervous and smart ones make me squirm. It's only with an old beat-up one syllable conversationalist like you that I feel comfortable."

Marcy's lashes flew up from the straw in indignation. When she saw Jerry grinning at her, she subsided. Leaning forward across the marbled linoleum, she begged softly, "Please, Jerry. I've never asked anything really important of you before. And this is such a little favor."

"If it was only for you, you know I'd do anything. But when I start doing favors, it won't be for Tony Morenos."

"What have you actually got against Tony? I mean really?"

"I don't like the way he combs his hair," Jerry stated belligerently. "I don't like the way his features are put together, with emphasis on his eyes. I don't like his smirk and I don't like the company he keeps. Would you consider that sufficient, or shall I go on?"

"What perfectly silly reasons. Just because you don't like the way he parts his hair, would you enjoy seeing him in jail?"

"That," said Jerry, "I could hardly bear. I'd probably cry my dear little eyes out."

Marcy's blue eyes clouded and a round shimmering tear spilled over and traced a path down her cheek. (*Continued on page 63*)

UNITED STATESMAN of AMERICA!

by Maurice Bassaches ★

Here it is—YOUth in action! Working for the good of the common man, for the common good of man . . . An inspirational, not-to-be-missed article for young people with ideals in their minds, peace in their hearts . . .

Stephen Schwebel, 17-year-old president of the UNY opens a meeting of the group who are doing the important and necessary work to spare the world a Third Great War . . .

Diane Allen, also 17 years old, speaks to the assembly on UNY work (which certainly is commendable). Diane is a typical alert and world-conscious teener.

The executive committee. Vice-pres. Sheldon Waldman, 17, Bernice Ginsbery, 16, Chairwoman of the Foreign Aid Committee, Treasurer Fred Sichel and Sec'y Florence Sher, both 16.

Alastair Kyle, 15-year-old radio actor of many CBS programs, directs other UNY members in a play depicting an average United Nations problem, to be broadcast.

An old American custom—freedom of speech in the oldest American fashion—Town Hall-ish sessions give youths a chance to express own viewpoints. Bernard Tauss, 17, takes advantage.

UNYers have the opportunity of listening to guest speakers at their regular meetings. Here, Clark Eichelberger, Director of American Association for United Nations addresses the group.

"IF there's a third World War, we'll have only ourselves to blame!"

That's seventeen-year-old Diane Allen speaking.

That's also the way thousands of teen-age girls and boys are speaking these days.

And that's why they're joining United Nations Youth—their own organization to support the United Nations and *keep peace.*

With the blessing of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the central unit of United Nations Youth was launched in New York City last fall. Now there are branches in Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, Minnesota and California. Other groups are forming every day, composed of bright, wide-awake young people like Stephen Schwebel, 17, for instance, president of the central UNY.

Steve describes his outfit's purpose this way:

"The only weapon the world has to stop the atomic bomb is a powerful United Nations Organization. Our job in UNY is to help make UN strong."

Steve then went on to explain what Diane Allen meant when she said if there's another war teen-agers will have themselves mainly to blame.

"If a Third World War comes," Steve said, "it will come when the teen-agers of today are the leaders of the world. There won't be any use blaming it on our parents then. In other *(Continued on page 60)*

OF course you'd like to go away this vacation—who wouldn't? To camp this summer, maybe, like Margie and Sue, or gypsying in a trailer like Dot and her folks, or up to the Northwoods Lake where Nicky, your secret swoon-boy, is going. Anywhere—anywhere—to the mountains, to the seashore, to a ranch—you're not fussy. Just some place else. Anything to get away from your home town for a change!

What's the matter with your home town?

Well-ll, it's dull, you say wistfully, desperately. Same old faces, same old places. Oh, it's all right nine months of the year, when school's in session and the gang's all here. But now, when those rare days in June are coming up, you get itching feet like the rest. You'd like a change of scenery, too.

But—alas—you're stuck! It's your own front porch for you this year. Your family is sorry, but that's the way it is. No camp, no trailer trip, no lakes, mountains or sea for you, except in those maddening travel folders laying around on library shelves.

So—with practically everyone else chattering eager plans during these last few days of school, you're adrift on the fringe with a few other unfortunates. Oh, sure, you keep a set smile on your lips, but there's a faintly glazed look in your eyes and, if anyone should bother to look closely—an unbecoming tinge of green on your cheeks. Mmh'm, you're envious as the dickens—haven't we all been through it one time or another? Try as valiantly as you may to be brave and cheerful, you're inwardly bleeding like a martyr, convinced that fate has dealt you one of her nastier blows. And (groan) there doesn't seem to be a single thing you can do about it, either.

Oh yes, there is! Cheer up, stay-at-homes. There's lots you can do about it. Pull up an ear and listen.

The very first thing you can do about it is to stop feeling underprivileged. Stop feeling like a two-year-old deprived of a toy. You're bigger, older and brighter than that, f'heaven's sake! You know you are. Your parents would like nothing better than to give you that dreamed-of vacation if they could, be sure of that. Very likely it's hurting them as much as you think it's hurting you. So really—here's your chance to prove what's in you! All is not as black as you've painted it with those huge blobs of self-pity.

Let's take stock (*Continued on page 61*)

USEUM
BRARY

There's a world at your very own doorstep and you can see a lot of it this vacation right in your own home town—if you take Maxine's canny tips on how to spend your

HOME TOWN VACATIONS

by Maxine Shore

PARTIES ARE FUN

From page 21

little mind. This doesn't mean you can't *look* extra special. But if you are normally unaffected and enthusiastic about things generally, don't for heaven's sake think that you have to hocus-pocus yourself into a stupendous new type for this red letter occasion. You'll impress nobody and alienate your beau if you try to create an impression by turning into the Life of The Party or the Languid Variety. Or any other species that isn't the from Monday-to-Friday you. All that you'll achieve will be making your date puzzled and uneasy, and convinced he must have been in some sort of a trance when he called you up.

Then you very likely begin having prostration over a new possibility. You decide you and he are positively doomed to run out of conversation in ten minutes at the outside. You ignore the fact that you and he and whoever else you're chit chatting with usually have volumes to say at all times, and you always keep up your own end of the conversation without any noticeable strain. For some reason you feel that this particular evening calls for more than every day, garden variety talk. You work away anxiously on ways to sparkle verbally, and you do a mental blueprint of what you'll say when he calls for you. You manufacture subjects to cover on the way to the dance, and think up a batch of dazzling remarks you'll manage to spark off during the course of the evening. Actually what all this does is to make you practically tongue-tied, comes the big night. Conversation, if it rolls along, is a pretty spontaneous commodity, and nothing synthetic to be hauled out for particular occasions. Just keep in mind the fact that what you had to say up till now your date found interesting enough to make him ask you to a splashy party. So keep on saying it in the same old way. And always remember that a lag in the conversation doesn't indicate boredom on his part or that you have to say something—as of immediately. For a pause can be natural and friendly. If it happened while you were walking home from the movies, you two, you wouldn't feel anxious about it. So why think that at a party you suddenly have to chatter-chatter-chatter? There is nothing more irritating to a boy who enjoys dancing than a gal who insists on keeping up a stream of small talk. And looking at it from another angle, if you do want to talk, where could you possibly find more things to talk about than at a well-populated party? The people, the music, the quantities of things that are going on—all of these are ideal chit-chat material.

Having gotten yourself into a stew to this degree, you begin having visions of yourself being an all-time wallflower. You see yourself circling the floor dozens of times with nobody cutting in and your date's smile getting progressively more frozen. This is an approach that is unconditionally guaranteed to *make* you a wallflower. The thought to cling to is that you are exactly the same girl you were last week, and you were doing all right then. Whenever you start feeling panicky, just bolster your morale with this private thought—"Look, there's not a thing wrong with me but my attitude. I'm just as attractive and brainy as anybody else, and for heaven's sake—this isn't a torture chamber." Being vain is one thing. But belittling yourself is just as bad.

The worst part of all is the picture you work up in your mind's eye of every glance in the room being riveted on you. You see yourself entering the doorway and have a vision of all activities coming to an abrupt stop. While usually you have a reasonable share of the limelight, you are quite able to cope with whatever attention comes your way. But suddenly, because it's a *dance*, you develop delusions of having to razzle-dazzle the whole room. The prospect makes you feel tense and rather desperate, and please forgive us for saying so, but actually this is pure foolishness and also rather vain. Any party is a group project type of thing and if you just let yourself be swirled into the gang feeling of it—noticing what other people are up to instead of worrying around about yourself—you are due to feel fine and get along sensationally better. If you feel like laughing—laugh. If you feel quiet, don't strain yourself trying to scintillate. Be you, without any fancy trimmings.

One sure way of making a good time a guaranteed thing is to plan your clothes carefully. Be sure everything is sewed and pressed and well-organized, all way in advance of the designated evening. For women of all possible varieties feel considerably better about everything if they know deep inside that they look well. Anyway, speaking for ourselves, we're tired of all this stewing around. We're in a fever to get going, and having salted away these few facts, we know we're going to have a fabulous time. And so are you!

★ ★ ★ *Miss America*

A DOZEN POINTERS ON BECOMING GOON BAIT

1. **Never stop diddling with your hair. That's a groovey way to twiddle away your charm.**
2. **Talk with violent gestures. Show people that you can't gabble without getting nervous and jittery.**
3. **Pick at your face. The ideal way to let everybody know that you aren't quite sure of yourself.**
4. **Sit with your hand over your mouth. You're bound to cover up your inferiority complex. (That's what morons think.)**
5. **Lean on your face. This will push it all out of shape and, make people realize that you're pretty bored with life.**
6. **Rub your nose, too. This indicates complete dissatisfaction with your inner self.**
7. **By all means bite your nails. A cinch to drive people mad.**
8. **Scratch your head, Spooky. This is the best known method for showing people you're nervous (or have fleas).**
9. **Be sure to chew on your necklace. This will distort your face and wreck the beads in the process.**
10. **Crack your gum (if you can find any to crack.) To fill your classmates with jealousy and teacher with fury.**
11. **Jiggle your shoe. That's right, sit with your legs crossed, kick your shoe half off then bounce it up and down against your heel. This must be done continually to make everyone absolutely furious.**
12. **Keep looking at yourself in the mirror. This attracts attention and proves you're interested in your appearance.**

ROSE-COLORED GLASSES

From page 49

It was no use. In vain she reminded Mom of the last time she'd seen Fatsy—that awful week two years ago at the beach. They'd been the Farleys' guests, so, naturally, she'd had to go everywhere with Fatsy, and it had been utterly grim.

Mom just told her firmly she must remember Mr. Farley was an important client of Dad's, so they couldn't possibly risk offending them. "Anyway," she added cheerfully, "Joe is seventeen now, I believe—quite a bit older than the boys in your crowd—so that should help some."

"Nothing could help," Betsy groaned. "What a gruesome-twosome! Fatsy, and me in blinkers."

"About the glasses," Mom said slowly, "I want you to try an experiment tonight, Betsy. I want you to pretend those are magic, rose-colored glasses. I want you to keep telling yourself it doesn't matter how you look *in* them, it's the way you look *through* them that's important. In other words, if you look through them expecting people to like you, then they will. If you look expecting them not to like you, that's what they'll do. Because you're wearing *magic* rose-colored glasses. Will you promise me to try to think of them that way, Betsy?"

"I promise," Betsy said listlessly. It wouldn't do any good, of course. But if Mom wanted her to act like a character in a fairy story, she supposed she might as well.

Starting downstairs a few minutes before seven, Betsy heard her mother and father greeting the Farleys in the lower hall. Jeepers, but she must see Fatsy! Red headed and freckled faced, and simply bursting at the seams, of course.

And then, turning the curve of the landing, she literally froze in her tracks. *That* couldn't be Fatsy! Not that utterly Vansome creature, looking as though he'd been made to order for that dreamy white dinner jacket. But it was, of course—it had to be.

In a daze, she moved on down the stairs. Funny, she hadn't thought of it until now, but even two years ago when she'd hated the way he looked, she sort of liked Joe Farley anyway.

Mom met her at the foot of the stairs, and, under her breath, whispered, "Remember your promise now."

Betsy knew a moment of pure panic. How could she possibly *pretend* she wanted Joe to like her, when, of course, she did, just terribly? But she'd have to try. Mom had pretty definite ideas about people who went around breaking promises.

"Magic rose-colored glasses—magic rose-colored glasses," she thought frantically, shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Farley. And then she was facing Joe.

"Hi, Joe, whadaya know?" she said gaily.

"Pu-lenty." He took both her hands, and grinned down at her. "For one thing, violets are mighty pretty in rose-colored frames."

Why, Mom's funny make-believe fairy story really worked! Betsy felt almost giddy with happiness—but, oddly, she felt somehow guilty, too. And suddenly she knew why.

She faced Mom in the kitchen a few minutes later, where they'd both gone to fetch the canapes. "Mom, you knew all along it wasn't the glasses that kept anybody from asking me to the dance, didn't you?"

Mom nodded, her eyes twinkling. "It wasn't the glasses on your nose, it was the chip on your shoulder—I guessed that after I talked to Mitzie. But it would have done no good for me just to tell you that—you'd just have thought I was old and didn't understand. So I thought up that rose-colored glasses stunt. And, by the way, while I'm confessing all—" she chuckled—"I'd better tell you I knew young Joe had grown to be—er—strictly Vansome. Sylvia enclosed a snapshot of him in a letter I had from her just this morning. That was what gave me the idea of asking them over, of course. I didn't show the picture to you because I was sure if you knew Joe was so attractive you'd worry yourself into a nervous wreck for fear he wouldn't like a girl who wore glasses."

Betsy let out a long, blissful sigh. Mom was right, of course—she would have done just that. Funny, how had she ever got the idea Mom was too old to understand how a girl felt? Why, gosh, Mom had been a girl herself, hadn't she? And not so long ago, either.

"Mom," she said suddenly, "I'll bet you were some slick chick when you were young."

Mom giggled. "You might ask your father about that sometime. Only you'd better say flapper instead of slick chick, so he'll know what you're talking about."

A MATTER on MANNERS . . .

QUESTION: **I love to dance, but I always have those awkward moments when the music stops playing. What *is* the correct thing to say? Should I thank my partner for dancing with me? Seems to me I'm doing him just as much of a favor as he is me. And what should I *do* when the dancing stops? Stand there? Walk away? Everybody seems to do these things gracefully except me.**

* * *

ANSWER: **I guess every girl who goes into her teens has that period of dance-worry. It's all quite simple, though. I hardly think anybody's doing anybody a favor when a boy and a girl dance, but if you mean that the pleasure is mutual, so to speak, you are correct. You *do not* thank a boy for dancing with you, although there's no harm in saying "That was very nice," or "I enjoyed it"—*after the boy thanks you*, which he *should* do. As for "standing there," you won't have to if your partner is a gentleman. He should walk you back to your friends or wherever you wish to stand or sit. A few more dances and this won't be a problem for you.**

LUCY HEDGE

UNITED STATESMEN OF AMERICA

From page 55

words, it's time for us young people to stop passing the buck and do our share to keep permanent peace."

And United Nations Youth don't just talk about keeping peace—they *do* things. You just have to drop in at their national headquarters at 45 East 65th Street in New York City, to see that.

In one corner of their busy office, the executive committee headed by president Stephen Schwebel, vice-president Sheldon Waldman, treasurer Fred Sichel and secretary Florence Sher plans the organization's next meeting. At these monthly get-togethers members learn about the other United Nations and their problems from famous guest speakers. They also get first-hand news about foreign teen-agers and what their life is like.

For instance, at one meeting Lt. Catherine Moufflard, a young officer of the French underground during the war, told how her country's boys and girls sabotaged and fought the Nazis. To give the UNYers an idea of what conditions in France were like, she showed them a small bar of soap that resembled a chunk of wood. It was the ration for two French children for one month.

At another meeting, members heard a similar story about Czechoslovakian youth. Consul Joseph Morel described how girls and boys in Prague took over adult responsibilities in matters of life and death during the German occupation.

"In Europe today," said Mr. Morel, "children are no longer children."

During these lively sessions club members also see motion pictures about foreign countries and ask questions of the speakers.

But when UNYers learn about a nation they don't stop there. That's where the foreign aid committee led by Bernice Ginsberg (you can see members conferring in a back room at headquarters) comes in. When UNY finds out that the boys and girls of a United Nation need help, they do something about it. They've sent clothing and shoes to the teen-agers of Czechoslovakia, pencils and paper to the students of France.

Some UNY members write regularly to young people in Europe, Africa and South America. Linda Valentine, for example, corresponds with Patricia Youd in England and Joan Tygnas in Peru. She sends them scrapbooks with pictures of America and they send her glimpses of their countries.

"Personal bonds like these will help the United Nations understand each other and prevent another war," Linda feels.

UNYers, however, don't limit their information to themselves. That's why you'll find editor Walter Sunfield and the bulletin committee splattered with ink in the mimeograph room. They are putting out the club's monthly magazine. It tells about their activities and includes poems, stories, articles and drawings by members.

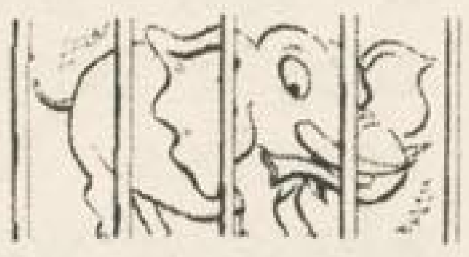
In order to reach even wider audiences, United Nations Youth have taken to the air. They want teen-agers all over America to know about the United Nations and to support it actively. They've already been on the radio in a panel discussion on the UN security council and are planning other appearances.

Members also write plays about the UN to be broadcast or presented at school assemblies. The radio committee is very lucky to have Alastair Kyle, fifteen-year-old actor on CBS programs "Our Gal Sunday" and "Mommie and the Men," to give them pointers on professional techniques. That hub-bub you hear from the front alcove is made by UNYers of the air at work.

This quick tour of United Nations Youth headquarters gives you some idea of what alert, determined young people can do in the big job of keeping peace. Activities like theirs take up many afternoons, Saturdays and holidays. But UNYers don't mind. Not only are they having fun—they are doing important and necessary work to spare themselves and you the havoc of a third World War.

They'll be sure to succeed if you pitch in with them.

HOW'S YOUR ANIMAL I. Q. ?



You're a friend of the Animal Kingdom if you answer half of these quizzes correctly; if less than half, better brush up. Don't peek now, but the answers appear just below . . .

WHICH ANIMAL IS THIS?

1. Though of a peaceful nature, it is hated by humans because of the stench it exudes when frightened.
2. What dog is generally considered to have the keenest sense of smell?
3. Which is the tallest of the animals? Its head sometimes reaches 18 ft. from the ground.
4. Though it's supposed to be blind and fly into your hair, it isn't and it doesn't.
5. What animal, the largest of all land animals, is strictly vegetarian?
6. Extremely graceful and agile in water, it is terribly clumsy on land.
7. It can live in the water, yet it is not a fish, but a mammal.
8. Which is the largest of the birds?
9. Which bird has been used since Biblical times to carry messages?
10. This bird can run, but not fly.
11. This dog was bred to resemble a lion in appearance.
12. What dog has too long a nose for convenience?
13. What small garden animal has several thousand teeth on its tongue?
14. What dog hunts not by smell but by sight?
15. This animal seems to live only to eat. It is known as "Old Perpetual Appetite."
16. What household pet is found in every country of the world except Australia and New Zealand?
17. This is the only animal whose thumb is so formed that he can use it the way we humans do, to help grasp objects in cooperation with his other digits.
18. What striped animal resembles a horse?
19. What five-armed, water-dwelling animal, when torn exactly in half, will grow into two complete animals?
20. Which bird looks wise because he has a ring of feathers around his eyes resembling spectacles?

ANSWERS

1, skunk; 2, bloodhound; 3, giraffe; 4, bat; 5, elephant; 6, seal; 7, whale; 8, ostrich; 9, homing or carrier pigeon; 10, nandu; cassowary; ostrich; 11, Pekingese in China; 12, collie; 13, garden snail; 14, whippet and greyhound; 15, hyena; 16, cat; 17, monkey; 18, zebra; 19, starfish; 20, owl.

HOME TOWN VACATIONS

From page 56

of the situation. Your best friends are going away. Maybe you're the only one of your chosen circle left in town this summer. Well—then here's your chance to make fast new friends of other stay-at-homes, young and old. Honestly, you'll find the town still quite adequately populated.

Not only so, but—and this will astonish you at first, maybe, —there'll be new faces popping up in the streets, in the stores, and at church from time to time. Even right next door, very likely, or across the street, in the next block. The Cobbs' cute looking nephew, the Browns' grandchildren, boys home from overseas who've been dreaming of just one thing, getting back to the home town. Yes, strange as it may seem to you, used as you've become recently to regarding your town as a place to flee, these teeners and their elders are probably bragging up your town right now as their vacation dream-spot. Think of it, think *hard*.

These visitors to your home town bring with them, along with such essentials as suitcases and trunks, that even more indispensable requirement for having a good time *anywhere*, expectancy. Yes, they're sincerely looking forward to enjoying themselves in your home town, eagerly anticipating touring and exploring it, making use of its recreational facilities, viewing historic spots, making interesting new friends.

Well, see any light at the end of that long dark tunnel of despair? It's there, all right. Keep looking. It's this: if others can enjoy visiting your home town, what's to prevent you from doing exactly the same thing? Nothing, actually, except that two-year-old complex we mentioned a while back.

Yes, the answer to your whole stay-at-home problem this summer is simple. Just pretend you're a stranger here yourself! Become, in your leisure time, an out-and-out tourist in the good old American tradition. Get into a regular gaping and gawking mood—it's more fun! Besides transforming your dreaded summer vacation into something very special and long-remembered, you'll also be getting into trim for the future when, very likely, you *will* be travelling. Because, as with everything else, there's quite an art to being a happy, appreciative tourist and you can't begin too young. . . .

Here are some suggestions. Form a "Know-your-home-town" club. Call it "Teen Tourists" or some other catchy name. Hold meetings, elect officers, including an all-important program chairman, plan projects. The other stay-at-homes will jump at the idea, you'll find, as first aid for their own doldrums. You might have a different program chairman each week, so every one will have a chance to use his or her talents.

Now—there are some parts of town you've never visited, perhaps, or with which you aren't so very familiar? Get together and take a look-see. Go by bus, subway, or streetcar, whatever transportation your town boasts, or, better yet, do it the most healthful way, on your own feet. Contribute your own findings to the "minutes" of that meeting, your impressions, what you say, what you did. Include parks and picnic spots, zoos and museums in your itinerary.

Do some two-way travelling, too—in time as well as in space. Visit historic spots. When, how, and why did your town come into existence? Who were the hardy souls who founded it? A trip to the public library is highly recommended for one meeting. You're sure to unearth some very fascinating information and then you'll know what you're looking at during those weekly jaunts about town. Any old-timers around? Who is the oldest living citizen? You might pay him or her a visit, or invite one or two old people to talk to you at an eating-meeting. Maybe one of your own relatives is an old resident and you'll be vastly amazed at the adventures they've been keeping from you all these years—simply because you haven't evinced sufficient interest to merit such valuable confidences!

How does the town make its living? What main industries and unusual businesses are located within its borders? On a blistering hot day you might consider going through an ice-cream factory—high time you learned how that stuff in cones is made! (Candy factories are highly recommended, too, on rainy days.) Free samples are likely to be forthcoming, especially if you go as an organized authorized group, preferably with a jolly adult chaperone.

Pick some little-known factories, too, and here's why... while you're having a bang-up good time gallivantin' round, you can also be picking up a pretty penny (and a nickel and a dollar—and up, depending on your enterprise and talent.)

You see, another source of information besides the faithful town library is your daily or weekly newspaper office. And not only that, but you may find there a market for your travel-findings, too!

The historical oddities you unearth, those old timers' experiences, those unusual hobbies and businesses, the new developments in little-known industries —all these make saleable items for local publications.

You're developing new abilities this summer—use them! Make your fresh awareness and appreciation of the old home town pay modest dividends. Do it alone, if you must, but preferably with others, so you can

Sillies

SHORT STORY: Once upon a time there was a teen-age girl named Helen. She never used lipstick, she never had a date, she obeyed her mother without question, she did all her homework, she was polite and considerate at all times and she never gave out with jive. Well, I SAID once upon a time!

* * *

DILEMMA:

I've got a pin-up problem
And I need some good advice:
Should I pin up one Bing Crosby
Or pin up Frankie twice?

share your fun, pool bright ideas and collaborate.

Pay a visit to your newspaper editor and explain that you'd like to contribute interesting little features from time to time. Even if you have to submit 'em for free at first, it'll pay off in the fun of seeing 'em in print. Is your hobby photography? Take pictures to sell by themselves or with articles—illustrated articles sell twice as fast.

One more suggestion—and this has to do with those visitors in town who first showed us the way out of that tunnel. Invite those newcomers to become honorary members of your teen tourists club—they'll love it—and take them along on tours. You don't need to confine memberships to teens, either. Come to think of it, if your town has sufficient "glamor" you might start a guide business, organize regular tours, charge small fees, possibly, if expense is involved. Oh, the possibilities are endless, as you see. This is just a start—you can go on from here.

Now, the old home town doesn't seem such a dull place to spend a summer vacation, after all, does it? Bet when some of your friends return this fall to school and compare notes and find out what a good time you've had in their absence, they'd wish they'd hung around! Also bet you'll be able to use some of your information and newly-developed talents in school, too!

So go ahead—pretend you're a stranger here yourself—and a superior-duperior vacation to you, home town teen tourist!

COUNSEL ON COUNSELLING

From page 23

with all kinds of private camps . . . the regular garden variety, and also music camps, dance, drama, riding, sailing camps . . . where the accent is on one particular sport or subject.

So suppose you live in Maine and want to work for a dance camp as nearby as possible. You sit down and write a letter to the American Camping Association in Chicago. They'll suggest a few names and then you write directly to the camp. Or you can run your finger down a listing of camps in any magazine, and write to the camp director first thing. Another thing you can do is contact your local YWCA, Campfire Girl or Girl Scout organization and they'll tell you what your chances are of getting in a camp located where you want to go. And if you don't qualify this year, they'll give you some steers on how to qualify next year.

In your letter to the camp you give a detailed song and dance about yourself . . . things like any experiences you've had as a camper, whether it's been rattling around with the family or a club group and how far along you are in school, and whether you have had a first aid course. This last helps. So does having done some baby sitting, or teaching Sunday school, settlement house work—anything like that where you've worked with a bunch of children. Can you play a musical instrument, and what do you know about group singing? If you aren't too strong on these, maybe you know all about typing and filing, and could land a spot as office assistant, helping the camp director with all the clerical work. Do you have a junior driving license? The point is, tell them the works about yourself in your letter. If you make yourself sound like a good bet, you'll get an answer with an application blank that will ferret out any additional information they may want to tuck away. Then the camp would be likely to send you around for an interview, or as is the case with many private camps, they shoot out one of their representatives to interview you on your home ground. An outfit like the Girl Scouts would hire you through your local branch. Many camps being lining up the next season's counselors as early as December or January, so it's an idea you can begin working on most any time.

You're partial to the clink of coins, and how much will I

HERE COME THE SWEATER GIRLS!

The Hi-Girl sweater contest that ran in the March issue of MISS AMERICA was a manufacturer's dream come true. So many of you entered; so many of your contest letters were well-written and informative! The makers of Hi-Girl sweaters were so pleased that they gave ten sweater prizes instead of the three they had originally planned. Lack of space prevents our running all of the winners' pictures but here are three of those lucky Miss Americas, proudly exhibiting their prizes. Left to right they are: Connie Helme, Saskatchewan, Canada; Rose Trimble, Erie, Pennsylvania; Lorraine Kanya, Newark, New Jersey. Our congratulations to all!

make, you want to know? Well, don't figure on your stint as a camp counselor transforming you into any tycoon. It's a thing you do more for the fun you have and the experience you roll up than for any fat salary check. Some camps pay your traveling expenses and give you your maintenance, while others fork over a wide range in salaries . . . depending on how old you are and your background, on whether it's a two, six or eight week season, and on the individual camp. You could pull down anywhere from $15 to a three figure sum. This sounds an astoundingly varied scale . . . it is. So the thing to do is go after the camp you want and let the salary, if any, figure as second place in the project. You often have to buy your uniform, so don't forget to ask how much that will be, and budget accordingly. Laundry is no expense, because you're likely to do your own, pets. All these details . . . season, salary, hours . . . you get organized before you even look at a train timetable.

Okay, you've got the job. Most camps ask you to come a week early, so you can pitch in and get the place slicked up, and pick up a week's training at the same time. Then the season starts and the kids pour in. The Camp Director is boss, in charge of you and the six or eight or however many other counselors. You're in charge of the children. So as fast as you can, you get cosy with the girls in your particular unit. It's up to you to see that each girl gets the most out of her stay. If she gets homesick, your understanding will coax and kid her out of it. If she's shy, you can help her slip out of her cocoon of unsureness and aloneness. If she isn't good at games, you'll manage to draw her into the group without prodding her. See what we mean about being good with people? Most camps keep achievement and progress records on each child so one of your duties probably would be to keep track, in writing, of how each gal is getting along.

There are more specialized jobs which you can nab if you've had the training. Like that of arts and crafts counselor. Or music counselor, if you know how to dig in and teach a bunch of children group-singing or how to play some instrument. When you're backed up by a good Home Ec course, there's the chance of being assistant to the dietitian which is swell career training. Maybe you've polished off the junior or senior life saving course and have had experience supervising around the school or club pool. The Waterfront Director would be in favor of you as her assistant.

Many camps parcel out a few housekeeping duties to you . . . like peeling the potatoes before dinner or helping wash up afterwards. And all counselors have some responsibilities in common, such as having a tentful of girls to oversee after lights are out. And it's up to you to see the camp rules are kept. This doesn't mean you have to snarl at anybody, but you have to be firm sometimes, and probably the best way of doing this is practicing what you preach. If you toss the rules around yourself, it's guaranteed that the younger girls will decide they might as well do likewise.

This camp counseling stuff has other things in its favor besides the fun and the health of it. It does things for your future. If you are thinking around about being a teacher, or doing social work or child guidance, or physical education, counseling is a background that looks fine on an application. Maybe you have no notion of doing anything but marrying somebody as nearly like Van Johnson as possible and having a family. This is the kind of experience that is due to make you even more of a success at that type of career too. In fact, like you remarked earlier, it's a pretty nice setup, any way you look at it.

A GIRL WITH PRINCIPLES

From page 53

"But I promised him, Jerry. I promised and now I'll have to let him down. This isn't just kid stuff. He'll have to go to jail for something he didn't even do."

"How do you know he didn't?"

"He told me so himself. He swore he didn't have any part in that robbery. He knows who stole the tires but he says he'd rather go to jail himself than tell."

"What nobility," Jerry admired. "What self-sacrifice. What corn."

"Oh Jerry," Marcy wailed.

"Okay, okay," he said hurriedly. "Maybe I'll cooperate just this once, against my better judgment, but I want to be sure of what you're getting into. Tell me this. If Tony had nothing to do with it, how come they connected him with the thing?"

"A few months ago there were some tires stolen from cars parked in the streets all night. Tony had nothing to do with it, of course, but one of the boys mentioned his name and he was picked up for questioning. As it happened, he had a date with Sylvia Davenport that night and she told the police so and of course he was released."

"Yeah. The other guys aren't out and about yet, so Tony was a logical suspect. Where was he Saturday night, anyway?"

"He was walking, alone, through Hillcrest Woods."

"What?" Jerry howled.

"Well he was," Marcy defended. "He often does that. He's really terribly shy and retiring. Sometimes he just shrinks from the world, you know, like when you have to get away from people and things and just com-

Our slip is showing . . . in the April issue of MA, where the above dress by Epstein Garment Co. was priced at $3.00. We blush and bow low, and now hereby add that the correct price is approximately $6.00.

mune with nature and the stars. People who're sensitive are like that."

"He's sensitive like a buzz saw," Jerry said unfeelingly. "I'll just bet he was communing with nature! What he was communing with was a little larceny."

"I didn't really expect you to understand," she reproached him. "Tony writes simply beautiful poetry. People who tinker with automobile innards and people who write poetry just haven't anything in common." She stared mistily at the sign that advertised Stummies—For People with Turbulent Stomachs. When her eyes finally focused on the words, she continued briskly, "So if you'll only say that we separated right after you called for me Saturday night, I'll say that Tony spent the evening with me."

"Oh my sweet gosh," Jerry moaned softly. "What a mess. Just why do *you* feel called upon to help that heel?"

"A girl has to have principles. You know, like honesty and loyalty and never going back on her word. Tony did a terrific favor for me once when I needed it simply desperately. Which makes him a friend of mine. And who," she continued simply, "are you going to be loyal to, if it isn't a friend of yours, huh?"

Later, walking up the tree-shaded path to her house, Marcy breathed deeply. It was perfectly wonderful, she felt, to be able to help a friend. Probably life held no deeper satisfaction. *Loyalty,* she mused. It had such a beautiful sound.

Entering the quiet house, she remembered it was Wednesday afternoon and her mother would be at her bridge game. She flung her books on the hall table, and with her coat still on she perched on one corner of the telephone stand and dialed the phone in her lap.

Tony's mother answered. Her voice sounded thick, as though she'd been crying. "Tony is upstairs," she said. "I call him."

Tony's voice sounded surly over the phone. "What is it?"

"Everything's fine. Jerry agreed and promised to keep it a secret."

"No kidding? You're a sweetheart, Marcy. Beautiful and good like an angel carved in wood."

"How perfectly sweet," Marcy breathed.

"That isn't anything," Tony told her. "I only wish I could put into words the things I see when I look at you, the delicate pure oval of your face, the spirit shining from your eyes, the lovely joyous music of your laugh."

"Golly," Marcy blushed. "You haven't got me confused with Ingrid Bergman or anybody, have you?"

"I mean you," Tony assured her. "I mean the best friend a guy like me ever had."

"Well, you were pretty nice to me too. Remember how we met?"

"Sure. Oh sure," he said with that forced heartiness which betrayed uncertainty.

"There I was having a double pecan fudge sundae, with whipped cream and two cherries, down at Lewiston's, and when I went to pay I found that I had exactly one lonesome penny with me. It wouldn't have been so awful if it had happened at The Sugar Bowl. They know me. But Lewiston's is so high-hatty. I practically never go there."

"You were the original beautiful damsel in distress."

"I'll bet I was beautiful. I'll bet I could have given cards and spades to a beet and won hands down."

"You were lovely," Tony whispered. "You're always lovely. The loveliest girl I've ever known."

Marcy replaced the receiver and sat quite still, her eyes shining. Tony always made her feel like a birthday doll done up in cellophane. Anybody who had poetry in his heart like Tony did couldn't possibly descend to stealing tires. Even a policeman ought to know that.

She squared her shoulders. It wasn't going to be any fun, explaining things to her mother, especially when there was so much she had to leave out.

Marcy started her homework, but it was hard to concentrate. She would have to say she left the house with Jerry Saturday night because she knew her mother didn't approve of Tony Morenos. Then she could say they'd gone to a movie, like she and Jerry had, and later to a hamburger drive-in. It was lucky she and Jerry had gone to a car-service place because otherwise they'd have met the gang.

She sighed heavily and closed the book. There was an old Cros-

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This Laugh is on Me!

by Lou Costello

ONE day while I was looking over the Los Angeles area to find a site for my first Youth Foundation for underprivileged youngsters, I came to a particularly tough neighborhood (not the one where we finally located). A man from the City Hall who was accompanying me said that the kids in this district were very hard to handle. So I decided to have a little heart-to-heart talk with them and tell them about the plans for the Foundation—how it was going to give them a nice playground, a fine clubhouse, a snack bar, instructors in athletics and anything else they needed to help them grow up to better Americans.

The street was full of kids playing ball and yelling when I got up on the back of a truck to make my speech. I raised my hands and shouted "Hey—kids—".

They took one look and scattered in every direction. In thirty seconds, there wasn't a youngster in sight!

I was dumbfounded and a little sad. "That's the first time a bunch of kids ever ran away when they saw me," I said, "I can't figure it out."

"I'm sorry, Costello," answered my companion. "It's my fault. I forgot to tell you. I'm the truant officer in this district."

by platter that just suited her mood. She dug it out and flipped the switch on the machine. "Just say that I'm a friend of yours," Crosby mourned. There was something heartbroken about it. Marcy hummed dolefully along with the record.

She almost missed the tap on the door.

When she opened it, she faced a short stout dark woman whose neatly brushed clothes could not hide their obvious wear.

"I look for Marcia Phillips."

"I'm Marcy."

The woman's voice was pitched so low that Marcy had to bend to catch it. "I'm Mrs. Morenos. Tony's mama."

Marcy stepped back and opened the door wider. "Won't you come in?"

The woman entered hesitantly. "I like talk to you about Tony. He say he with you last Saturday night."

Marcy led the way to the living room and sat down opposite the woman. "Why yes," she lied brightly. Tony's mother looked upset. Maybe her lie would help another person beside Tony and sort of counteract all the people she'd be hurting. Marcy could see Mrs. Morenos wanted reassurance. "We went to a movie."

The woman's shoe-button eyes were fixed unblinkingly on Marcy for a long time. Then the wide tight mouth relaxed and she smiled. "You a good girl. But you must not lie for Tony. I know he was not with you."

"Oh but he was. Really."

The woman shook her head. "My Tony is not a bad boy. Only he get mixed up with a bunch of bad ones. Tony steal those tires last week, I know."

Marcy's eyes widened. "Oh no."

"He leave them in our garage overnight. I see them myself. I no want my Tony to go to jail, but he must not think it is so easy to steal. He go with the boys the first time too, but Tony no get caught. He think, this is easy. So he try again. And if he get away with it he try one more time and then one more. I am not happy to tell you this, believe me, but I must. It is for Tony's good."

"But how can you be so sure? Maybe someone else put those tires in your garage. Tony swears he had nothing to do with it."

"He did not tell you about the witness?"

"No," Marcy said slowly. "He didn't."

"The policeman on the beat see him. He chase Tony, but my boy get away. Mr. Murphy himself tell me this thing. And he will swear to it in the court."

"Oh dear," Marcy said weakly.

Mrs. Morenos leaned forward. "It is the first time. Maybe the judge will be easy on us. Maybe it scare Tony. Tony needs be scared. Don't you lie for him. I feel sick in my heart to ask this of you but it is the best way."

Marcy studied the pattern on the carpet for a long time. Finally Mrs. Morenos spoke again. "What you say?"

Marcy lifted her head. "I don't know, Mrs. Morenos. I just don't know what to do."

Tony was sitting at the counter at Lewiston's when Marcy walked in. She perched on the next stool and rested her chin in her cupped palms. "A double pecan fudge sundae," she told the girl.

"With whipped cream and two cherries," Tony added. Then turning to her, "Hello beautiful. Just like the first time. Still carrying that lonesome penny?"

Marcy's heart contracted. This wasn't going to be easy. "I'm glad you're here, because I have something to ask you. Why didn't you tell me the truth about Saturday night?"

Tony's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "I did, baby. The whole truth."

She shook her head. "Mr. Murphy is going to identify you."

Tony shrugged. "It was dark. That street has a couple of lights out. He couldn't tell it was me from that distance."

"From that distance," Marcy repeated. "If you weren't the one you wouldn't know what distance. Tony, you know if I'd known you were mixed up in it I would never have promised to clear you."

"Look baby," Tony said urgently. "It'll be your word against his. Everybody in town knows you. Your father is a big shot in this burg. Do you think they'll take the word of that flatfoot against yours?"

"But this changes everything. I'm not going to be able to lie convincingly now. Don't you see? It didn't make any difference to lie when I was sure you were innocent anyway, but now I know you did it and I can't go

Are You A Porcupine?

A porcupine spends its life on the defensive. It's so sure everyone who comes near it means harm that it bristles its quills. Result: Nobody ever comes near it.

If you shrivel with fear of people, try being friendly.

Funny thing about friendliness. No human being can resist it. Be friendly as a puppy. Friendly as a cup of coffee—*with sugar in it.*

Funny thing about sweetness. Everybody falls for it.

A girl who is sweet and friendly because she trusts others is so popular she's the talk of the town. Nice talk too, honey. And if you're sweet and friendly, you are a honey.

If a girl-friend snubs you, brush it off. Not the girl, but the snub. Chances are a hundred to one she wishes she hadn't done it.

If a boy-friend slights you, forget it. Not the boy, but the slight. Chances are one hundred per cent he'll feel like a heel, and do handsprings to show you he didn't mean it.

Expect people to like you, and they will like you.

Expect to have fun wherever you go, and you'll have it.

Be a good friend, and you'll have 'em by the dozens.

A porcupine looks for nothing but trouble—so he has it—and all by his lonesome.

through with it you know that."

"Rats desert a sinking ship," Tony said bitterly. "So you're backing out?"

"I have my principles," Marcy said proudly. " I can't back out unless you release me from my promise."

His handsome mouth twisted. "And what do you expect me to do then?"

"Serve whatever sentence they give you. It won't be much. And when you come out, you'll have evened the score and you can begin fresh." She felt desperately sorry for him, remembering the poetry. "I'll still be here when you come out, Tony. I—I'll wait for you."

Tony's hand closed around her arm. "I should have known. An empty-headed little rich girl with a dish face and a heart full of crumby ideals. Well I'm not releasing you from any promise. We'll play it my way."

Marcy sat quite still, her arm aching from his fingers. Two words kept beating in her brain with a strangely infuriating rhythm. Dish face, she thought. Dish face. Dish face.

She straightened slowly, brushing his fingers from her flesh. With a terrible calm, Marcy dumped all her principles overboard. "You get out of here, Tony Morenos and don't you dare ever speak to me again."

She watched his retreating back with the same frozen lack of emotion. As from a long distance, she watched Jerry race in.

"Marcy," he shouted. "I've been looking all over town for you. I'm not going to let you lie for that guy. I talked to Sylvia Davenport just on a hunch and she admitted she lied for him the first time. Afterward she found out he really was with that gang. You'll just be covering up for a petty thief and I'm not going to let you."

Marcy pushed her now empty plate away distastefully. "Dish face," she murmured incredulously. "You are looking at a bitter, disillusioned woman. I just got finished telling Tony I wouldn't go through with it." She sighed heavily. "Human nature can be so—so—bestial."

"Is that a fact?" Jerry asked grinning. "Well the beast in me is demanding a banana split. What about the beast in you?"

"I've put away my childish toys," Marcy informed him in a worn and weary voice. "I've lived a thousand years in the last ten minutes."

Jerry gazed at her critically. "With a little powder, it'll hardly show."

"It's the *inner* me," Marcy explained with dignity. "I'll never be a laughing, carefree girl again."

Jerry dug his spoon into the elaborate concoction. "Well you know best."

Marcy's eyes returned from far-off places and slid to the dish in front of Jerry.

She sighed one last, heavy sigh. "Since you're twisting my arm, I'll have the same. With whipped cream and two cherries."

SO BLUE AND BEAUTIFUL

From page 13

yawned Jenny sweeping the whole crop into her top drawer. Room 21, officially known as the "Bee Hive" and headquarters for the sparkling little journal, presented its usual chaotic appearance. But for once, ignoring the hurricane of scattered papers and backless comics Jenny headed for the coat closet. As she reached for the faithful reversible, a clump and clatter of feet in the hallway, announced the arrival of three—four—maybe more of the surging seniors. The booming bass of Larry Turner, sports editor, mingled with the excited bleats of Bill Spender, business manager. Jim Collins and Jack Whiting, cartoon and literary wizards, were having their usual brutal argument. Jenny sniffed. Yep, here they were—all on deck now that the work was done, and the *Bee* ready to buzz.

About to emerge with a few well-aimed sarcasms, Jenny was brought up short by the sound of her own name.

"Come on fellows," urged Jimmy Collins impatiently, "Let's get it over. Who's going to drag Jenny to the dance? Shut up Larry! Maybe you WERE reluctant dragon last time—but didn't we all cut in *fre*-quent? Certainly you have to take a chance with the rest of us. Lend us the hat Jack. Where're those pencils, Bill? No feeling 'round now, just grab one, and shortest pencil gets the gal. Hiah Hiah—dive in—Benton expects every man to do his duty!"

As Jenny sick with hurt and humiliation, steadied herself against a filing cabinet, an agonized squeak from Bill Spender announced the result of the draw. "All right! All right! I'm stuck! So what? So nuthin'! I'll take her, but believe me, Jen's hard to take. Hope to heck she doesn't wrap herself up in that red dress again. She's worn it to every shindig this term."

"Now now! Be fair!" chided Jimmy Collins, his voice smooth as butter spiced with arsenic.

JUST NONSENSE . . .

NO AMBITION:

I'm just a simple lassie,
And there's little that I crave—
Perhaps a yacht, a car or two
And a lad to be my slave.

My wants are really modest,
A mink, a silver fox,
A simple diamond bracelet
And some nylon bobbie sox.

But my Dad is simply awful,
He just can't understand . . .
So I settle for a quarter—
You know: "A bird in hand . . ."

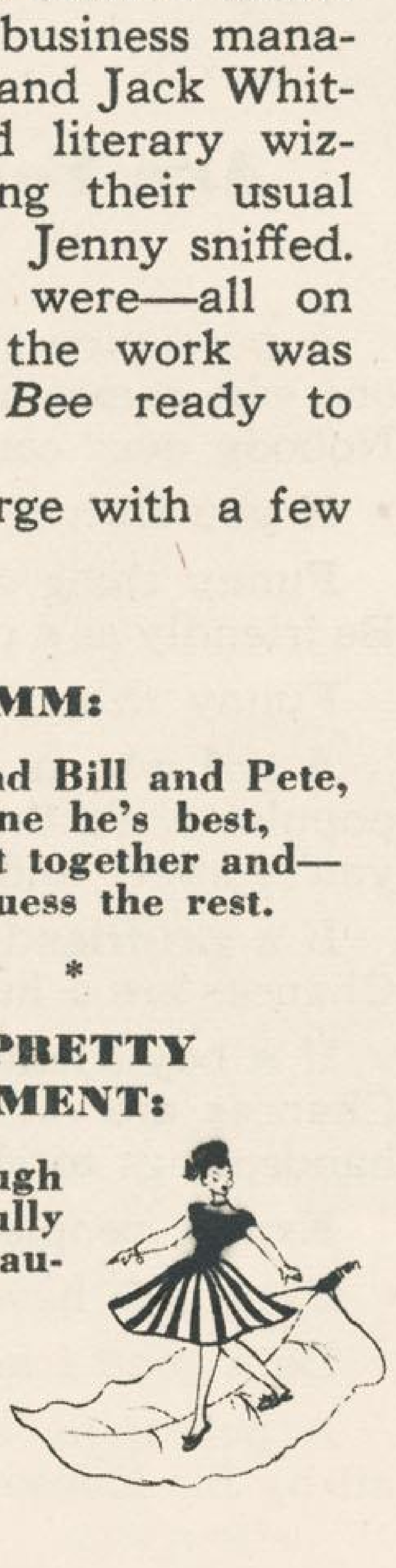
MM—MM:

If you date Jim and Bill and Pete,
And tell each one he's best,
One day they'll get together and—
Well, you can guess the rest.

* * *

SOUNDS PRETTY DEPARTMENT:

She danced through each day as colorfully and gayly as an autumn leaf.



"The gal does change the flower, here a carnation—there—a rose!"

"Whew—you fellows make me sick!" burst out Jack Whiting suddenly. "Here Jen does all the work on the paper, and makes a positive wreck of herself so we'll have fun at the dances and what does she get? Just a line of cheap razz."

"Sure—sure—!" agreed Bill Spender tolerantly — "We're probably a parcel of rats. But who wants to drag a positive wreck to a party? A guy likes something smooth and snappy to flash on the floor—like Betty Brook, f'rinstance.

"Phoo — that little dough face. You wouldn't recognize a custard pie if it were surrounded by curls," jeered Jack. "Why Jen has real looks and can jitter like a pro—"

"Mebbe—mebbe! But she's always too poohed at the big Pop-Offs—and forever skittering around to see if Sally Whosit has a partner. Just practical—that's all. And get this! A practical gal is no fun at a party. Come on, Larry, old horse-face, time's a wastin'."

Jenny scarcely heard them leave or knew how she herself reached the outside of the building. Anger like a swift current carried her down Locust, up Cherry over to Pine. Dope, DOPE, hopeless DOPE! Working her ears off for a bunch of buzzards like that! Ding dong it, she'd never go to another Benton dance. Never, NEVER —positively NOT! Or would she? Definitely she would—and in a dress that would sweep back their ears. A new dress, that was the answer, or one of them and she'd have every extra with Jack Whiting. Good old Jack! The frozen lump in Jenny's chest began to ease a little. Taking a deep breath, she looked up in surprise to find herself facing The Times office building. The Times? Good gum-drops, THIS was the address of the firm who wanted a part time office worker. She, herself, had taken the ad over the phone. Why, this was a coincidence—just Fate, or something, that she'd marched straight here instead of heading for home. Dad's badly shot budget would never stand a new formal after all mother's hospital bills. But what was to stop her from taking this job and buying a dress herself? Darting into the building, Jenny made for the elevator. She even remembered the floor. "Eight, please," she said, dragging a comb through her springy brown bob. Fairly bolting from the car, when it stopped, she crossed the hall to 801 and turning the knob stepped into the pleasant office of an indubitably prosperous concern. The huge and harried man, tramping up and down the green broadloom, lunged 'round as she entered.

"About time!" he barked glaring at Jenny. "Here—let me look at you. —Good!—No curls — no paint job — right size! Leave your hair as it is!" he directed harshly. "Put on these duds—and when you're ready, ring the bell! My brother will attend to make up." Shoving a long box into Jenny's arms he fairly propelled her through a door at the left, and before she could open her mouth to protest she found herself alone in a tidy grey dressing room.

Slumping down on the only chair, Jenny glanced wildly around. Then, because a perfectly gorgeous dress had fallen out of the box, she picked it up, and then—because it was so blue and beautiful—held it experimentally beneath her chin. Ganders! What it did to her eyes. Why, this was fabulous—fabulous! Quite evidently she had come to the wrong place, but this dress was so right, so terrifically RIGHT, Jenny mechanically peeled off sweater, skirt, shoes and sox, and let the misty blue cloud fall over her shoulders. Now for the slippers. Blue and high heeled, they pinched a little. But what matter, all she wanted was the general effect. Flushed and starry-eyed Jenny surveyed herself in the long mirror and was just beginning to enjoy the view, when an impatient knock brought her back to the realities.

"Are you dressed?" demanded a crisp voice.

"Ye—es!" quavered Jenny—"But there's some mistake—I'm—"

"All right! All right! Don't

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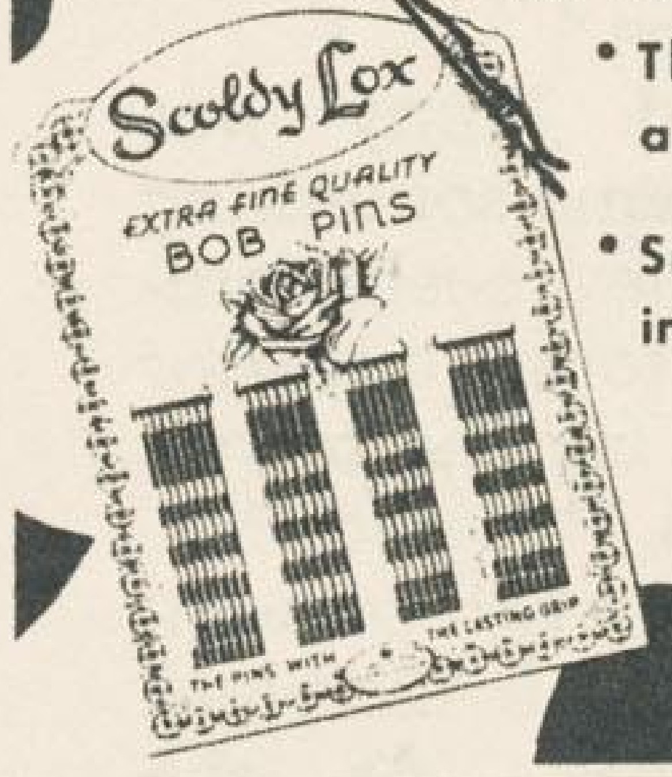

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"argue," pleaded the voice. "This light won't last forever and Bill's raging like a lion. Just shut up and open the door, will you?" Without waiting for her to do either, Bill's big, blond and energetic brother stepped inside. "Mmmm-nn MMmmmFF! May I date you steady?" A gay and frankly approving glance swept Jenny from head to foot. "Sam Pell. Of Pell and Pell," he elaborated with an airy wave. "Just a Sam-ple of things to come—Bill's the big stuff around here. You're new aren't you?"

"I'm not the girl you expect at all!" Confusion made Jenny positively stutter.

"Never mind! Never mind! No explanations now—please. The boss is in a very crude mood—you've already kept him waiting an hour." As he spoke, Sam with a few deft strokes brushed on the lipstick he'd taken from a vest pocket. "Come ON!" he urged drawing Jenny after him. "Just follow Poppa."

"This," decided Jenny was certainly the supreme something or other. She, the recent pin-down girl of four superior seniors modelling for the town's top photographers, Pell and Pell, a name she distinctly remembered seeing under all the right names and places. As she stepped apprehensively into the many windowed studio she again ventured an explanation.

"Later — later — " muttered Bill, leading her over to a lacquered screen. "Now then, lift the chin—moisten the lips—There! Hold it! Hold it!" Purposefully Bill backed toward his camera while Sam sent Jenny such encouraging nods and twinkles, it was no effort at all to glance up, down or smile, as directed. After what seemed eons, Bill gave a satisfied grunt. "Not bad! Not bad at all!" he conceded honoring Jenny with a truly dazzling smile. "Tell the Browns we'll use you for the sports booklet. Same time tomorrow and tomorrow be on time!"

"Oh wait! Stop! I'm not a model at all!" Jenny told him breathlessly, as the lanky boss of Pell and Pell started off on a fast shuffle. "I never heard of the Browns, even, and was on my way to Hale and Hensel to see about office work after school—"

"You mixed your ones—is all!" Ruefully Sam regarded Jenny, "This is 801. H & H are 810. And what a big difference a little one can make!"

"Nonsense!" Bill Pell stuck a cigar in the corner of his mouth. Calmly lighting the cigar he waved the match pack at Jenny. "You *like* the work, don't you? Well, why not keep on with it? You can register with the Browns, our agents — how'll that be?"

"Why? Why — I hardly know—"

"Then it's settled! Get her name and address, Sam. Here, this will cover today." Pressing a crisp note into Jenny's hand, Bill hunched himself out of the studio.

"Masterful — that's Bill for you! And no use arguing with a masterful man—so—" Pulling out a pad and pencil, Sam looked inquiringly at Jenny. "Name — age — address — if any?"

"Jenifer Jamison, age 16, 3A Terrace Apartments."

"Jen-i-fer Jam-i-son!" repeated Sam, *sotto voce*. "Ve-ry alliterative—sounds like you look, sorta. Bet you go to Benton High? Well, believe it or not, I went there myself a few years ago—before City College reached out to claim me for its own. Plan to come in here with Bill when I snatch off the golden sheepskin. Till then, I help out afternoons. Sharp stuff, photogging, especially," Sam winked largely, "as of now. Tell me, m'lass, are the dances at Benton crazy as they used to be?"

Dear Mr. Ripley—A phenomena happened here today, I passed my physics exam.

"Just about — and you know," added Jenny with a little smile, "I remember you now. 'Super Sam' they called you and you *were* at football and track. Say, look"—a sudden brilliant idea struck Jenny—"Our gang is crude, uncouth and probably obnoxious, but how about coming to the dance on the 24th?"

"Who, ME?" Sam gave his chest a terrific thump. "Why, I will—I'll come like a shot and pell mell—bearing flowers!"

"It's a date, then." Dropping a quick curtsey, Jenny disappeared into the dressing room. "Things like this just didn't happen," she reflected, stepping dreamily out of the blue. They didn't happen—but they *had*. Still in a pleasant haze, Jenny donned her serviceable sweater and skirt and lightly as a feather floated home, hugging to her breast the thought of the flash she was readying for the Bee Boys. And wait till Pops heard about this. Why now, she could buy all her school stuff and even help out with bills. The burning anger and hurt at the gang's heartless thrusts had miraculously vanished. "Corn—pure corn," sniffed Jen, letting herself into the apartment and skittering gaily down the hall. Those big dopes would say anything for a laugh and she *had* been going 'round looking like a "Sad Sack" probably. Well, that was over, definitely past—period. But she'd keep this modelling job and date dark—very dark.

A few afternoons later, Bill Spender, wending his weary way into the *Bee* office, found Jenny as usual emersed in proof.

"Ah—Little Vitamin B at work!" he observed, easing himself into the most comfortable chair.

"What's on *your* mind, Big and Brawny?" Jenny spoke tartly as Bill reached for the apple on her desk.

"Nothing much." Bill's tremendous sigh was practically obliterated by the huge bite of apple—"Just wanted to ask you to the Friday thing before the others beat me to the draw."

"So—an invitation to the ball?" Jenny grinned and took off her specs. "Well, file it in the nearest trash can, Chum."

"Wh-at?" The *Bee's* astonished business manager almost choked on the last of the apple. "You mean you're going with someone else?"

"Could be?" Matter-of-factly Jenny gathered up her proofs, and recalling Bill's dumbfounded expression giggled all the way down the hall.

Modelling the sports togs, Jenny found just as thrilling as the blue dance frock, and more wonderful still, at Mason and Kline's she'd discovered its absolute twin, plus silver slippers and a persuasive circlet of flowers for her hair. Bill naturally passed on the word of Jenny's turn-down and the Bee Hive buzzed with curiosity and strangely enough—with positive affront. After all, the gang should stick together. Well, hadn't they tried? Yet here was Jen turning them in for a Who-knew-what! All reference to her date Jenny laughed off or ignored, so that the 24th found the Bees baffled and displeased as ever. Around nine, Bill, arriving late and stag, signalled frantically to Jimmy Collins.

"Get a load of *that*!" hissed Bill, as Jenny, a cross between a Christmas Fairy and a Valentine, swept up the steps on the arm of Sam Pell. "Where'd she snag that big blond Indian! That dress! All those flowers! Goopers, you'd think the gal was primed for bridesmaid instead of a little ole Fri-Nite!"

"And the guy sure is groomed for a wedding," sighed Jimmy, turning reluctantly back to his own date.

"By ginger, this IS like old times!" Sam squinted cheerfully in at the gaily decorated gym, where Benton's light-hearted seniors were already stepping high, wide and extremely handsome. "Like old times — only better! Old times, no you. Gosh Jen—you're beautiful!" From sheer exuberance, Sam began to sing, and tap. "Come on, gal, what are we waiting for?"

Why *this,* thought Jenny, suddenly so happy her feet scarcely touched the floor. Just this. To have Sam say she was beautiful. And, to think all the while she'd been beavering away to impress four conceited goons and a flock of giggling seniors. Why, they simply did not count —not at ALL! If the gang no longer counted with Jenny, Jenny surely was counting with them. Following her blue and sparkling progress down the floor ran a whisper of excitement, light as the rustle of a breeze through summer corn. "Who's that with Jen? THAT dress! Soo—ah—Sue—isn't that Sam Pell? How'd Jen ever snatch that super City College guy? Jen—Hi —Jen!"

"I knew it couldn't last! Here come the Marines!" Glumly Sam slowed down, as Bill, followed by the entire stag line, hove to.

"Ah—Vitamin B into Queen Bee!" Tapping Sam on the shoulder, Bill reached eagerly for Jenny.

"No — WAIT!" Extricating herself cleverly, Jenny with a little run and slide came up beside Jack Whiting. "Isn't this ours, pal?" smiled Jenny.

"Why?- Why, you bet!" gasped the startled Jack, but not too startled to maneuver a perfect take-off. "Jeepers Jen, are you a K.O." For a full moment they pattered along in perfect accord and contentment. Then—"Let's head toward the door," whispered Jenny, "I'm having the next with Sam."

"Don't blame you!" Jack's short nose twitched with interest and envy. "Boy! That hair! Those eyes! And shoulders!"

Later, much later, after Sam had met and danced with most of the girls and joked and reminisced with most of the boys, they reluctantly turned homeward.

"Know what?" Sam swung Jenny's hand backward and forward as they walked slowly along, enjoying the balmy spring night. "Smartest thing I ever did was coming in afternoons with Bill. Know why?"

"Because you like photography so much?" asked Jenny

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innocently fixing her eye on a particularly bright star.

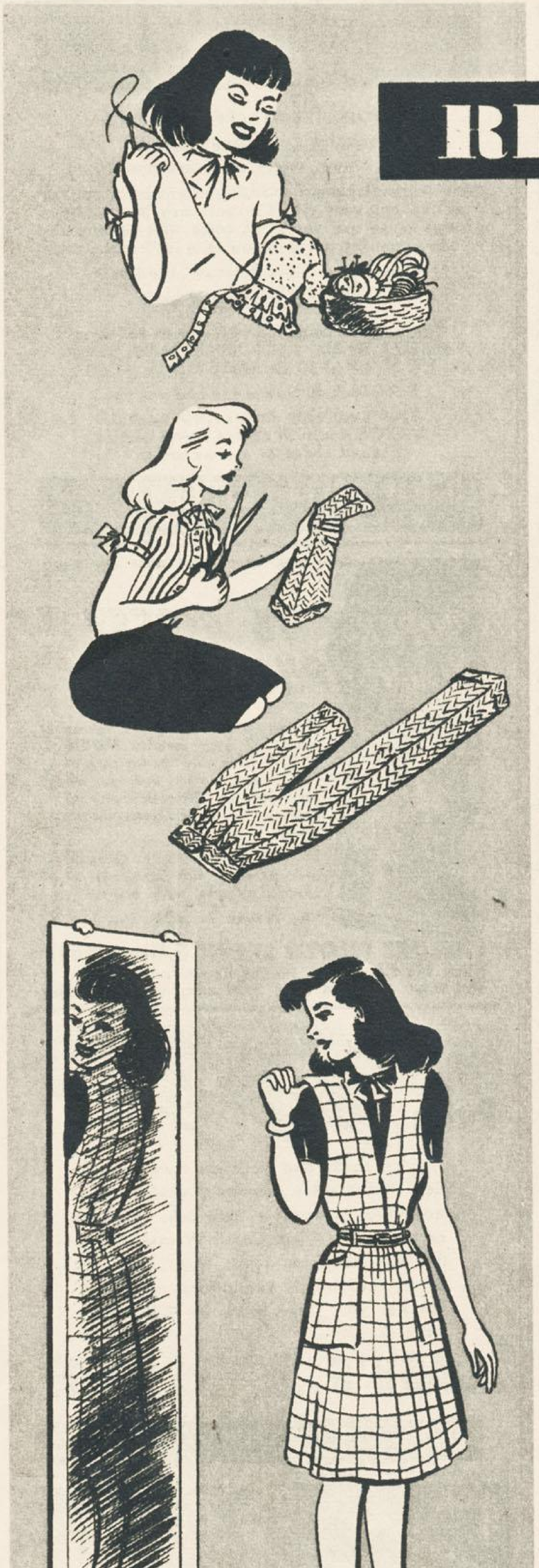
"Partly. Partly!" Reaching for her other hand, Sam gave both a little squeeze. "But mostly because I like you so much. Hey, hey, Miss J. May I date you steady?"

"Oh Sam, you ARE funny. Nice—and funny." Releasing herself with a little laugh, Jenny ran lightly up the apartment house steps.

"'Night—see you tomorrow!" Cheerfully Sam raised one arm as Jenny with a last little wave closed the heavy, wooden door.

"Tomorrow!" thought Jenny with a delirious little spin in the narrow hallway. Why, so she would be seeing him to-morrow. She could hardly wait.

"Oh! Wasn't life wonderful! —WONDERFUL!!"



REMODEL IT!

Pointers for perking up your weary, worn-out wardrobe . . .

OLD clothes, like old friends, can be assets for the girl with imagination. A faithful dress deserves a new lease on life and you can give it one if you have a needle and a potential fashion flair handy.

F'rinstance, scarves and bows of various widths, colors, sizes and shapes do flattering things for your necklines and for you. You can tie them, twist them, drape them according to your whim and the occasion.

Tired of those short sleeves? Add a ruffle! Just be sure that the doughnut shaped paper pattern, hole and all, fits the sleeve and falls to just below the elbow. Then all you have to do is cut the material, hand-roll a hem and gather your frill to your frock.

Or suppose the elbows on your beloved long-sleever are wearing thin. Don't despair. Patch with vivid suede or wool in bold, three inch squares and add a pocket or two to match. It will all look as if it were intended by clever you and not at all like a repair project.

Making a jumper out of an old dress is easy. All you do is cut out those sleeves and hem under what's left. But be sure you do it the right way. Cut the sleeves at the seam and, if you want a fashionable deep armhole, cut down a little further after that, being careful that both armholes match. Baste narrow hems and try on your jumper. Everything all right? Then finish your hemming, press, and you have a smart jumper to show off your entire blouse and sweater collection to best advantage.

You take it from here! How about making long shorts by chopping off the worn bottoms of those slacks? How about making that jacket into a weskit or a bolero? How about edging of embroidery or lace to make a fake but fetching apron effect on that plain dirndl? Quick, Watson, the needle!

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

about her ideas, hobbies, discoveries . . . and receives $1.00 for every one of her letters published . . .

Fan letter Number One, this month, comes from a *Mrs.* AMERICA—Mrs. Philip Butz of Gary, Ind., who writes, "Although I'm not a teen-ager I certainly enjoyed reading my first copy of MISS AMERICA, which I bought for my daughter who thinks it's the best magazine on any newsstand. I do too!"

And Alfreda Hoynoski, of Croydon, Pa., sends us some more nice words, "I think your mag is simply terrific to put it mildly. Of all teen ones, only MA can honestly live up to the fact that it is for teen-agers alone—a magazine to help them in whatever they do, and to help American girls grow up to be young ladies that mothers can be proud to say, 'That's my daughter!'" And now that extra special hot-weather care is taken by you gals, Alfreda includes in her letter an idea for your talc.

Annabelle Heath
Poquonock, Conn.

"For a tricky powder holder, cut off the soles of the feet of a small celluloid doll, pour in the powder and fasten the soles on again with adhesive or scotch tape. With a hot needle punch small holes in the top of the head."

The cutest poem from Ella Jensen of Racine, Wisc., to tell you what's cooking, literally—

THE BEGINNER

She measured out the butter
With a very solemn air,
The milk and sugar also; and
She took the greatest care
To count the eggs correctly, and
To add a little bit
Of baking powder, which you
know
Beginners oft omit.

She stirred it all together, and
She baked it a full hour;
But she never quite forgave
herself
For leaving out the flour.

Eleaine Ritz
Montreal, Canada

Ella sent another one, we'd like to print too—maybe be able to get in another issue.

And while we're on the subject of things culinary, Barbara Kent of Indianapolis, Indiana, sends this idea for hot-weather refreshment: "Mix two cups of milk with 4 or 5 tablespoons of chocolate syrup. Pour this into an ice-cube tray and freeze it. When ready to serve put about 3 cubes more into each dessert holder and gently mash them. Sugar to taste." Um-yum!!

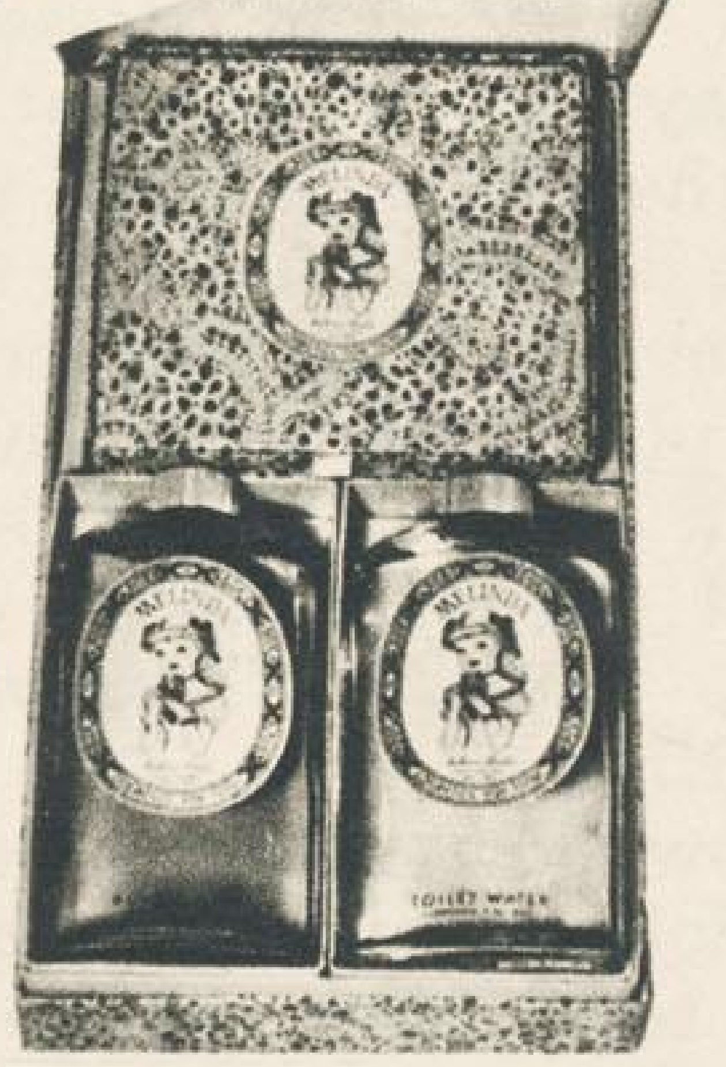
Margaret Knause, of Hamburg, Pa., sends us this solution to the wet bathing suit problem. "Take about a yard and a half of oilcloth, and whip it up into a drawstring bag. Then turn it inside out, so that the shiny part is inside. Put your name on one side, and the name of your OAO on the other with bright woolen yarn—and you've got the perfect carrying case for wet suits."

Barbara Levine, Hartford, Conn., says, "When you're removing buttons from a garment, slip a comb under the button and use a razor blade . . . so you won't cut into the material."

Barbara Wyatt (we've certainly got the Barbaras, this month, haven't we?) of Muskogee, Okla., sends in the silly-dilly about the giraffe who wet his feet, but didn't get a sore throat until the following week. (That's a joke, son!)

Mary Bianchi
Buffalo, N. Y.

Cleanliness is next . . . . .



You know, of course, that cleanliness is the fundamental step toward attaining real beauty, and with that in mind Helene Pessl has wisely planned this lovely box of bath preparations especially for you. Try relaxing in a MELINDA bubble bath billowing with snowy white foam and then after you have bathed, use MELINDA toilet water to stimulate your skin and make it cool and tingling; finally, dust lightly with MELINDA bath powder. The fresh, delightful fragrance of all three will remain with you for hours.

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CONTEST MELINDA—watch for next issue.

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Do you know what musical instrument Van Johnson plays . . . the facts about Dick Haymes' marriage . . . who is Sinatra's favorite singer . . . how old Lauren Bacall really is . . . what Bing Crosby likes to do best . . . what is Betty Hutton's natural color hair . . . how Alan Ladd reached the top? Now you can know **all** the answers plus details about the personal lives of personalities like Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart, Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Betty Grable and scores of others.

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This unusual 132-page MOVIE DIARY—**the only book of its kind**—also enables you to keep a private record of every picture you see. It contains special pages to list each movie, its stars, and your personal comment on it. In addition, the book contains gorgeous portraits of 80 Hollywood stars . . . portraits you'll want to keep forever!

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WOODCHOPPING

From page 25

super (and vice-versa!) "They are strictly solid," he formed a circle with his forefinger and thumb, "with me! If they want to dress sloppily (Woody himself is a very neat dresser) that's okay! If they want to dance in the aisles, it's okay, too! (although he risks life, limb and clarinet every time he steps down to play among the audiences in a theater. Those kids really put me on top," he was emphatic, "and they'll always be tops with me!"

To show how much Woody really thinks of young people, when his band tours the states, he donates large sums of money to the various schools throughout the country that need it most. In New York City he has contributed to the Fordham University "Ram" (school newspaper) to keep it going, and has also given a neat sum to N.Y.U. From his Carnegie Hall concert, last March, Woody was able to turn over about $5000 to "Youthbuilders, Inc." an organization to create good-will and tolerance among school children in leading cities, which is backed solidly by the Board of Education. Yes, the Herman "Million Dollar a Year" Band is really giving the green stuff away—and back to the very kids who gave it to them!

The admirers who follow the Herd are anywhere from "6 to 60"—there are more than a thousand fan clubs all over the country. But although they are legion—and loyal—they still love to kid Woody. "For instance," he cited, dark eyes twinkling, "there's a story in the Woody Herman Fan Club Magazine called, 'Woody Herman Thinks He Made Milwaukee Famous, But We Know It Was The Beer'".

Probably the reason his fans love him so, is because this musician truly worries about *them*. "You know," he confided, "those people who sit in the last rows of the theaters always troubled me. So recently I bought a Walkie-Talkie set from the Army, and during rehearsals I sat in the last row of the top balcony with the set and made criticisms and corrections to the musicians on the stage—so that the people who actually sit up there during the show will be able to hear everything perfectly."

The sound man was signaling frantically to Woody now—there were seconds to go. "Relax, I'll make it," Woody grinned at him—and he did—sprinting off onto the stage and opening into his number in a split second. The sound man pulled a hankie across his brow eloquently.

When Woody came back for the last time—the show was almost over—we found out (hold those sighs, girls!) that Woody and Frankie are going to record on the coast together this summer.

I asked him about the chances of girl musicians in his field and Woody admitted it's a pretty rugged life. "It's kind of rough on a girl. You know our band travels around a lot—we've gone hundreds of thousands of miles during the past few years—and that kind of going is rough. Not many girls can stand up under the physical strain of hitting the road the way we do. But when it comes to actual ability—why, I'd hire a girl as soon as a guy any day, long as she had the stuff." And Woody means it too. His was one of the first major league bands to have a girl — Billie Rogers — at the trumpet. As for the inside dope on the guy whose band is Num-

THE WINNAH—

of the Sally Mason Blouse Designing Contest, selected from over 20,000 entries from the U. S., good neighbors Canada and Mexico, and also from Alaska and Hawaii. 16-year-old Rose Roschen, 525 E. Washington Avenue, Clifton Heights, Pa., won the $25 Victory Bond—first prize in the "dressy" blouse contest. Her blouse, shown here in gray and white, will be produced in all high colors in a Townbrooks fabric, and sold nationally. Watch for it.

Mary Jane Park, 16, 102 Kelly, Peoria Heights, Ill., is the second prize winner of $15 in Victory stamps, and 17-year-old Fann Colt, 344 S. Rexford Avenue, Beverly Hills, Calif., won the third prize of $10 in Victory Stamps.

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The Teen-agers of Europe and Asia Look to YOU

Don't let them down!

They depend on you for food during the next 60 to 120 days—the crucial days . . . Help stave off the greatest famine in the history of the world. Save and Substitute food so that other children might live!

ber One in the country, according to six nationwide polls—well, when he's not blowing the blues, Woody likes to read—everything from Hemingway to comic-strips; enjoys listening to the classics as well as modern music, rides horseback and ice-skates, and laments the lack of time he has to do any of these things. He is married to a lovely redhead, Charlotte (often quoted as the most beautiful wife of a bandleader, has a four year old daughter, Ingrid and also a pet cocker spaniel, Freckles.

As a last minute bit of news, he confided that his Friday night radio show will revolve around kids in the future. He's working on some deal now, but darted off before I could get him again. (He did give me an autographed picture of himself though.)

As the guard escorted me to the door, he explained that Woody had a radio show rehearsal, and then the band would be off to play a one-night stand upstate, planing back in time for the opening show at the theater on the next day.

"Whew, wotta life," he commented, opening the door for me. (Teen-agers with different faces were crowding the stage door now.)

"Whew whew—wotta guy!" I replied, clutching the picture, the licorice stick man gave me.

JAM SESSION

From page 10

"I wrote 'Shoo Shoo Baby'," confesses Phil Moore. "It was jivey, but was it improper? The boys who sang it while marching into Rome didn't think so!"

Betty Hutton stopped bouncing long enough to say, "Jive, jazz, re-bop, swing, solid Jackson. . . . I love it all!" And Tony 'Five Salted Peanuts' Pastor made a face and muttered in his gravel baritone, "Someone's trying to kid someone!"

Hey (baba-reebop): Song singer Margaret Whiting is carazzzeee about the new Frank Sinatra album on Columbia! She's been scouring Manhattan for a set but the moosic stores are sold out!

Art Lund, now singing with Benny Goodman, is the same guy who used to sing for Benny under the name Art London. "The Last Time I Saw London!" Lund is his real name. He's tall, blond and a football player. . . . Billy Butterfield's new band should be a click. Fine trumpeter, Billy.

Alvino Rey's being signed to a Capitol record contract surprised a lot of people. It proves that his band has something, because Capitol doesn't sign mediocre artists. . . . Duke Ellington has a mad on because of the way he's being treated at Vic-

John Dall, guest-starring at the Teen Frolics party of which MISS AMERICA was a sponsor, gives a big "hi" to autograph-happy fans.

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(because these foods are transportable)
Wheat, rice, rye and other grains
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Canned Meats, fish and poultry, too.
Dried Vegetables
Canned Milk

EAT MORE:

(because these foods aren't transportable)
Potatoes, oatmeal and other wheat substitutes
Home Rendered Fats
Fresh Meats, fish and poultry
Fresh Milk—but not cream or ice-cream
Fresh Fruits—for dessert instead of pastries.

tor. He may move over to another company, probably Musicraft!

"Chickery Chick," "Hey Baba Ree Bop" and "Frim Fram Sauce" have all been terriffic song successes, and there's not a title in the lot that means anything. That's why Phil Moore thinks he has a sure winner in "Hokey-Mokey Poke, Skee Dee Wah Dee Squatch." It doesn't mean anything either, but it's longer and more confusing!

Frank Sinatra and Van Johnson sitting at the same restaurant table in Hollywood, and no one even noticed their presence. Gad, for an autograph book!

Johnny Desmond's illness, a bad blood infection, hasn't entirely disappeared. . . . Glenn Miller's song, "Heading for California," recorded by Tex Beneke and the Miller band. It sounds more like the old band than anything the boys are doing now. . . . King Cole Trio so popular in the small room of the Trocadero in Hollywood that they had to move them into the large room to hold the crowds!

Shorty Sherock's band breaking into the bigtime at last. . . . Dean Hudson and his band due for a Sunday afternoon airer across the networks. He's more Southern than Senator Claghorn . . . Claghorn, that is!

Benny Goodman and Vaughn Monroe signed for the flicker, "Carnegie Hall" . . . Tommy Dorsey is now music head for WOR and the Mutual network. He may give up his band except for radio . . . Stan Kenton has added a fifth trombone. That's a lot of brass!

Elliot Lawrence, the Philadelphia bandman, has recorded his first for Columbia and will have gone out on the road for the first time by the time you read this. His terrif popularity was built up strictly through good sustaining radio broadcasts from WCAU. He may be a bandleading Sinatra, from the first show of popularity! Joey Kearns replaces him at WCAU, and that will be another top band!

Claude Thornhill is returning to the airlanes and to the bandstands. That is cause for the loudest rejoicing. . . . Sam Donahue's band is also back in circulation now that he's out of the Army. . . . Johnny Bothwell, the sax-tooting maestro, got kicked out of the Great Northern hotel in N'Yawk. Seems his hobby is mixing odd and exotic perfumes. The odor was too much when Johnny got into his makeshift lab!

Neill McCaffrey, a bandleader who has never played a job, is creating a lot of talk in Manhattan with some sensational small label phonograph records!

Record raves: Louis Prima, at long last, comes through with a cute disc, "Gimme a Little Kiss." As usual, the band is poor, but Louis is good. It's on Majestic. . . . And Majestic hits another jackpot with Johnny Guarnieri's thrilling piano platter of "Nobody's Sweetheart" and "Stardust."

Butch Stone tells disc fans about "Frim Fram Sauce" on a new Les Brown disc for Columbia. King Cole's record is better, but Les does a good job on the cute novelty. Doris Day lends her vocal charm to the flipover, "In the Moon Mist."

Frankie Sinatra follows the field with a record of "Full Moon and Empty Arms" but sounds fine on the disc. Flipover is "You Are Too Beautiful," a great ballad which Frankie sings expressively. Better than either side of this record is the new Sinatra album from Columbia including such swell standards as "Try a Little Tenderness," "Why Shouldn't I," "Ghost of a Chance," etc.

Musicraft shows with one of the best ballads of all time, "September Song," performed by Phil Moore and his Four, featuring Phil's piano and voice. For contrast the Four swings "Danny Boy" on the other side.

An all-star band chosen by Metronome, musician trade paper, has recorded two twelve-inch originals for Victor. The band includes such stars as Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo, etc. Sides are "Metronome All Out" by Ellington scorer Billy Strayhorn and "Look Out" by Teedee arranger Sy Oliver.

Kay Kyser shows that he knows how to handle the silliest novelty as he discs "Onezy Twozy" for Columbia. Mate side is "There's No One But You."

PRETTY PIN-UPS

LOTS of girls are their own hairdressers. Why is it that some get professional-looking results and some get fuzz and frizz? It's all in the pin-up job they do on their tresses.

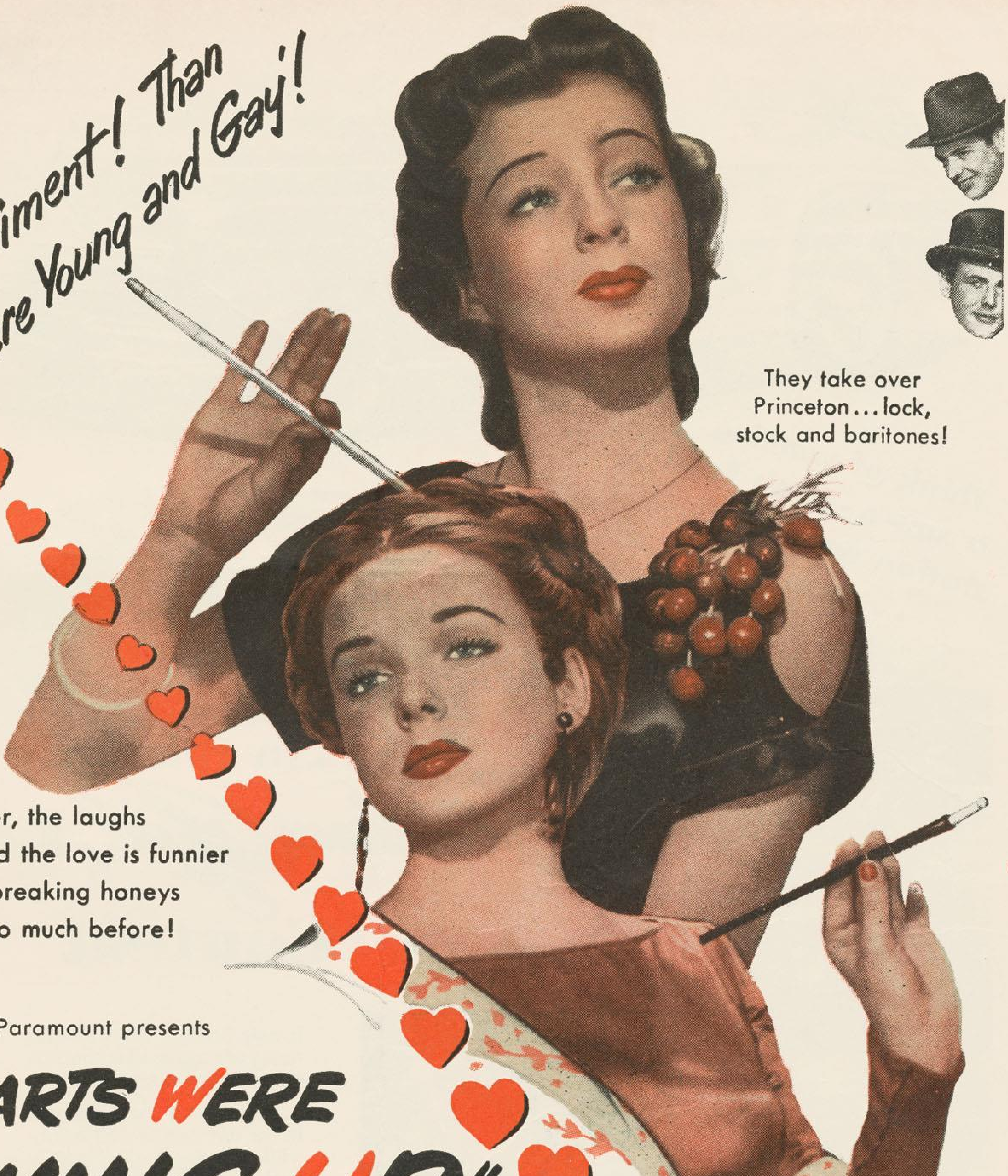
The pinner-upper with know-how doesn't go at it haphazardly. Her hair gets a good brushing and combing first plus two minutes of healthy scalp-massage with the fingertips. Then she parts her hair in the usual place and makes subsidiary parts that divide the head into six sections, one just in front of or just behind each ear and the other four of approximately equal size around the back. Segregate each section with a bobby pin or two.

Now grasp a front section firmly. Run your comb through it to be sure it is snarl-free. Divide it in half, latitudinally, or in thirds if the hair is very thick. From the top layer make a row of pincurls. Start at the *bottom* of each strand after you have moistened it with waveset or water and wind up clockwise. Pin it into a flat "snail" against your scalp with bobby pins or criss-crossed hairpins. Do the same thing to the second layer but wind the coils up counter-clockwise. If there is a third layer, do it clockwise again. Continue this process with each section of hair right around your head.

When it comes to combing out, take a whole section at a time. Brush all the curls under for a pageboy or up for a fishhook curve or roll. Or you can arrange the curls individually. You'll be delighted at the body and manageability of your hairstyle; the neat and knowing look of it.

Ready? Get set!

More Men!
More Merriment! Than
'Our Hearts Were Young and Gay'!



They take over
Princeton... lock,
stock and baritones!

The cast is bigger, the laughs
are longer and the love is funnier
with those heartbreaking honeys
you enjoyed so much before!

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with Billy De Wolfe
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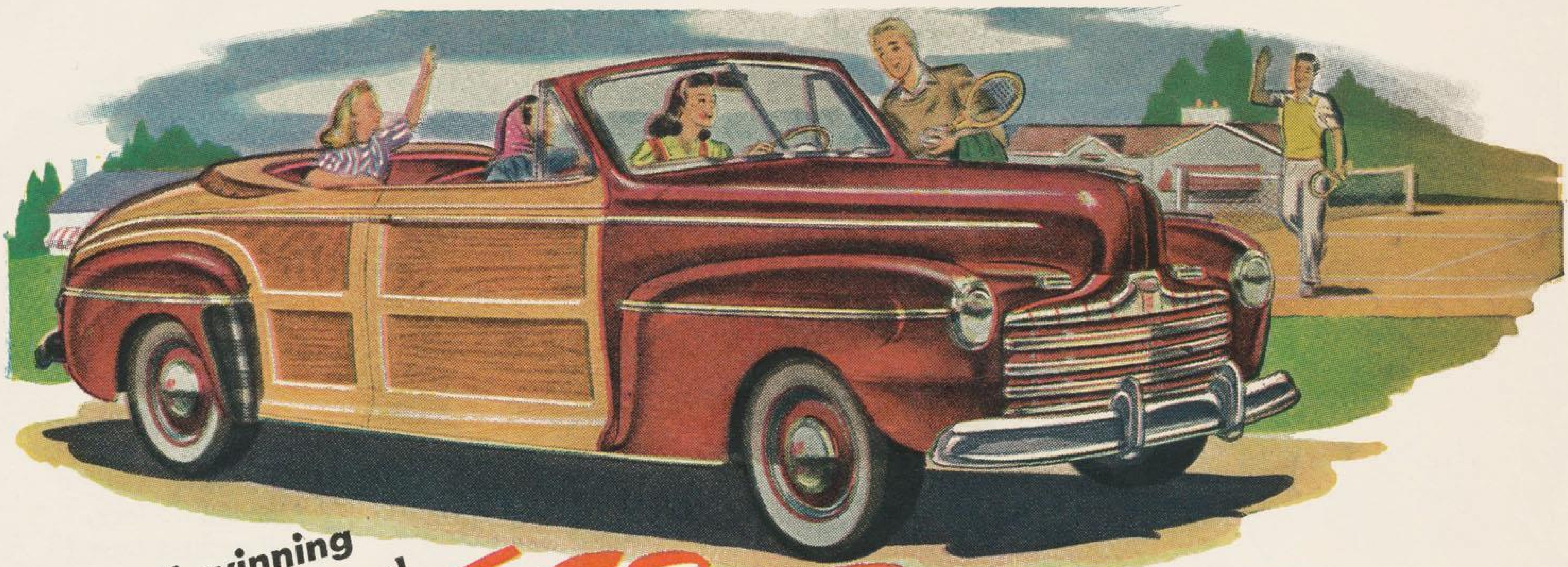
James Brown · Bill Edwards
Produced by Daniel Dare · Directed by William D. Russell
Screen Play by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank
Based on a story by Frank Waldman



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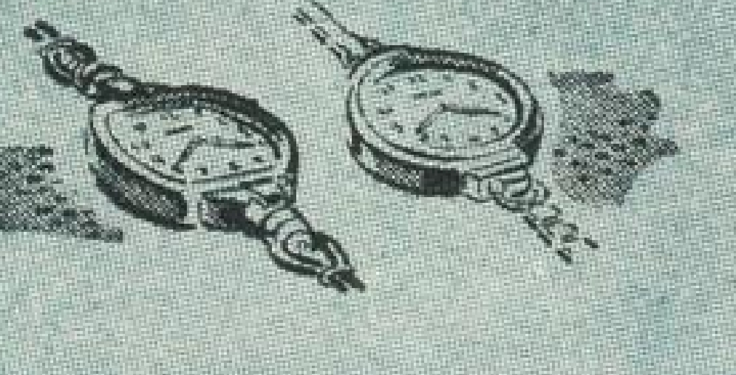
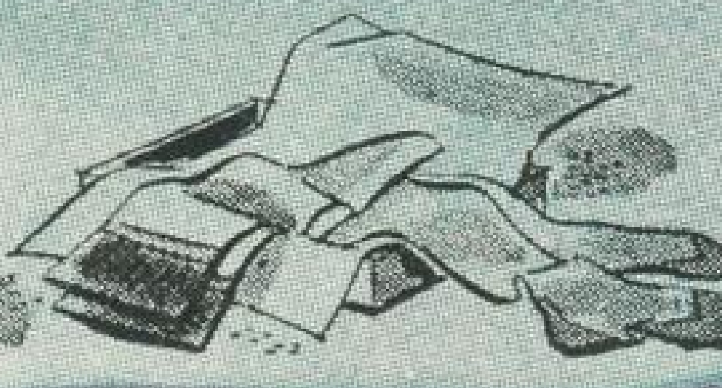


Next 150 Prizes

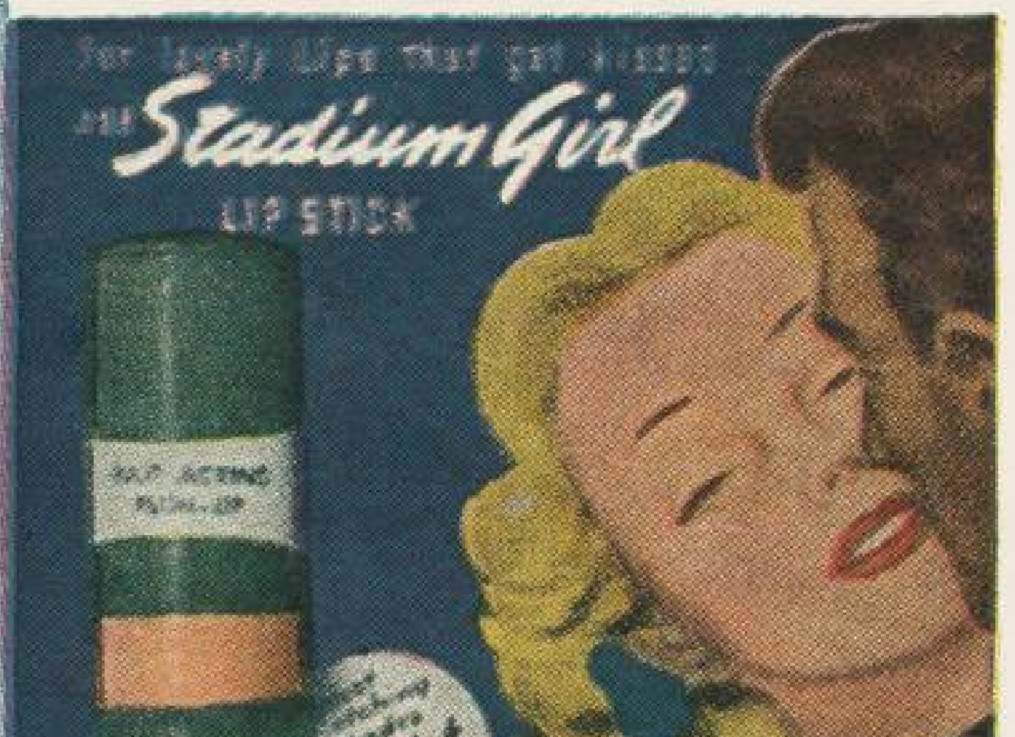
One pair of lovely, hard-to-get nylon hosiery



Next 500 Prizes

Stadium Girl gift box containing large-size plastic compact and lipstick

Stadium Girl



It may become *yours* — this honey of a convertible! Sounds colossal, doesn't it!

You have a chance to win it—or any one of 653 worthwhile prizes—in the Stadium Girl Lipstick Contest. Just complete this statement in 25 words or less: *"I like Stadium Girl Lipstick in the easy push-up plastic container, because . . ."*

That's easy, isn't it! Especially when all you have to do is to write about the favorite lipstick of many beauty-wise girls. Stadium Girl, you know, is the popular lipstick that comes in six of the season's smartest, most flattering shades.

You can enter this contest as many times as you like. But include with each entry the card on which you get the 25¢-size Stadium Girl Lipstick.

Get your Stadium Girl Lipstick today at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. Or, if your dealer can't supply you, order by coupon below. Read the contest rules. Then make with the words that may win you a simply super prize!

Read these contest rules:

- Write or neatly print your contest entry on sheet of paper containing your name and address.
- Mail entry, together with card on which Stadium Girl Lipstick comes attached, to Campus Sales Co., Dept. 376, 411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin.
- Entries to be judged on originality, uniqueness, and aptness by independent judges. Decisions final. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be made. No entries returned.
- Contest open to all persons except employes of the Campus Sales Company, their advertising agency, and their families.
- All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight Sept. 15, 1946. Prize winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.
- Enter as many times as you wish.

[Tear out coupon and mail today]

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I am enclosing 35¢ (in Canada 50¢) which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated my choice of shade at the right.

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☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
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☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dk.)